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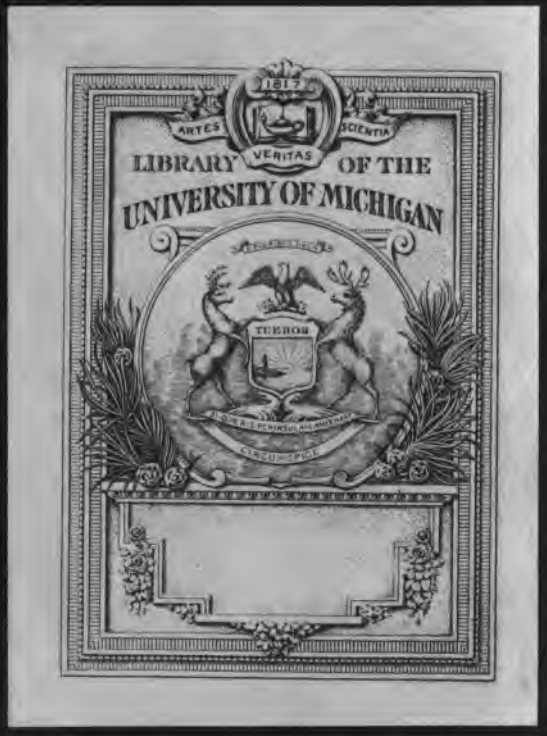
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THE LYNCH JURY-TRIAL OF BOB.

THE CABIN BOOK;

OR,

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

BY CHARLES SEALSFIELD.

Page 34.

WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

NEW YORK:
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THE CABIN BOOK;

OR,

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

THE JACINTO PRAIRIE.

* * * * * *

* * * THE company were beginning to get excited over their wine; their discussions on Chambertin and Lafitte; on wagers lost and won; on slaves and cotton prices; and on Bank and Sub-Treasury systems. Still, however, a cheerful, courteous, and gentlemanly tone prevailed, when, just as the major-domo was placing a fresh supply of bottles on the table, a determined voice was heard at the lower end of the table, exclaiming—"We will not!"

"You will not?" was hastily, almost rudely, re-echoed.

"We will not!" was the firm reply.

The two voices resembled the first gust of wind which denotes an approaching storm. Every one looked in the direction whence they came. There was, however, nothing to be seen; thick clouds of smoke from the Havannas enveloped disputants and drinkers.

"Who is it?" whispered one at the end of the table.

"May I take the liberty, gentlemen, to ask what is the subject of dispute?" demanded a second.

"Certainly," replied the determined voice. "My worthy neighbor is of opinion that Texas must annex itself to the South."

"So it must," chimed in several voices.

"I was not aware of it," replied the disunionist, ironically.

The hardihood of speaking in this tone to twenty-four, or more, grandee planters, who could, together, easily put an army of from 5,000 to 6,000 hardy negroes in the cotton field,

caused no small degree of astonishment. The question "Who is he?" was heard repeated, with considerable disapprobation, from the upper end of the table.

"And why should it not?" asked another voice.

"I give back your question, sir; why should it?"

"It is an integral part of Louisiana."

"Pardon! look at the report of the commissioners at the closing of the purchase of Louisiana, and the cession of Florida, and you will see that France never intended to claim the Rio del Norte, and that Spain, in order to be at peace with you, satisfied your claim by Florida. In every respect you have been fully compensated."

"He is no citizen," murmured some.

"Who is he?" said others.

"A bold fellow, at all events!"

"And who," cried again the hasty voice, "who peopled Texas? Whom has it to thank for its independence but us, the Southern States, its neighbors?"

"Ah! that is another question, Colonel Oakley, but I believe neighborhood and convenience do not alone decide in this case."

"And what does decide, General Burnslow?" chimed in a dozen voices. "Who ought to decide? Who? The North? Shall we let ourselves be dictated to by the North?"

"By that old woman, Adams?" cried some.

"Or by the tedious Webster?"

"Or the pedantic and imperious Everett?" cried others.

"Neither by the one nor the other," said the General, "but by our Southern sense of justice, which tells us we have no claim on Texas."

"You are dreadfully just, all on a sudden, General Burnslow," cried several, laughing.

"In spite of old Adams," joined in others.

"And you unjust," replied the General.

"In spite of the little flying Dutchman," interrupted one of the General's neighbors, laughingly.

This last home-thrust at his illustrious Excellency in the White House, found such universal approbation that unionists and disunionists broke out in loud laughter.

In a more moderate tone, another voice exclaimed, "But what do you really want to do with Texas? To spoil your cotton markets? or do you think to settle as easily in Texas as in Jackson,* or in the Indian Purchase?† I, for my part,

* The seat of government in the State of Mississippi.

† That part of Mississippi which lies north of Natchez, and which is known to have been recently purchased from the Indians.

would not care much if all Texas were in Pepper Land. It will only spoil our market.

"True, true," said several voices.

"Or," said another, taking it up, "will you bring upon yourselves a fresh swarm of exiles, gamblers, murderers, and lawless rabble, before you have hardly finished with the last? Do you want a repetition of the scenes of Vicksburg?"*

"Hist! hist! Colonel Cracker," cried several, warningly.

The Colonel paid no attention.

"But that would serve them quite right," continued he; "they are nothing but rabble."

"Hist! hist!" was again repeated, and then was heard a murmur of dissatisfaction, followed by a somewhat uneasy silence.

This silence was suddenly broken by the words, very politely, but also resolutely spoken, "Colonel Cracker, will you be good enough to qualify the expressions you have thought proper to use in connection with Texas?"

At these words the whole company became very serious. The cigars disappeared, and by the light of the wax candles, which were burning in a silver candelabrum, a young man was seen advancing slowly towards the last speaker.

The first glance disclosed the gentleman. He was neither tall nor short, and his manner had that pleasing terseness which betokens a man who knows as well how to control his feelings as his actions.

Colonel Cracker, who had been lounging indolently in an arm-chair, rose involuntarily, at the same time measuring the speaker from head to foot.

"To whom have I the honor of speaking?"

"To Colonel Morse, of Texas."

"Colonel Morse, of Texas!" cried a dozen voices; "Colonel Morse, of Texas!"

"Colonel Morse, of Texas!" repeated Colonel Cracker.

"The same who fought at Fort Velasko?" cried the General.

"And then at San Antonio?" said Colonel Oakley.

"And then in the last decisive battle?"

"The same," replied the young man.

"Ah! that is quite a different thing," said Colonel Cracker. "With pleasure will I qualify in your favor, Colonel Morse. You are a gentleman."

"Thank you," coldly replied the Colonel; "but I must beg

* An allusion to the Lynch executions which took place a few years ago.

you to extend your goodness to the one hundred and twelve who fought at Fort Velasko, and also to the two hundred at San Antonio, and to the five hundred at Fort Goliad, as well as to the hundred and fifty in the last decisive battle; in a word, to make an exception in their favor."

"That I will do also," answered the Colonel, biting his lips.

"Then I am satisfied," said Colonel Morse; "and in return, I have the pleasure of admitting, yes, of assuring you, upon my honor, that we really have a great deal of rabble in Texas."

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed all.

"Rabble in abundance," repeated the Colonel.

"But do you know," said Colonel Oakley, laughing, "that you admit more than, in my opinion, is required of you, as a Texan; that you are too—"

"Too candid, you mean, Colonel Oakley," interrupted the young man; "but, candidly, I tell you that we have rabble in abundance; adventurers of all kinds, exiles, gamblers, murderers, and yet not too many."

"The devil!" cried several.

"Not too many, I assure you, upon my honor! And this rabble was of great service to us, perhaps more so than your quiet, peaceful, respectable citizens would have been."

"The devil!" cried all again.

"All due respect to your word, Colonel Morse," said Colonel Oakley, "but you are pleased to speak, if not in paradoxes, at least in riddles."

"Truly in riddles," said the General, in a tone which openly betrayed a desire to give the conversation a less piquant, or which was here the same thing, a less dangerous turn. "Candidly speaking," continued he, "our host here deserves that we should be somewhat angry with him that he did not inform us of such an honored visitor; but our friend, Captain Murky, is in general very taciturn."

"I came as you were already seated, General, and that—"

"Is a sufficient excuse," interrupted the General; "but how came you, the son of one of our best families in Maryland, in Texas? I heard something of a Morse, but only lately have I been sure of your identity. How came you in Texas? I should have thought the son of Judge Morse could have found in the States—"

"A corner wherein to pitch his tent; is it not so, General?"

"That is what I meant," was the reply.

"Ah! what brought you in Texas, Colonel?" cried all.

To confess the truth, the question was not a very flattering

one for Texas; but it was put in such a friendly, sympathizing tone, so entirely without after-thought; and the inquirers were men of so much importance, that the Colonel, seating himself in a chair placed for him by the major-domo, after a bow to the company, sipped from his newly-filled glass, and repeated, seriously, "How came I in Texas?"

"Yes, what brought you in Texas?"

I.

"Pshaw! I came, or rather went, in company with a friend, and endorsed, as it were, by a company of our enlightened New York Yankees, who had just then directed their speculative minds towards Texas; in other words, I had the good or bad luck to possess a so-called Texas land-scrip; that is, a certificate granted by the Galveston Bay and Texas Land Company, wherein it was announced, to all whom it might concern, that Mr. Edward Morse (that is my worthy self), had deposited in the hands of the aforesaid company the sum of one thousand dollars; for which deposit the aforesaid Edward Morse was entitled to choose for himself a tract of land of ten thousand acres, neither more nor less, within the territory of the aforesaid Galveston Bay and Texas Land Company, to take possession of them and settle there; in short, to exercise, or cause to be exercised, every privilege of a proprietor, with this single condition, that in the choice of his ten thousand acres he should not infringe on any previous right or title."

"Very good!" said several voices; "go on! go on!"

"Ten thousand acres in the most beautiful country of the earth, and beneath a sky," continued the Colonel, "in comparison with which our Maryland is dull and murky, was really too tempting a bait not to be swallowed at a period when credulity was very fashionable, indeed quite an epidemic; and our free fellow-citizens speculated quite as willingly in the millions of acres in Texas, as in their hundred thousand towns in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan; in ten thousand railways and twenty thousand banks; a speculative fever which has, I hope, received a check for the next ten or fifteen years. As might be expected, I swallowed the bait; and I consequently embarked with a portion of my wardrobe, and a friend, who possessed, on paper, a like number of acres with myself, for this much-vaunted land, intending, at any rate, to choose my share and take possession of it; if the land did not please me, to turn it into money; but if it did please me, to return to Maryland, to fetch my movables and what is necessary in

such cases; and then, in all earnestness, to raise my hearth there. We went, at Baltimore, on board the fast-sailing schooner, 'The Catcher,' and after a three weeks' voyage, arrived safely in Galveston Bay.

"The shores of Galveston Bay, in which the Rio de Brazos empties itself, are not so appalling as those of Louisiana and the mouths of the Mississippi, but from this simple reason, that they are not visible. You can see neither mouth nor land. An island extends itself for sixty miles, in the shape of a huge lizard; it is called Galveston Island, but has neither hill nor valley, neither house nor farm, not even a tree, with the exception of three stunted trees at the western end, but which, through the extreme flatness of the ground, are visible from a great distance. In fact, the mouth of the river would be difficult to find, if it were not for these three dwarf trees. The most experienced sailors meet with no small difficulty here, for as the land is only like a line stretching out into the sea, it disappears behind the lightest wave; and the waving grass resembles the waves of the equally green coast-water; so that it really requires a sharp eye to discern the one from the other; and we, as before said, had only the three dwarf trees to thank for finding our way to the mouth of the river. We kept in the direction of these trees for about ten miles along the island, until a pilot came out to meet us, who then undertook the management of the schooner. But we did not get over the sand-banks so easily; we struck several times; twice we stuck fast, but with the united help of our thirty, or rather sixty hands, we arrived safely at the mouth of the river. I, with my friend and two fellow-passengers, after having assisted in towing the schooner over the last dangerous sand-bank, went forward in a boat, and were already near the land, when the boat capsized, and buried us all in the waves. Fortunately, the water was no longer deep, or else we should have paid dearly for our impatience; as it was, we got off with a thorough drenching."

"Moisten your lips, Colonel Morse," interrupted the rubicund major-domo; "moisten your lips." The Colonel smiled, followed his advice, and then went on.

"Having crawled to the land, we had already stood a considerable time, but to all of us it seemed as if we were still on the sea; the land was so very unlike land. In our whole lives we had never seen such a coast. In fact, it would have been impossible for us to distinguish the boundary of the earth and water, only that the foam of the waves which was deposited on the grass, served as a line of demarcation. Just imagine

an infinite plain, extending for more than a hundred miles before you, overgrown with the finest and most delicate grass, without even the slightest elevation or declivity, fanned by every breeze of the sea, rolling in uninterrupted waves, neither tree nor hill, neither house nor farm, and you will have a faint idea of the wonderful appearance of this country. It is true that about ten or twelve miles towards the north and northwest, a few dark masses were to be seen, which, as we found out afterwards, were clusters of trees, but which we took for islands, as in truth they are called, and characteristically enough, for they resemble them exactly."

"A strange sort of country that," observed Colonel Cracker, ironically.

The narrator continued: "A blockhouse, standing on a small tongue of land in the rear, from which the flag of the Mexican Republic proudly waved, convinced us that we were on terra firma. This blockhouse, at that time the only building which graced or disgraced the haven of Galveston, had, as you will easily imagine, many uses. It was head custom-house; seat of the director of the revenues; of the civil and military intendant; barracks of the Mexican troops stationed there; headquarters of their commanding officer; and, finally, hotel and wine and spirit store. Near a caricature which was meant to represent the Mexican eagle, hung a rum bottle, and the flag of the republic waved protectingly over the announcement, 'Brandy, whisky, and accommodation for man and beast.' Before the blockhouse bivouacked the assembled garrison, which consisted of a company of twelve dwarfish, spindle-legged fellows, all of whom I could have put to flight with my riding-whip, not one taller than our American boys of twelve or fourteen, and not nearly so strong, but all wtth tremendous whiskers, beards, and mustache, and a habit of knitting their brows, as if in the endeavor to look formidable. They were all huddling around an old board, on which they were playing cards so earnestly that they could scarcely spare time to look at us. Their commander, however, came out of the house in a friendly manner to meet us.

"Captain Cotton, formerly editor of the 'Mexican Gazette,' now civil and military intendant of the harbor of Galveston, director of the customs, inspector of harbors, also host, and above all, our countryman, appeared, let it be observed for the honor of his good sense, to think a great deal more of his excellent Spanish and French wines, which he probably imported duty free, than of his many dignities, of which he had

more than he had soldiers. More miserable soldiers than those shrivelled-up dwarfs I have never seen in all my life. They seemed to me grotesque elves or hobgoblins, who had been transported there by the power of some magician. We could not look enough at them; the longer we looked the more wonderful they appeared; indeed, we thought them quite as unnatural as the country they were in, which lay stretched out like an everlasting billiard table. It is a strange feeling, I assure you, after a three weeks' voyage, to run into a harbor which is no harbor, and a land which seemed to us every instant as if it must roll away from under our feet. Our fellow-passengers, of whom several had now joined us, looked just as startled and bewildered as we were, and hurried to the blockhouse in a manner which evidently showed that they were actuated by the same uneasy feeling. When we looked around us from the blockhouse, the immense, the infinite expanse of meadow and water, resembled an ocean out of which the building arose as a rock or island; we really all felt much relieved when we found ourselves once more on board our schooner.

"It took us three entire days to make the thirty miles from the mouth of the Brazos to Brazoria. On the first day we passed through an endless meadow, on the second we drew nearer the island. The meadow then became a park; the most magnificent clusters of trees appeared on our right and on our left, for a distance of many miles; but in this glorious park there was no trace of human beings; it was a boundless ocean of grass, with islands of trees. But such an ocean strikes a stranger more than the ocean of waters. We perceived this in our travelling companions, land-seekers like ourselves, only not being so abundantly blessed with the circulating medium, they had come without scrip, and were anything but 'sentimental travellers;' on the contrary, for the most part they were rough, wild fellows, who had played pranks enough during the three weeks we had been in their company. Here, however, they all, without exception, became quiet, and even serious and sedate. The wildest (and a few were really as rough and rude as any who ever roamed in search of adventures) were dumbfoundered, and uttered none of the coarse, filthy, and blasphemous language which had so often disgusted us on the passage. They behaved like people who, going to church, are just entering the Lord's temple. All their countenances wore an awed and solemn expression. And in truth we had, in one sense, entered a vestibule of the Lord's temple, for the sublime scenery around us resembled

one. Everything was so calm, so solemn, so majestic; forest and plain, meadows and pastures, so pure, so fresh, as though just come forth from the hand of the Almighty Creator; no trace of sinful humanity, nothing but the pure spotless world of God.

"Fifteen miles above the mouth of the Rio del Brazos we entered the first forest; sycamores and pecans arched from either side over the river, and to heighten the enjoyment, there appeared a herd of deer and a numerous flock of turkeys; both, however, were very timid, and ran away directly they perceived us. The soil of the country was nevertheless, as you will easily comprehend, the chief object of our scrutiny. On the coast we had found it sandy, with a very thin crust of good soil, but without any sign of bog or mire.

"Farther up, the embankment became thicker, and lay from one to four, eight, twelve, even fifteen and twenty feet deep, on a base of sand and clay. As yet we had seen nothing in the shape of hill or rock; indeed, it was a difficult matter to discover, for a hundred miles, a stone as large as a pigeon's egg. Nevertheless, there was no lack of wood to build houses and form fences, and this comforted us again. Our hopes increased with every mile."

"Why, that must be the land where you sow nails at night, and find horse-shoes in the morning," observed Colonel Cracker, derisively.

Colonel Morse continued: "When we arrived at Brazoria, however, we received a cruel shock. Brazoria, about thirty miles beyond where the Rio Brazos flows into the bay, was, at the period of our arrival there—that is, in the year 1832—an important town, at least for Texas, as it contained more than thirty houses, of which three were brick, and the rest, for the most part, of wood, all American to the life; the streets also, after our most approved fashion, were perfectly straight, and crossed each other at right-angles; but there was this single inconvenience, that it was under water at spring and flood tide. This inconvenience, however, was but little cared for by the good Brazorians, on account of the inexhaustible fertility of the soil.

"Although it was early in the month of March, we found already young potatoes, or rather yams, for the soil of Texas has this peculiarity, that potatoes, planted in it, are, at the first harvest, half, but, at the second, quite sweet; also French beans, peas, and the most delicious artichokes that ever delighted the palate of an epicure. But we found something that was far less agreeable to my friend and myself, and this

was the discovery that our scrip was not quite the anchor with which we had hoped to secure our life's ark in the harbor of Texas. We heard doubts respecting it, which, after the arrival of William Austin, son of Colonel Austin, became fatal certainty. He gave us the acts of the Mexican Congress to read, which only too plainly convinced us that our scrip was of no more value than any other waste paper."

The company now became still more attentive. The Colonel continued:

"It appeared that in the year 1824, the Congress of Mexico had passed, as a substitute for the tax laws of the several states, an act for the encouragement of immigration to Texas. In consequence of this act, an agreement was entered into with contractors, or, as they are termed in the language of the country, empressarios, who bound themselves, within a certain time, to import a certain number of settlers at their own expense, and without, in the slightest degree, burdening the state. When imported, the government pledged itself to grant, to every hundred families, five square miles of land, and to give them a legal title to it, but with this important condition — that these emigrants should all be followers of the Catholic church, and that the lands should be conferred and the deeds made out only after they had satisfactorily declared their belief in what she calls her only saving faith. For their trouble, the empressarios (who, properly speaking, were brokers or factors) were to be remunerated with special grants of land.

"Now, of this condition, those respectable Yankees, the New York and Galveston Bay and Texas Land Company, had very wisely told us nothing, but had sold us ten thousand acres in fee simple, with the assurance that the land was left at their disposal by the Mexican government, with the single condition of their occupying it with emigrants within the space of twelve months. Thus ran their written and verbal assurances —thus ran our scrip; and we, trusting to them, had been drawn out upon this wild-goose chase. It was clear, therefore, that we had been cheated; just as clear was it that the pious Catholic government of Mexico would have nothing to do with us accursed heretics; but together with this double clearness appeared a third, not less plain, namely, that the same pious government had thought to have played us, or rather the Union, a game which should work slowly, but dangerously, and the effect of which every true American was not only justified, but in duty bound, to exert all his powers to avert from his country."

"Bravo, Colonel!" cried some. "Spoken like a true American!" said others.

"Obviously," continued he, "the government of Mexico had, in their plan for the colonization of Texas, deeper plans, which sprung not out of Mexican, but much more dangerous heads—the Romish priests were at the bottom of it. Texas, they thought, should not be merely a kind of outwork for the political union of the states of Mexico, it should, with its mixed population, become a bulwark against the heretical Union—a kind of flying corps for the Catholic religion, which, in case of necessity, should take the offensive against us, and bring into confusion our peaceful religious condition. Rome had, at that time, very perceptibly a great deal to do with us and our Union. The activity of her emissaries and priests was quite extraordinary—their pious machinations and intrigues were everywhere to be perceived. In many places in the North, even in the State of New York, cloisters and seminaries had been raised, and that so quickly, and apparently by such powerful means, as to create considerable surprise and astonishment. No one knew whence these supplies came. The American people, with that sure tact which always guides it, destroyed these hot-beds of spiritual slavery; but although the vermin then left us at peace in the North, they became all the more troublesome in the South. In Louisiana, and in the Southwestern States, they were everywhere visible, and there remained no longer any doubt that Texas was destined to play a part in the conspiracy. It cannot be said that these black combinations troubled us much; but our new Texan friends, some of whom were very intelligent men, had suffered much from the priests, and they did not fail to represent the matter to us in such a form, that our pride soon became as much excited as our patriotism. Was it likely that we, citizens of the free, enlightened, and powerful States of America, should permit that a neighboring government, which owed its very existence to us, and which a couple of our battalions could again overthrow, should dictate to us laws, and prescribe what we should and what we should not believe? Should we not rather strain every nerve to nullify these arbitrary laws, framed by an insidious foreign policy, and to make the stroke intended for us to fall upon the heads of those who aimed it?

"The question could have but one answer, and this answer being given, our resolution was taken. We would remain under any circumstances. We were now glad that the worthy Galveston Bay and Texas Land Company had played us a trick

with the scrip; and we forgave them, being willing to believe that, underneath their knavery, there existed an intention to benefit us and our country. If the good company had announced itself as the empressario of the Mexican government, with no other power than that which the above-named act of Congress had given it, no American negro, far less citizen, would have consented to set foot on the soil of Texas; for what reasonable man would, for a moment, think of becoming a Catholic—of bending under a yoke which enchains and kills both body and soul? Well, perceiving this, our Yankees —who had, by the by, just as much claim to this territory as the pious pope with his company of cardinals had upon the former Mexican kingdom, Peru—had stretched their consciences a little, and made us these allotments, well knowing that, once in the land, we should not be very easily got out of it, and we should find means to make good our title. This truly Yankee policy, which, with a slight twinge at our consciences, would help us to inexhaustibly rich acres, and Uncle Sam to a few new members to his family of six, or, as it was at that time, four-and-twenty members, reconciled us, not only with the knavish Galveston Bay and Texas Land Company, but it made us also, in the anticipation of coming adventures, bear with patience the loss of our thousand dollars. We also the less regarded our land as lost, since our new friends (fellow-countrymen) smilingly assured us that they had not become Catholics, and had, in fact, as little desire to be so, as to become negroes; that, moreover, they had never let their hair grow gray over the matter; and that thousands of compatriots, already sent by the same company from Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, had set up their hearths there, and had never dreamed of avowing their sins to ears not concerned in them. Come time, come counsel! so we had nothing better to do than to buy mustangs, of which we could purchase the very finest for a song; to look about us in the country, and leave the rest to God and" (here the speaker lowered his voice) "to the free sovereign people.

"This was indeed the most prudent thing we could do; so before everything else, we bought our mustangs.

"These mustangs are little horses, on the average thirteen hands high, which had been brought over by the Spaniards, and which, during their three centuries of dominion, had increased incalculably in number, and now wandered in herds of thousands through the prairies of Texas, but more particularly in Cohahuila, for in Texas they were already becoming less numerous. They are taken by the lasso—the manner of

using which, although possibly known, I will describe a little in detail, since, having been eye-witness to a mustang hunt, I may possibly make it clearer to the understanding.

"The lasso is a thong, made from a bullock's hide, of the breadth of a finger, and from twenty to thirty feet long. It is very flexible, and one end is fastened to the pommel of the saddle, and the other held by a noose in the hand of the rider, who, as soon as he comes, with his companions, upon a troop of mustangs, seeks to chase them out of breath, and then to approach them, on the windward, as near as possible. It is a very rare thing for the animals to escape a practised hunter, who, when he has come within twenty or thirty feet, throws the noose with an unerring hand over the neck of the one which he has selected for his prey. The lasso being thrown, the rider quickly wheels his horse round, whereupon the noose, which had been cast over the neck of the animal, suddenly tightens round his throat, and the violent pull which follows in the next instant from the huntsman, who darts off in an opposite direction, so overpowers the breathless animal, that he is not capable of the least resistance, but falls backwards like a log, and lies motionless, almost lifeless, not unfrequently dead or seriously injured, and in all cases with a warning that causes him to remember the lasso as long as he lives. An animal caught in this manner never sees a lasso without trembling in every limb, and the wildest becomes, by its application, as gentle as a lamb.

"When the animal is caught, he is broken in, in a not less barbarous manner. His eyes are bound; a frightful bit, more than a pound in weight, is placed in his mouth; and then he is mounted by a rider with spurs six inches in length on his feet, and is forced into a swift gallop. If he attempts to rear, a single and not a very strong pull at this bit is quite sufficient to tear his mouth in pieces, and make the blood stream in torrents. I have seen horses' teeth broken like matches by this barbarous bit. The poor animal winces, groans, from anguish and pain, but in vain; and thus wincing and groaning, he is fiercely spurred and ridden until he is ready to drop. Then, for the first time, he is allowed a quarter of an hour to breathe, after which he is brought back the same distance. If he sinks or breaks down during the ride, he is driven away or knocked down as useless; but, in a contrary case, he is marked with a burning iron, and dismissed loose on the prairie.

"From henceforth there is no particular difficulty in taking him. The wildness of the horse is quite tamed, but in its

place is formed vice and malice, of which it is difficult to conceive any idea. These mustangs are certainly the falsest and most spiteful animals of the horse kind to be found on earth, and are constantly trying to play their master a trick. Soon after having taken mine I was nearly paying a dear price for it. We were going to cross the Brazos, with the intention of making an excursion to Bolivia. The last but one who entered the boat, I was carelessly leading my mustang by the bridle, and was just in the act of stepping into the boat, when a sudden jerk, and the cry, 'Mind your beast!' caused me to spring aside. Luckily I did not look round first, or it might have cost me my life. My mustang had suddenly sprung back, and as suddenly reared and thrown itself upon me, with such strength and rage, that his hoofs broke through the planks of the boat. I had never before seen anything so furious as this animal. He gnashed his teeth; his eyes sparkled with a maniacal fire of truly mortal hatred; his neighing resembled the laugh of a fiend. I stood amazed; but one of my companions very quietly took a lasso, and threw it over his head, and this made him in the next minute look so meek and innocent, that we all laughed aloud, although I, who am certainly anything but an enemy to horses, felt a strong inclination to shoot him on the spot.

"With this animal, and accompanied by my friend, I undertook many excursions to Anahuac, a market town of from three, six, or ten to twenty houses. We also visited plantations, at first those to which we were recommended; afterwards to any one which came in our way. We arrived one day at one of these plantations. It lay a mile aside from the road which leads from Harrisburg to San Felippe de Austin, and belonged to a Mr. Neal. Mr. Neal had been only three years in the country, and in that time had employed himself exclusively with the breeding of cattle, one of the most pleasant, profitable, and agreeable occupations in Texas, and which any gentleman may follow without the least degradation. His flocks might have counted between seven hundred and eight hundred head of oxen, and from fifty to sixty horses, all mustangs. His plantation, like nearly all which we had hitherto seen, was in its infancy. The house, arranged in that backwoods style which is become so common in the southwest, was roomy, and even comfortable. It was situated on the edge of a group of trees which resembled an island, and was erected upon rough trunks, between two colossal sycamores, which protected it from the sun and wind. In the foreground spread the endless prairie, with its waving grasses and many-

colored flowers. In the background, at an incalculable distance, was seen the Texan forest, in its primeval majesty, the trees entwined and interlaced with vines, which sent their runners up more than a hundred feet, and formed the whole into a gigantic bower. These islands, as I may call them, are one of the most enchanting features in a Texan landscape, and so infinitely varied in their shapes and the splendor of their foliage, that one may be years in the country and yet find fresh beauties in them. They appear in all shapes—circles, parallelograms, hexagons, octagons, and ofttimes serpentine, the science of the most refined park designer would fail in realizing their endless variety. In the morning or evening, especially when surrounded by a thin grey silky vapor, and penetrated by the first or last rays of the sun, they present an appearance which would bring raptures even to the most unpoetical mind.

"A not less pleasing trait of this favored land is the quiet, unostentatious hospitality of its inhabitants. Even where we brought no recommendation—and I mean not merely written, but even verbal recommendation—we entered, quite at ease, into the houses, and were received just as freely, indeed quite as old acquaintances. This I found to be so universally the rule on all plantations occupied by Southerns, that I did not meet with a single exception, during my long residence there. When I did meet with an exception, that is, where I had to pay for my entertainment, the settlers were either from the Middle States or from New England. It is also a singular circumstance, that all the hotels and boarding-houses are exclusively kept by Yankees or citizens from the Middle States. The offspring of the chivalrous Virginia and of the Carolinas is there also too proud to be paid for his hospitality. Our host, Mr. Neal, was a joyous Kentuckian, and in this respect did honor to his native State. Our reception was the heartiest possible, and we had nothing to return for it but the news which we brought from home. You can with difficulty form an idea of the curiosity, the anxiety, with which our country people abroad listen to news of home. Their attention is really feverish; and not that of the men only, but also of the women and children. Whoever would form an idea of the attachment of our citizens for their fatherland, should migrate to Texas, or some other distant land, and meet with some of our country people settled there. We had arrived in the afternoon; and the morning of the following day found the whole family round us still listening to our narrations. We had hardly slept when we were again awakened by our worthy host.

From twenty to thirty cattle were to be caught, and sent to the market at New Orleans. The kind of sport which takes place at these times is always interesting, and seldom dangerous. As you may well imagine, we did not allow this friendly invitation to be repeated, but sprung up, dressed ourselves, breakfasted in haste, and then mounted our mustangs."

Whether it was from his animated manner, or from the style of the narrative being well calculated for American ears, the whole company had now assembled themselves round the narrator.

He stopped an instant, and then continued.

II.

"We had from four to five miles to ride before we came to the animals that, in herds of from thirty to forty heads, partly grazed, partly moved about in the prairie. They were the most beautiful cattle I had ever seen, being all high-legged, and much taller, slimmer, and better formed than ours. The horns were also longer, and in the distance resembled more the antlers of deer than cows' horns. Although left to themselves summer and winter in the prairie, they do not degenerate, and only become wild or dangerous when they perceive wolves or bears; but then the whole herd rushes with frantic leaps to the ambush, where the beast of prey couches, and it is well to get out of the way. Moreover, they are scarcely afflicted with any disease. Of the liver complaint, which makes such devastation amongst our herds in Louisiana, they know nothing in Texas. Even salt feeding is unnecessary there, where salt springs abound everywhere.

"We numbered half a dozen riders, viz., Mr. Neal, my friend, myself, and three negroes. Our task consisted in driving the animals home, when those intended for the market were to be caught with the lasso, and immediately sent to Brazoria. I rode my mustang; we were within a quarter of a mile of the first lot, which numbered from fifty to sixty cattle. The animals remained quite quiet. Riding round them, we sought to catch the second lot. These also remained quite quiet, and so we rode on and on, and began to spread out so as to enclose the collected herds in a half-circle, and drive them home. My mustang had hitherto behaved very well, capering along, and showing none of his tricks; but now that we were scarcely two hundred steps from the cattle, the devil which possessed him began to wake up. About one thousand steps from us grazed the mustangs of the plantation; and

scarcely did he see them than he broke out into capers, which brought me, although no inexperienced rider, almost out of the saddle. Nevertheless, I still held on. But unluckily, contrary to the advice of Mr. Neal, I had not only substituted my American bit for the Mexican one, but I had also left behind the lasso, which, until now, had more assisted me in governing the animal than even the bit, and without which it is impossible to do anything with a mustang in a prairie. All my horsemanship was here unavailing. Like a wild boar, the mustang sprang about five hundred steps towards the herd, but stopped suddenly before he got amongst them ; and, placing his head between his fore-feet, threw his hind-feet so unexpectedly in the air, that I flew over his head before I had dreamt of the possibility of such a thing. To jump immediately with both fore-feet on the reins and snaffle, to tear off the bridle, and then, neighing wildly, to spring amongst the herd, was to this devil's imp but the work of an instant.

"Enraged, I raised myself amongst the high grass. My nearest neighbor, one of the negroes, sprang to my assistance, and besought me to let the animal go, as Antony, the keeper, would soon catch it again ; but, in my rage, I did not listen to him. Furiously I commanded him to dismount, and to give me his horse. In vain the black besought me, for heaven's sake, not to ride after the animal, but rather to let him run to the devil. I would not listen ; but springing on to the back of his mustang, I shot after the fugitive. Mr. Neal had, meanwhile, approached, and cried, as loudly as he was able, for me to stay—for heaven's sake to stay! that I knew not what I undertook in riding after a runaway mustang in a prairie ; for that a Texan prairie was no Virginia or Carolina meadow. I listened to nothing ; the trick which the beast had played me had robbed me of all my senses, and I galloped after him like one beside himself.

"The animal had galloped towards the herd of mustangs, and suffered me to approach him within about three hundred steps, and to put the lasso (which, luckily, was fastened to the saddle) to rights, when he broke away again. I again started after him. Again he stopped for an instant, and then again he galloped away. I still foolishly followed him. At the distance of about half a mile he stopped again, and I got within about two hundred or three hundred steps, when again he broke away, with a shrill, malicious neigh. I rode more slowly : the mustang also relaxed his pace. I rode faster : he also went faster. As many as ten times he suffered me to approach within two hundred steps, and he then galloped away

again. It was now certainly high time to desist from this mad chase, and leave it to more experienced hands; but any one who has been in such a dilemma must know that prudence on such occasions generally takes its flight. I rode like a madman after the animal. He let me get nearer to him, and then, with his malicious neigh, he again broke away. It was this neigh which, in reality, so embittered me; it made me blind and mad: it was so spiteful, and sounded in my ears so exactly like defiance, that I became more and more furious. At last I began to think the chase too foolish. I would venture a last trial, and would then certainly desist. He stopped before one of the tree islands. I thought I would ride round it, creep through the trees, and from thence would throw the lasso over the mustang's head, as he was grazing near to the edge, or at least drive him towards the plantation. I thought I had laid my plans very cleverly, and accordingly rode round, and then through the island, and came to the point where I made sure of mustang; but although I had approached the edge as carefully as if I rode on eggs, no trace of my mustang was to be seen. I then rode quite out of the island—he had disappeared; I cursed him heartily—gave spurs to my animal, and returned (or thought I did so) towards the plantation."

The Colonel here fetched a deep breath, and then continued:

"It was true I could no longer see the plantation—even the herds of mustangs and cattle had disappeared; but that did not make me uneasy, for I thought I knew the direction, and had seen the island from the house. I found, also, on every side, so many traces of horses' feet, that the possibility of having lost myself never occurred to me. I therefore rode on unconcernedly. I had ridden thus perhaps an hour. By degrees the time began to appear long. My watch pointed to one. We had left home at nine. I had therefore been four hours in the saddle, and allowing an hour and a half to the encircling of the cattle, it appeared that I had been engaged two hours and a half on my own rash sport. I must then have got farther from the plantation than I thought. My appetite began to get sharp. It was about the end of March, the day serene and fresh as one of our Maryland May days. The sun was now refulgent in the heavens, but the morning had been dull and foggy; and as, unfortunately we had arrived at the plantation about the middle of the day before, and had immediately sat down to table, and talked away the whole evening and night, I had had no opportunity of noticing the situation

of the house. This reflection began in some degree to make me anxious, and now, also, the earnest entreaty of the negro, and Mr. Neal's recall, occurred to me; but I still comforted myself, thinking it certain, at any rate, that I was no more than ten or fifteen miles from the plantation, and that I should every minute come upon the herds, and then all would be right. This comfortable thought, however, did not last long, for I had now ridden another hour, and still there was no sign of any herd or of the plantation. I became impatient, and even angry, with poor Mr. Neal: why did he not send two of his lazy negroes, or his herdsman after me? But then I remembered to have heard that the herdsman was gone to Anahuac, and would not be back for a couple of days. Still the Kentuckian might fire a shot or two by way of signal. I stopped, I listened, but I heard no sound; even the birds in the tree islands were silent. All nature held siesta; for me a very oppressive siesta. As far as the eye reached was an undulating sea of grass, with tree islands here and there, but no sign of human beings. At last I thought I discovered something. The nearest of the tree islands was certainly the same I had so much admired in coming out of the house. Its shape was that of a serpent which coils itself to spring upon its prey. I had seen it about six or seven miles to the right of the plantation. I could not be wrong if I now took the direction to the left. I started afresh, and trotted an hour—a second hour—in the direction in which the house ought to be. Many hours did I ride thus, sometimes stopping and listening to catch some sound. But no; no shot—no call—nothing was to be heard. I now made a discovery anything but pleasing. In the direction in which we had ridden out, the grass was very abundant, and the flowers scarce; but the prairie through which I was now riding resembled a flower-garden, a flower-garden in which there was scarcely anything green; but the most variegated carpet of flowers—red, yellow, blue, and violet—which I had ever seen. There were millions of the most beautiful prairie roses, tuberoses, dahlias, and China-asters. No botanical garden on earth was ever so beautiful or so luxuriant. My mustang could scarcely make his way through this wilderness of flowers. For a time I gazed at this extraordinary magnificence, which appeared in the distance like rainbow upon rainbow extending over the horizon, but it was with no joyful feeling; on the contrary, feelings akin to the most painful anxiety soon completely overpowered me. I had again ridden by a tree island, when, in the distance of about two

miles in object appeared—an object so extraordinary as by far to exceed all the remarkable appearances I had ever seen, either here or in the states. Before me stood a colossal solid mass—a hill, or rather a mountain, of the purest and the most dazzling silver. The sun had just disappeared behind a cloud, and now its flaming rays lighted up this extraordinary phenomenon. I stood staring at it in speechless astonishment; but if all the treasures of the earth had been offered me, I could not have explained it. Now it appeared like a hill of silver, now like a palace with gates and pinnacles, now again like a magic colossus, but always of solid silver, and magnificent beyond description. What could it be? I had never seen anything that resembled it. The sight perplexed me: it appeared to me as if here I were not secure, as if I were on enchanted ground, where some goblin was making me his sport; for that I had now really lost myself and had strayed into unknown regions, I could no longer doubt. A flood of dark, troubled thoughts immediately followed this dreadful certainty. All that I had ever heard of persons lost in the wilderness rose in the most horrible images before me: not mere fairy tales, not mere backwoodsmen's legends, but facts related to me by credible persons, many of whom had most earnestly warned me, before I came to Texas, never on any account to ramble in the prairie without a guide or compass. Even planters who were at home here never did so; for hilless and mountainless as the land is, a wanderer has not the slightest clue, and might rove about in this ocean of grass and labyrinth of islands for days, and even weeks, without a prospect of finding his way out. It is true, that in the summer or autumn such wandering is less dangerous, because then the islands may preserve from famishing. The most delicious grapes, plums, peaches, are then everywhere to be found; but now it was quite early in the spring. Everywhere I found vines, and peach and plum trees, whose fruit I pictured as the most exquisite, as indeed I found it to be at a later period; but now they had scarcely blossomed. I also saw game hurry to and fro; but, being without a gun, I stood in the midst of the most fertile land on the earth, possibly and even probably about to suffer death from hunger. The dreadful idea did not come in the order that I now relate it: it shot through my brain confusedly and heavily, and yet like lightning; and each time it flashed across me I felt a pang—a sense of cramp and pain."

"That must have been a horrible situation," observed Captain Oakley, half shuddering.

"Then again more comforting thoughts came. I had already been four weeks in the country. The greater part of this time I had roamed in every direction, and those roamings had been all through prairies, for the whole land was a prairie; but then I had always my compass, and had been in company. This had made me so confident, that, stupidly deaf to all warning and exhortation, I had rashly followed the wild animal, not thinking that four weeks scarcely sufficed to reconnoitre a circle of twenty miles, much less to make me familiar with a country three times as large as the State of New York. Nevertheless, I still comforted myself; for of the real magnitude of my danger I had as yet no clear idea. A sanguine temperament supported me. I considered it as impossible that, in so short a time, I could have lost myself so completely that Mr. Neal or his negroes could not overtake my track. Even the sun, which was now setting in the northwest, behind the mist-veiled island, suffering the twilight to come on, comforted me wonderfully: a singular ground for comfort! Home-bred, and accustomed from childhood to a regular life, it had become so much a habit with me to be at home at night, or at least under shelter, that it appeared to me impossible that I should pass the night otherwise. So fixed did the idea become that this shelter must be near, that I spurred my horse involuntarily, being almost convinced that I could see Mr. Neal's house, and the lights moving about it, in the distance. Every moment I thought I should hear the barking of the dogs, the lowing of the cattle, and the laughter of the children. In fact, my fancy made me distinctly see the house before me, and the lights shining in the parlor. I hastened on, but as, at last, I came near to what should have been the house, it became again an island. What I had taken for candles were fire-flies, which now swarmed from the tree islands, and spread themselves over the prairie, lighting it up so well with their small blue flames, that I could have imagined myself moving amidst a sea of Bengal fire. Anything more bewildering to the mind can scarcely be imagined than such a ride, on a warm March night, through the interminable solitary prairie: overhead the deep blue firmament, with its bright sparkling stars; at my feet, and all around me, an ocean of magical lights from myriads of little fire-flies in the grass or floating in the air. It was to me a new, an enchanted world! I could distinguish every grass, every flower, every leaf; but, at the same time, every grass, every flower, every leaf, appeared in an artificial light. Roses, dahlias, asters, geraniums, vines, began to rise, to move, to arrange

themselves in ranks. The whole vegetable world began to dance around me.

"Suddenly a loud and prolonged note sounded across the sea of fire. I stopped, listened, and looked perplexedly around me. Nothing more was to be heard. Again I rode on. Once more I heard the long-drawn note; but this time it sounded mournfully. I stopped again. Again I rode on. A third time the sound was heard. It came from one of the tree islands. It was a whip-poor-will singing her night-song. As, for the fourth time, she poured out her lamentation in the gleaming night, she was answered by a good-natured katy-did. Oh! how I rejoiced to hear the note of this nocturnal songster of my own dear Maryland. In an instant my dear paternal home, the negroes' huts, the home plantations, rose before me. I heard the murmur of the creek which splashes by the negroes' huts. So overpowering was this illusion, to which I did not give myself up, but which carried me away, that I gave spurs to my mustang, firmly convinced my father's house lay before me. Even the tree islands, from which the night-song came, resembled so much the groups which surrounded my father's house, that, having ridden half an hour, I stopped, dismounted, and shouted 'Charon Tommy!' Charon Tommy was the ferryman. The creek which ran through my father's plantation was deep, and could only be crossed a few months in the year. Charon Tommy had received his classic *soubriquet* from me. I called once, twice, a third, a fourth time; no Charon Tommy answered. Not until I had called several times in vain, did I awake.

"A sweet dream! a painful awakening! It is impossible to describe the feelings which possessed me. Everything hung heavily, appallingly upon me. My brain seemed whirling in my head; my head to be turning on my body. I was not so weary and tired, so hungry and thirsty, as to feel my strength decline; but the anxiety, the fear, the wonderful phenomena, produced a giddiness which impelled me about like a sleep-walker. Absolutely incapable of thinking any longer, I stood bewildered—staring—I know not how long, in the blue-flaming world. At last I did mechanically what, during my four weeks' residence in the country, I had seen others do —namely, I dug with my pocket-knife, which, luckily, I had with me, a hole in the meadow ground, laid the knotted end of the lasso in it, closed the hole over again, and after throwing the noose over the head of the animal, and taking off the saddle and bridle, I let it graze, laying myself down outside the circle which it could traverse.

"An odd mode, you will say, of tying up the horse; but, nevertheless, the most natural and easy in a land where, often for fifty miles, no house, and for half that distance neither bush nor tree, is to be seen. Nevertheless, I could not sleep; for from many sides I could now hear a howling, which I soon recognized as that of wolves and jaguars, certainly not a pleasant music anywhere: but here—in this fire ocean, this strange, enchanted world—this howling sounded so horrible, that it pierced through my marrow and bones until I feared I should go mad. My nerves were in an uproar; and, indeed, I do not know what would have become of me if, happily, I had not remembered that my cigars and a little roll of Virginia-Dulcissimus remained in my pocket. Priceless treasures! for at this moment they did not fail to soothe my agitated thoughts. If the chivalrous Sir Walter had no other merit with mankind, this alone should cause youthful adventurers for all time to do him homage as their patron. A couple of Havannas (being a confirmed smoker, I had naturally some fusees with me) brought a kindly stupefaction over me, in which I fell asleep."

Here all fetched breath in a manner which betrayed that they felt equally relieved. There was a something in the narration that caused suspense and anxiety even to planters, acquainted as they were with the ups and downs of life.

After emptying his glass, the Colonel thus continued:

III.

"The day had already dawned when I awoke. With my dreams had also disappeared my troubled thoughts. I felt very hungry; but, nevertheless, fresh and cheerful. Fasting as I was, I determined to consider the direction I should take. I first adjusted the saddle and bridle, dug the knot out of the hole, put the lasso in order, and then mounted my mustang. A provoking sprite had been playing his tricks with me for a whole day—had made me repent my indiscretion; and therefore I hoped he would now deal more mercifully with me, and not let his sport become too serious. In this hope I resumed my ride. I passed by several most beautiful tree islands of pecan, plum, and peach trees. These tree islands, like all the forests of Texas, have this peculiarity, that their trees are not mixed, but are commonly quite distinct in kind. Seldom do you find a group with various foliage. As the beasts of the forest keep to each other according to their kind, so do oaks adhere to oaks, plum trees to plum trees, pecans to pecans, in the Texan prairies; the vine

alone is common to them all, and interweaves them all with her delicate yet powerful arms. As these delightful groups are never very large, and have neither bushes nor briars, but always the most verdant carpet, they appear so fresh, so clean, that at each fresh discovery I looked at them with new admiration. It appeared to me incredible that nature, left to herself, could have kept herself so prim. I looked about involuntarily for the hand of man, but saw nothing but herds of deer, which gazed naively at me with their lustrous eyes, and only ran away when I approached too near. What would I not now have given for half an ounce of powder, an ounce of lead, and a Kentucky rifle? nevertheless, the sight of the animals cheered me and raised my spirits. My mustang appeared to feel something of the kind; for he capered with me, and neighed freshly and merrily as he went along.

"Thus comforted, hour after hour, I rode on. The morning passed, noon came on, the sun stood high in the cloudless sky, my appetite began to feel stronger. It soon became canine, and gnawed me sharply. By degrees I felt as if a crab was in my body. I could trace the feelers, the claws, as they moved about, and seized the tenderest parts of my entrails. My powers, which on awakening in the morning had been so fresh and lively, I now felt visibly decrease. A certain squeamishness, a faint, sickly sensation came over me. But if hunger gnawed me painfully, so did thirst torture me. This thirst was really a racking, hellish torture; but, like the hunger, it never lasted long. My weariness also passed away again, and after every fit there came a pause, during which I felt tolerably well. The thirty or more hours, in which I had tasted nothing, had rather strained than relaxed my naturally strong nerves; but still I began to see clearly that this repeated straining could not last much longer without exhaustion. Already the preliminary symptoms had announced it. The confidence and presence of mind which had upheld me until now, began to recede, and to be substituted by a feeling of despondency, during which such confused images floated around me, that my head became dizzy, and I hung from my mustang as one intoxicated. But as yet such feelings did not last long; I always recovered, again gave spurs to the animal, and hurried on. But the racking sensation, the dreadful consciousness of abandonment, which ran through me at every such awakening! How I looked hastily, anxiously, half frantically, around me! strained my eyes almost out, and yet saw nothing but the tree islands, and the everlasting sea of grass! It is impossible for me to describe this feeling.

"I was ofttimes so near despair, that I cried like a child. I prayed; and as I commenced the Lord's Prayer, it seemed to me as if a voice reproached me that I had not before applied to Him who alone could help me here. I then prayed more earnestly than I had ever done before; and after prayer, as I raised my eyes to Him who so visibly reigned in this beautiful world, confidence came over me—an indescribable, but pious, childlike confidence. It appeared to me as if I must be heard. I felt so sure of it that, quite comforted, I looked round me, convinced that I should find what I sought. And as I looked, imagine my unspeakable delight, I perceived, not ten steps from me, traces of horse and rider.

"This discovery went through my brain like an electric shock; a cry of joy burst from me, such as I thought must be heard in heaven, as thanksgiving for my accepted prayer. All my strength and self-reliance returned at once: I felt impelled to spring from my horse and kiss the earth which bore these marks. Tears of joy rolled down my cheeks, and I now gave reins to my mustang, and rode away as if the beloved of my heart beckoned to me from afar. Never had I felt so thankful to Providence as in this hour. While I rode I prayed; and while I prayed, and the greatness of my Creator's mighty works passed before my eyes, I opned them wider than ever, that they might take their fill of the glories of nature. Glorious Nature! The man who can stand on soil such as this, and not be penetrated with the power and majesty of God, must be indeed a senseless animal. The God of Moses, who spake out of the burning bush, did not appear comparable to the God who here appeared to me pervading everything, in the clear, immeasurable world. Never had He appeared so great to me before. I felt as in His visible presence; His voice sounded in my ears, His magnificence surrounded me, and filled my soul. Now that I had attained the end of my suffering and my safety, I wished to enjoy a parting glance of Him and His magnificent work. Westward, the prairie lay grandly and peacefully before me, with its hundreds of miles of waving grass, and its meandering tree islands, which, in the golden rays of the noon-tide sun, really appeared to move; while, in the background, waving fields of flowers, swelling out into the distant ether, blended heaven and earth in one and the same glory. Towards the south it was, if possible, still more enchanting: light veils of gold and blue hung around the distant tree islands, giving them at times a dark bronze coloring, which again, the next minute, at the lightest breath of air, burst into the brightest and most splen-

did colors. At such times how victoriously did the rays of the sun burst through the heavenly veil, and then the colossal trees appeared, through the incredibly transparent atmosphere, as if dancing in the air! In the endless carpet of grass and flowers, with its myriads of prairie and tuberoses, there was also the mimosa—that beautiful sensitive plant, which, so soon as you approach it, erects its stalk and leaves as if to look at you, and then draws back, so visibly, that you pause astonished, and wait, as if you expected it would reproach you for your intrusion. As the hoofs of my mustang approached these singular plants, I saw them rise, even at five paces distance, look at me with a timid and reproachful look, and then draw up again. The pressure which the step of a man or horse occasions to its long horizontal roots is communicated to the fibres of the plant, and causes its leaves to vibrate and contract, and it is only when you have ridden some distance, that, tremblingly and fearfully, it raises itself again, reminding you of a lovely maiden who, touched by some rude hand, terrified and blushing, lets her head sink in her arms, and only ventures to raise it when the danger is past. In such a situation as I found myself in, we are peculiarly susceptible and sensitive. Believe me, roast-beef not only nourishes the body, but contributes also to the senses something of the thick skin of the animal from which it comes. Now, however, I had tasted neither roast-beef nor anything else for more than forty hours; and hence the refinement and devotion of my feelings. These, for the most part, afterwards subsided; but one which appeared to me as a revelation of God had entered into me never to pass away. I had, as it were, gained a new, a living God—a God whom I knew not before; for my former God had been the God of my minister: but He whom I learnt to know in the prairie was my own God, the Creator, who revealed Himself to me in the glory of His works, and who, from that hour, will be present to my eyes so long as I have breath."

Here the General pressed the young man's hand. He continued:

"But to return to the track, so happily found. I rode and rode, for at least an hour, when, all at once, I perceived at my side a second track. It ran parallel with the one I followed. Had it been possible to have heightened my delight, the discovery of this second track would have done so: as it was, it only strengthened my confidence. It now appeared impossible but that I should find the way out of this horrible prairie. True, it appeared to me somewhat singular that two horsemen,

meeting together in this boundless meadow, should have continued their way together; but the tracks of two horses were assuredly there, and they ran confidingly by each other. Their freshness showed that no long time could have elapsed since the horsemen had ridden through. Perhaps it would be possible to overtake them. The thought urged me to the greatest speed. I rode as fast as my mustang could trot through the tall grass and flowers; but although I rode thus quickly for one, two, three hours, I could not get sight of any one. I could see for ten miles around me; but nothing resembling a horseman. It is true, some tree islands lay before me, one of which appeared to me similar to the silver phenomenon which I had seen the previous day; but it attracted me no longer: for one of the horsemen I would have given all the phenomena, all the silver in the world. Surely, however, I must at last come upon them: for their traces lay before me, and must lead to them, if I did not lose them. That this might not happen to me was now my greatest care. Concentrating all my powers, as it were, in my eyes, I rode by the tracks step for step. So passed another hour, and another. My strength now began to decline sensibly, and the cramping, gnawing sensation in my bowels became more violent; my mouth felt foul and tasteless; my heart lumpy, my stomach placid, my limbs weary; the blood ran cold in my veins, the fits of faintness came oftener and stronger; but of thirst and hunger I felt nothing this second night; but only, as I have before observed, a great decrease of strength; and, conjoined with this, a weakness of all the organs and senses, which now filled me with new terror. My eyes became dim, my ears heavy; the reins began to lie cold and heavy between my fingers. I felt a painful sensation in my limbs, as if the shadow of death were creeping upon me.

"Still I rode on, and on. I must at last come upon an outlet; the prairie must have an end somewhere. It is true, the whole southern part of Texas was a prairie; but then, again, these prairies had rivers, and in the neighborhood of these rivers I should find plantations. I had only to follow the course of one of these rivers for five or six miles, and I was certain to come to them. Thus comforting myself, I rode on, and gazed, and gazed again, after a horseman, when suddenly I became aware of a third track which also ran parallel with the two I followed. My hopes, which had been sinking for the last few hours, were reanimated. Now I could not miss them. Three riders must have some fixed road, leading to some particular place. To what place was immaterial, if it

only led to men. 'To men! to men!' I cried out exultingly; and urged on my mustang to renewed speed.

"The sun had sunk a second time behind the summits of the tall trees of the westerly islands: night, which in these southern latitudes comes on so suddenly, again approached; but still of the three riders I could see nothing. I was fearful of losing their tracks in the fast-increasing darkness, and therefore halting, as twilight began to merge into night, before a tree island, I slung the end of the lasso round the branch of a tree, the noose round the neck of the horse, and then threw myself on the grass.

"I could not smoke any more. The cigars relished as little as the Dulcissimus, and just as little could I sleep. If slumber did at times overpower me, it was interrupted each time by convulsive starts, and cramps. There is nothing more dreadful than to be tired and weak, racked and tortured by hunger and thirst, and to long for sleep without being able to sleep. It seemed to me as if twenty pincers, or other instruments of torture, were operating within. As long as I kept riding, I had suffered less from this feeling; but now it became really fearful. At the same time horrible phantasies crowded on me. I shall never forget this night, all the days of my life! Scarcely had morning dawned than I got up again, but it was long before I had equipped my mustang. The saddle was so heavy to me, that it was only with trouble I could raise it on the back of the animal; before I could throw it on with two fingers, but now I could scarcely replace it by straining all my powers. Still greater trouble did it cost me to fasten the girth; but at last I accomplished it, mounted the animal, and followed in the track as fast as was possible to both. My mustang was, as you may easily imagine, also much weakened by this ride of forty-eight hours; but this was a fortunate thing for me: for, fresh and gay, he would have thrown me off at the first spring. As it was, I could scarcely hold myself any longer in the saddle, but hung like an automaton on the back of the animal, which seemed to trouble itself no longer about spurs or reins. I had ridden thus for, perhaps, one or two hours, when suddenly, and to my dismay, I saw that the traces had disappeared! I looked, I stared, my dismay turned to horror; but they had vanished. I would not trust my eyes. I looked—I looked again—I rode back—returned again—examined carefully on every side—collected all my powers into my eyes, but the track had, in truth, vanished. They came to the point where I had stopped, but went no further. The riders must have encamped here, for I found the grass crushed in a

circle of from fifty to sixty feet. As I looked, I perceived something white on the grass. I dismounted, went to it, picked it up. Good God in heaven! It was the paper in which I had folded my Dulcissimus, and which I had thrown away the previous night! I was in the same place where I had passed the night! I had been riding *in a circle*, and following my own track!"

"This is truly horrible!" cried a dozen voices.

"Yes, truly horrible," continued the Colonel, slowly, and half shuddering. "I stood as if annihilated, and incapable of thinking more. Then, so much did the discovery shock me, I fell like a lump beside my mustang, desiring nothing but to die as speedily as possible. A blow on the head which would have killed me would now have been received as the greatest kindness.

"How long I lay, I know not. It must have been a long time; for when at last I raised myself up, the sun had sunk low in the western heavens. In a frenzy, I cursed it now, together with the prairie. Had I had strength, I should have done something desperate; but a three days' fast in a prairie tames all frenzy, even the most violent, I assure you. I was not only bodily, but also mentally so reduced, that I could not collect my thoughts. I could not imagine how it had happened that I had ridden in my own track. Afterwards this became clear to me. Without landmark, without guide, I had gone round in a circle, and when I believed myself to be going forward, I was, in reality, riding backwards. I was, as I found out afterwards, in the Jacinto prairie, one of the finest in Texas, being about seventy miles square, a real Eden; but having this in common with Paradise—that in it one is easily misled. Even experienced hunters do not venture without compass in this untrodden world of meadow. How, then, was I, an inexperienced youngster of twenty-two, and but just fresh from college, likely to find my way in it?

"My situation was, indeed, fearful! The frightful discovery had so robbed me of all strength, that it was with difficulty I could keep on the back of the mustang; so that, powerless, and without any will of my own, I gave myself up to it. What might next happen was a matter of indifference to me. With the bridle twisted round my hand, and holding on as well as I could by the saddle and mane, I let the animal go where it would. Had I only done so sooner, probably I should not have been brought into such extreme distress; for the beast's instinct would, doubtless, have directed him to a plantation. But it is a peculiarity of our imprudences, that

the first always brings a whole army of others after it, in such succession that it is difficult afterwards to come to any calm, dispassionate contemplation of our condition. The first imprudent step taken, I became foolish, and had ridden about like a fool. And yet, were any one else to be in my situation to-day, I would wager a hundred to one he would not extricate himself better from his difficulties. This much only I remember of that fearful hour, that my mustang, left to himself, smelt two or three times about in the air, and then started off so briskly in an opposite direction, that it was only with the greatest trouble I could keep upon my saddle; for now my limbs gave me such dreadful pain, and each step of the animal so tortured me, that I was often tempted to loose the mane, and let myself fall from his back.

"I cannot tell how long I was carried thus, nor how, when night came, I got from the back of the animal; probably I owed it to the lasso that he moved about so patiently with me; and how I passed the night, Heaven alone knows. I was incapable of further thought. If I attempted to think, a pang shot across my brain. Everything pained me—limbs, organs, my whole body. I felt as if broken on the wheel. My hands were grown thin, my cheeks hollow, my eyes sunk deep in their sockets. When I felt my face, I became aware of the change that had taken place, and an idiotic, half-maniacal laugh escaped me. I was becoming delirious. In the morning I was scarcely able to stand, so much had the four days' ride, exertion, anxiety, and depair reduced me. It is said that a healthy man can hold out for nine days without sustenance; perhaps so, in a room or a prison, but certainly not in a Texan prairie. I am convinced that I could not have survived the fifth day.

"How I got on the back of my mustang is to this day an enigma; probably he laid himself down, tired, and got up with me as I seated myself on the saddle. As I rode along, everything moved about so confusedly before my eyes, that there were moments when I imagined myself no longer on earth. I saw the most magnificent cities—the fancy of the most highly-gifted painter could not depict grander—with towers, cupolas, and columns, which reached to the stars; then, again, the most beautiful rivers, flowing with liquid gold and silver; gardens suspended in the air, with the most lovely flowers, and trees with the most inviting fruit; but I was not able even to stretch out my hand and pluck, all my limbs had become so weak. Each step of the mustang occasioned me the most excruciating agony; my bowels burned like red-hot coals, or

as if torn by scorpions. My throat and tongue were parched, my lungs shrunk up, while my hands and feet felt as if no longer part of my body, but merely instruments of torture appended to it.

"I still, however, faintly remember that something suddenly struck my head, whether blows, or sounds, I cannot say. I thought I heard something like groaning. A rattling in the throat, perhaps my own, perhaps that of a stranger, fell on my ears. Sense and consciousness had now almost forsaken me. Only very dimly did it appear to me as though I brushed by leaves and boughs: then a sound rushed on my ears like the cracking or breaking of branches, and I clung, with my last strength, to something; but what it was, whether saddle or mane, or what besides, I have no idea. This hold escaped me, my strength failed—I fell. A report like the thunder of a cannon, a roaring or rushing as of the cataract of Niagara, a whirling as if I were being drawn to the centre of the earth, a host of the most frightful phantoms, which crowded upon and encircled me on all sides, overpowered me! and then music, as from the higher spheres; glittering figures of light, Elysium opened to my view! Again a painful stitch ran through my throat and bowels, which seemed to me as if bursting into burning flames. Then I felt as if the departing sparks of life were again returning—the lungs opened themselves, and it seemed as if something hot were passing through my veins and pressing into my head. My eyes opened."

The Colonel stopped. Every look was strained upon him. The General sprang up.

"Colonel Morse! Is anything the matter with you? You are excited!"

"A little," he replied, drawing a deep breath. "The reminiscence——"

"Does the narration fatigue you?" asked the General.

"For the moment, yes; but it is over."

He took the offered glass and drank.

There was a deep silence.

IV.

After a long pause, he again commenced.

"I first looked up, and then about me. I lay on the bank of a small, but deep river. My mustang grazed at a little distance, and beside me stood a man, with his arms crossed, who held in his hand a wicker-covered huntsman's flask. I could not observe more, for I was too weak to raise myself up. My

bowels still burned; but my clothes, which were wet, clung about my body, and afforded me real refreshment.

"'Where am I?' I gasped.

"'Where are you, stranger? where are you? By the Jacinto; and that you are *by* the Jacinto, and not in it, is no fault of yourn, I reckon, d——d if it is!'

"There was something so inexpressibly harsh and repulsive in the tone and manner in which the man spoke, and in his grating scornful laugh, that every word he uttered jarred upon my ear. If half the world had been offered me for a friendly look, I could not have given it to him, with such aversion did his contemptuous laugh fill me. Whether it was the irritated state of my nerves, or any other circumstance, which caused this discordant laugh to make such an impression upon me, I know not; but this much I can declare with certainty, that as the last word pierced my ear, the whole character of the man was revealed with a clearness, a distinctness, with which I have never in my life penetrated a character, even the longest and most intimately known to me. I knew he had been the preserver of my life—that he had drawn me out of the river, into which I had fallen headlong, over the neck of my mustang, when the animal, raging with thirst, had sprung over the bank into the water—that without him I must inevitably have been drowned, even had the river not been so deep as it was; and that it was also he who had restored me, with his whisky, from that deadly swoon to consciousness; but if he had saved my life ten times over, I could not have conquered my inexplicable dislike for him. I could not even look at him.

"'It don't seem as if my company's agreeable,' he said, at last.

"'Your company not agreeable? I have not seen a mortal soul, nor had bit nor drop in my mouth, for four days.'

"'Hollo! that's a lie!' he shouted, with another strange laugh; 'you've taken a mouthful out of my flask—p'raps not *taken* it, exactly, but you've had it down your throat. Where do you come from? That beast's not yourn?'

"'No; Mr. Neal's,' I replied.

"'Whose is it?' he asked again, furtively.

"'Mr. Neal's.'

"'See it is, by the brand. But how came you from Mr. Neal's to Jacinto? It's a good seventy miles across the prairie to Mr. Neal's plantation. Haven't stole his mustang, eh?'

"'Lost my way—four days—nothing in my mouth.'

"I was unable to say more; weakness and repugnance sealed my mouth.

"'Four days without eatin', and in a Texan prairie, with islands on all sides? said the man, laughing. 'Ah! see how it is—a gentleman! see it plain! Was also a sort of one myself, once. Thought, I suppose, our Texas prairies were like your prairies in the States. Ha! Ha! And so you didn't know how to help yourself?' he laughed again. 'Saw no bees in the air, nor no strawberries on the ground, eh?'

"'Bees? strawberries?' I repeated.

"'Yes, bees, which swarm in the hollow trees; out of twenty trees there's sure to be one full of honey. Perhaps you don't know bees when you see 'em, for they ain't altogether as big as wild geese or turkeys; but you must know strawberries; they don't grow on the trees!'

"All this the man said sneeringly, with his head half-turned over his shoulder.

"'And if I had seen bees—how could I have got at their honey without an axe?'

"'How did you lose yourself?'

"'My mustang ran away.'

"'Ah, I see. And you rode after him; and the beast, as they always do, did her best to oblige you. I see; I see. But what do you mean to do now?'

"The man still spoke with his head thrown backwards, as if he avoided my look.

"'I am weak, and tired to death; I wish to go to a house to shelter; anywhere to men.'

"'To men?' said the man, with a sarcastic laugh, 'to men?' he repeated, stepping aside a few paces.

"I was scarcely able to turn my head, but the movement alarmed me, and I compelled myself. He had drawn a long knife from his belt, which he was grinning at. I was able now to take a full view of him. A more frightful countenance never came before one. His features were the wildest I had ever seen. His blood-shot eyes rolled like balls of fire in their sockets. His manner betrayed a raging inward struggle. He could not stand still three seconds together, but paced forwards and backwards, his fingers playing all the while with the edge of the knife. I felt that a conflict was going on within him which would decide upon my life or death. I was, nevertheless, perfectly calm. In my situation death had no terrors. The images of home, of my mother, my sisters and brothers, my father, passed before my eyes. Involuntarily I turned them upwards and prayed.

"The man had walked still farther from me. I turned myself as much as I could, and looked after him. As my eyes followed him, I saw before me the same grand phenomenon which I had seen the first day of my wanderings. The colossal silver mass stood not over two hundred steps distant from me. He disappeared behind it.

"After a while he came forward again, slowly, and with hesitation. As he now approached, I saw, by degrees, his whole figure. He was tall and meagre, but well and strongly built. His face (so much of it, at least, as a beard which had not been shaven for a week, would permit me to see) was sun and weather-burnt, like that of an Indian, but his head bespoke his white blood. Nevertheless, his eyes were frightful, and became the more so the longer I looked at them. The furies of hell seemed raging in those eyes. His hair hung roughly about his forehead, temples, and neck. His interior and exterior seemed alike desperate. On his head he wore a half-torn pocket-handkerchief, with brownish black spots. His buck-skin waistcoat, his breeches, and mocassins had the same marks. Doubtless, they were blood spots. His hunting-knife, which was two feet long, with a rude wooden handle, he had replaced in his girdle, but in its stead he now grasped a Kentucky rifle.

"My features must have betrayed repugnance, although I tried hard not to show it. After a furtive glance at me, he growled—

"'It does not seem as if you'd much pleasure in my company? Do I look so very desperate, then? Is it written so plainly on my face?'

"'What should there be written on your face?'

"'What? what? Questions are for fools and children.'

"'I will ask nothing; but as a Christian, a countryman, I beseech you——'

"'Christian!' he interrupted me, derisively, 'countryman!' Then, striking the rifle violently on the ground, he cried, 'There is my Christ!' He then raised it, and proved the lock. 'Look! this frees from all sorrow; this is a true friend. Pooh! perhaps it'll release you too—put you to rest.'

"The last words he spoke aside, and as to himself.

"'Make him quiet, like the others! Pooh! one more or less. Perhaps it'll drive away that cursed spectre!'

"All this seemed muttered to his rifle.

"'You won't play false, at any rate,' he continued, 'or one pull.'

"As he spoke, he raised the weapon, and pointed the muzzle full against my breast. I did not tremble—I felt no fear. At the threshold of death, he loses his terrors; and I was so reduced, I was already at the threshold. It was unnecessary to shoot me, a light stroke with the butt-end would at once have put out the spark of life. I looked calmly, and even indifferently, into the muzzle.

"'If you think you can answer for it to God—to your and my Creator and Judge—do as you will!'

"My fainting voice must have worked a deep impression on him, for he trembled, put down the gun, and stared at me with open mouth.

"'He also comes with his God!' he muttered. 'God! your and my Crea—tor and Judge!'

"He was scarcely able to bring out the words, and, as he now repeated them, they appeared to choke him.

"'His—and—my—Judge!' he groaned again. 'Is there really a God—Creator—Judge?'

"As he stood muttering thus, his eyes became fixed. Suddenly he screamed, 'Don't do it! What you intend brings no blessing—I am a dead man—God be merciful to me! My poor wife! my poor children!'

"The last words were uttered from his deepest breast, in a most dismal tone. The rifle fell from his hands, and he struck himself furiously on his forehead and breast! It was dreadful to see him, as he stamped about, tormented by the furies of his conscience. He must have endured the pains of hell. The evil one seemed to rage within him.

"'D'ye see nothing in me?' he asked, suddenly springing towards me.

"'What should I see in you?'

"He came still nearer. 'Look well at me; *look* through me. D'ye see nothing there?'

"'Nothing,' I said.

"'Ah! I understand you can see nothing! Ain't in a spying humor, I calculate—no—no—you ain't. When one has had nothing in one's mouth for four days and nights, one loses the love of spying. I tried it for two days—no joke that, old fellow! Then, reaching towards the rifle, he continued, 'I tell ye, leave me in peace; 'have done enough.'

"Saying this, he turned away from me, and pulled the trigger, but the weapon missed fire.

"'What's that!' he screamed, examining the lock and pan; 'not loaded? Dear! dear! 'Fail'st me, old fellow, because I have not fed thee since—Ah! if I had not fed thee then—

perhaps—sure this is a token. It shall be a warning—'shalt rest! Quiet, old dog! Sha'n't tempt me! Dost hear?'

"All this he spoke quickly and earnestly to the rifle; he then turned again to me—

"'So you are weak and tired, and sure you must be; you look as if you'd been in want all your life.'

"'Tired to death,' I rattled.

"'Well! come, take a drop of whisky; it'll strengthen you. But wait, I'll mix a little water.' And so saying, he went to the edge of the river, scooped up some water a few times with the hollow of his hand, poured it in the neck of the bottle, and, putting it to my lips, poured the draught down. Even the blood-thirsty Indian becomes less a savage when he practices humanity. He seemed at once a different man. His voice was not so harsh, and his manner became gentler.

"'So you wish shelter?'

"'Yes, for God's sake! For four days I have had nothing in my lips but a bit of tobacco.'

"'Can you spare a bit!'

"'All I have.' I pulled out of my pocket the cigar-case and the *Dulcissimus*. He snatched the latter out of my hand, and bit it in two with the voracity of a wolf.

"'Ah! the right sort, this; just the right sort!' he muttered to himself, 'eh, young man, or old man. Arn't you an old man? How old are you?'

"'Two-and-twenty.'

"He looked doubtfully at me.

"'Can't hardly believe that—but four days in the prairie without eating; well—it may be! But, stranger, if I'd had this five days ago—a bite of tobacco! only a bite of tobacco! If *he* had only had a bite of tobacco! A bite of tobacco is worth much sometimes. None lies so heavy on my heart as him—oh! if he had only had a bite of tobacco—only one!'

"His voice, while he thus spoke, groaned mournfully, and had at the same time a wild, unnatural echo.

"'I tell ye, stranger,' he again broke out, menacingly, 'I tell ye—ah! do you see the live oak, there? Do you see it? It's the patriarch, and I tell ye you won't find a bigger or an older one in the prairies. D'ye see it?'

"Suddenly he screamed wildly.

"'What does it signify to you about the patriarch, and what's under it? It's nothing at all to you. Don't be too curious, I advise you! Don't venture to set a foot under it.' A curse escaped him too dreadful to be repeated by a Christian tongue.

'There's a spectre under it!' he cried; 'a spectre that might frighten you; better go far away.'

"'I do not wish to go there; I never thought of doing so. I would rather go far away! All that I desire is the nearest road to the nearest house, no matter whether it be a plantation or inn.'

"'Ah! that's true, man—to the next inn. I'll show it to you, I will,' he murmured to himself.

"'And I shall ever be grateful to you as the preserver of my life,' I gasped.

"'Preserver! Life preserver!' he laughed wildly. 'Life preserver! Pooh! If you knew what sort of a life preserver! Pooh! what good is it to save a life, when—still, I'll save yours, I will, then perhaps that d——d spectre will leave me. Do! do! for once, leave me in peace. Will you not? Will you not?'

"All this the man had spoken, turning towards the tree, at first menacingly, but afterwards, beseechingly, or coaxingly. Again he became wild, clenched his fists, stared an instant, then sprang suddenly towards the gigantic tree, and disappeared under the drapery of the silver beard which hung on every side from the branches and boughs. He soon reappeared, leading forth by the lasso a mustang already bridled.

"'Mount,' he called out to me.

"'I cannot rise even.'

"'Then I'll help you.' And so saying, he came up to me, raised me with his right hand, so light was I become, on the saddle of my mustang; with the left hand he took the end of my lasso, swung himself on the back of his animal, and drew me and mine after him. His behavior while we rode along the bank was most extraordinary. Sometimes he slid round on his saddle, throwing a wild glance towards me, now he stopped and peered anxiously between the mossy beard of the patriarch, then again gave me a sharp glance, and appeared to be considering, groaned, sighed, looked round the wood, as if after some outlet, rode again a step forwards, groaned again, and drew himself shudderingly together. This tree appeared to torment him fearfully; he evidently approached it with dread, and yet it attracted him with irresistible power, as if his treasures were hidden there. All at once he furiously gave spurs to his animal, so that it broke out into a gallop. Fortunately, in his dreadful distraction, he had let go of the lasso, or else the first spring of my mustang must have thrown me from the saddle, and broken my feeble limbs. I rode slowly after him.

"'Why don't you come? What have you always got to look at under the patriarch?' he cried out, with a curse. As though fearing my answer, he went on again, but stopped after about two hundred steps, and looked round again. The patriarch had disappeared behind some large sycamores. Now, for the first time, he breathed more freely, and was evidently very much relieved.

"'But where was Antony?' he said.

"'What Antony?'

"'Antony, the herdsman, Mr. Neal's creole.'

"'Gone to Anahuac.'

"'Gone to Anahuac,' he repeated. 'Uh! to Anahuac!' he groaned. 'I've been there; but, but!'—He turned round shudderingly. 'He isn't there now. He's out of sight.'

"'Who should be there?'

"'Ah! who?' he roared out, 'who?'

"I knew well what the 'who' meant, but took care not to awaken his mistrust by asking questions. I was not in a state to indulge in curiosity. We rode on for a long time without exchanging a word. It is true he spoke continually to himself; but as my mustang followed at a distance of ten paces, I could only hear that he was muttering. At times he took his rifle in his hand, and spoke to it; now scoldingly, then again caressingly; then he would put it to his shoulder, and put it down again, and laugh wildly. Sometimes he would bend himself nearly out of the saddle, as if seeking some object on the ground; and at times, whilst thus searching, he would look slily round and cast a penetrating glance on me, to see if I were observing him. At other times he groped and caught in the air; as he did this, he hung so unnaturally from his mustang, and broke out into such an unnatural, hollow, demoniacal laugh, followed by a dreadful groan, that I prayed God for a speedy end to my journey.

"We had ridden for, perhaps, two hours, the sparks of life which the whisky and water had given me were again on the point of dying, and I felt every minute as though I must sink from the horse, when I perceived a rude enclosure, which at last gave promise of a dwelling. A faint cry of joy escaped me. I tried, but in vain, to give spurs to my horse. My conductor turned round, looked at me wildly, and said in a threatening tone:

"'You are impatient, man! impatient! I see—you think perhaps—'

"'I shall die if I have not help this minute.' I was not able to say another word.

"'Pooh! die! die! one does not die so easily. And yet, d——n! it might be true!'

"He sprang out of the saddle towards my mustang. It was high time, for, incapable of supporting myself any longer, I sank down into his arms. A few drops of whisky, however, restored me again to consciousness. He now placed me before him on his mustang, and drew my lasso after him. We rode past a potato ground, a corn field, and a group of peach trees, and at last the blockhouse was before us."

"I'm curious to know how it will all end," murmured Colonel Cracker; "but the story is a long one."

"So long that we forget our drinking over it," laughed Colonel Oakley.

"And that is, I think, the best proof that it interests us all in the highest degree," interrupted the General. "Colonel Morse, may we be so free as to beg you to continue?"

The Colonel bowed, and then went on.

V.

"My strength had so entirely given way, that the man was obliged to carry me into the hut; even then I could not stand, and he placed me upon a bench, like a baby. But spite of the failure of my vital powers, I can still recall, very plainly, to my mind's eye, not only the people, but also the furniture, the room, and, in short, the whole scene. I know not whether it was the spirits which had so excited the mental powers in my exhausted body, but at no period of my life have I taken such notice of objects as I did at this time. All that occurred since my waking out of the death-like swoon, is still clearly impressed upon my mind. The horrible man, the miserable blockhouse, a log hut with a kind of a partition in the centre, on the one side a room, on the other a kitchen; the room having, instead of windows, holes covered with perforated paper, the hard trodden ground, at the sides of which grew grass a foot high; the bed in one corner, in the other a kind of sideboard; and creeping between these two corners, like a cat upon the spring, and inexpressibly repulsive, a figure representing the host, with red hair, red pig's eyes, a mouth which reached hideously from ear to ear, and a doggish downward look, corresponding exactly to the stealthy, cat-like step. All this is still so vividly before my mind, that I should instantly recognize the man amongst millions, were he still alive.

"Without welcoming us by word or look, he brought a bottle and two glasses, and placed them on the table, which

consisted of three boards, nailed on four posts secured in the ground, and which must have come from some chest or trunk, for there was still partially visible the painted initials of a name, and a date. My preserver allowed the man to perform his duty in silence, but I observed that he followed his movements with a sharp glance. He then filled one of the glasses full, and emptying it at a draught, said—

"'Johnny!'

"Johnny made no answer.

"'This gentleman has eaten nothing for four days.'

"'So!' replied Johnny, without looking up, but sneaking out of one corner into the other.

"'Four days, I say, d'ye hear? four days. Go and bring him, directly, some good strong tea. I know you have got some, and then some good beef soup. The tea must come directly, and the soup must be ready in an hour at the furthest. D'ye understand? I'll have some whisky and a beef-steak and potatoes. Tell Sambo.'

"Johnny crept from one corner to the other, as though he had not heard—like a cat's, his last step was always springing.

"'I've got money, you understand, Johnny,' continued my guide, drawing a pretty well filled purse from his girdle.

"Johnny leered with an indefinable expression at the purse, and then sprang forward, looking maliciously at my guide.

"Both stood without saying a word. An infernal grin forced itself over Johnny's coarse features. My guide gasped for breath.

"'I've got money,' he exclaimed, at last, striking the butt of his rifle against the ground. 'D'ye understand, Johnny? money, and a rifle, in case of need.'

"Having said this he filled a second glass, which he again emptied at a draught. Johnny stole so softly out of the room, that my companion was only made aware of his retreat by the closing of the wooden latch. No sooner did he perceive this, than he came up to me, and, without saying a word, raised me in his arms and carried me to the bed, and laid me down gently upon it.

"'You seem as if you were at home,' snarled Johnny, who now re-entered.

"'I always do when I come to a public-house,' replied my guide, calmly refilling and emptying another glass; 'the gentleman shall have your bed to-day. You and your old Sambo may sleep in the pig-sty, for all I care. But you haven't one.'

"'Bob!' cried Johnny, furiously.

"'That's my name—Bob Rock.'

"'For the present,' whispered Johnny, with an expression of hatred.

"'Just as yours is Johnny Down,' said Bob, laughing. 'Pooh! Johnny, I believe we know each other; don't we?'

"'Calculate we do,' replied Johnny, grinding his teeth.

"'Far and wide, long and short,' laughed Bob.

"'You're the notorious Bob, from Sodoma, in Georgia.'

"'Sodoma, in Alabama, Johnny,' said Bob, correcting him.

"'Sodoma, in Alabama,' he repeated, taking another glass. 'Have you been a year in Columbia, in every possible bad character, and don't know that?'

"'You'd better be quiet, Bob,' whispered Johnny, with a sharp glance at me.

"'Pooh! He won't hurt a hair of your head, he won't prate, I'll answer for it. He has lost the taste for that in the Jacinto Prairie. If there was no one than he! But Sodoma,' he began again, 'lies in Alabama, man, and Columbia in Georgia; they are parted by the Chattahoochee. The Chattahoochee! Ah, that was a jolly life on the Chattahoochee! But everything in this world is short, as my old schoolmaster used to say. Pooh! the Indians have got a wigwam far over the Mississippi, and the ground's broke up. But it was a glorious life, warn't it?'

"Again he filled and emptied his glass.

"The disclosure which this conversation made of the character of my two companions was not of a very pleasing description; for I knew if their acquaintance dated from that dreadful place, it might just as well have originated in hell itself. The whole Southwest, as you know, could produce nothing which could at all be compared in abomination with this Sodoma. It lies, or rather did lie, a few years ago, in Alabama, an Indian district, the resort of all the murderers and outcasts of the West and Southwest, who found here, under the Indian government, protection and security from the vengeance of the law. Fearful outrages and horrible deeds were there of daily occurrence. Scarcely a day passed without murder and plundering, and that not committed secretly, but in broad daylight. Bands of these wretches would cross the Chattahoochee, armed with knives, swords, and pistols, rush into Columbia like madmen, stab whoever opposed them, break into houses, rob, plunder, kill or ravish the women, and then return over the river to their den, laden with booty, and mocking at the law. Pursuit and punishment were not to be thought of, for Sodoma was within the Indian territory, and many of the Indian chiefs were associated with the murderers;

which, indeed, was the cause of their removal. This removal, as you know, drew forth, in profusion, the tears of all our old political women; and, still more astonishing, found many opposers among our good Yankees—echoes of our equally good friends in Great Britain, to whom, certainly, it could not be very pleasing to see their confederates so entirely expelled from the midst of us. Ah! British humanity, how lovely it appears when observed closely! Much, much too full of love! God preserve us from the love of British humanity! Happily, Jackson's iron soul had not a spark of their superfluity! The Indians were driven over the Mississippi; and from that time robbers, murderers, and Sodoma itself, have disappeared, and Columbia is now as flourishing and as respectable a town as any in the West."

"True! perfectly true!" interrupted several voices, "perfectly true!"

"But to return to my two companions," continued the Colonel. "The recollection of their former achievements seemed to make them more confiding. Johnny also brought a glass, and the two conversed for some time together, in a low tone, but I could not understand their language, which was a kind of thieves' and blacklegs' jargon. I frequently heard, however, my well-wisher, say roughly, 'No, no, I won't.' Then words and objects swam about me confusedly. At length I was aroused somewhat roughly. But I could see nothing, and it was not until I had received a few spoonfuls of tea that my sight became clear. I then saw that a mulatto woman stood by my side and gave me tea with a spoon. The mien in which she did so was at first anything but friendly; and it was only after having given me some few spoonfuls that she began to show anything like womanly sympathy. In the heart of a woman, of whatever color she may be, there is some chord, if not the tenderest, which is always responsive to a young man. This refreshment gave me a delightful sensation. At every spoonful it seemed as if a new stream of life flowed into my veins. She laid me down on the pillow much more gently than she had raised me up, and screeched—

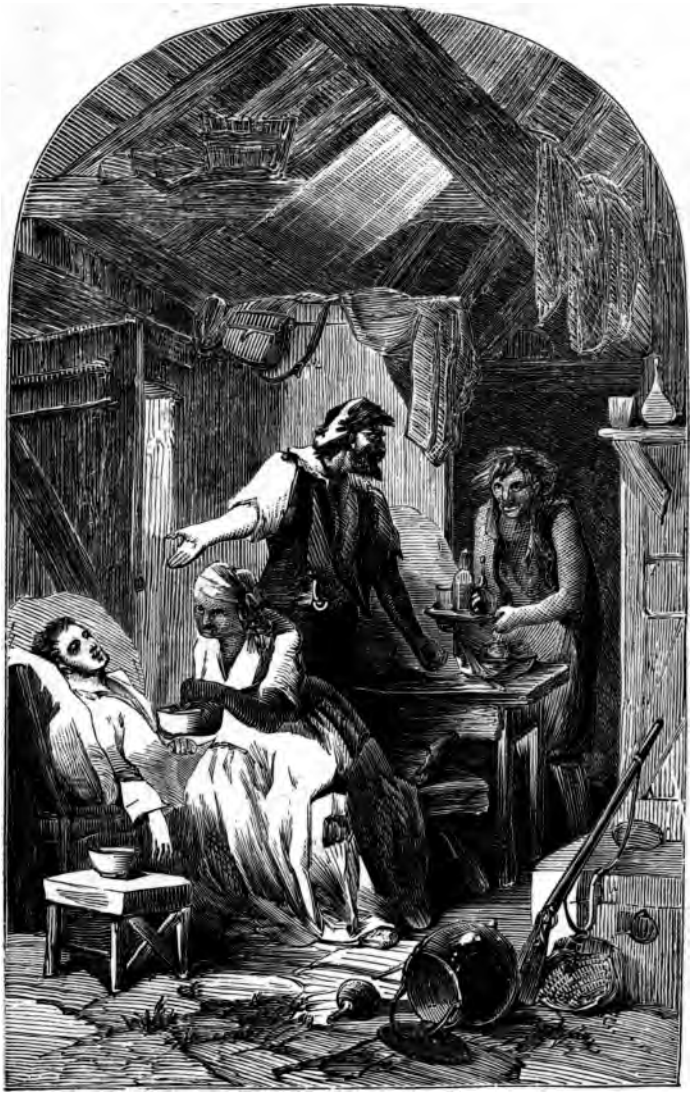
"'Gor, Gor! poor massa! In an hour massa take some soup?'

"'Soup? why soup?' growled Johnny.

"'For him—I make it,' screeched the mulatto.

"'And worse for you if she don't, I tell ye!' cried Bob.

"Johnny muttered something which I could not hear, for a light slumber again overpowered me.



SCENE IN JOHNNY'S HUT.

UNIV. OF MICH.

"After what seemed to me a few minutes merely, the mulatto duly came with the soup. If the tea had revived, the soup first strengthened the flickering sparks of life. I felt it sensibly pouring strength into my veins and sinews; and, when I had taken it, I could already sit up in the bed.

"Whilst I was being fed by the mulatto, I saw Bob eat his beefsteak: it was a piece which might have sufficed for six, but the man seemed to have eaten nothing for three days at least. He cut off pieces of the thickness of your hand, thrust them in his mouth, and then, instead of bread, bit the unpeeled potatoes. To this he added glass after glass. The whisky appeared to enliven him, and to attune his disturbed humor to a sort of cheerfulness. He still spoke more to himself than to Johnny, but his reminiscences appeared more pleasant, for he frequently laughed aloud, and nodded to himself in a self-satisfied manner. Sometimes he referred to Johnny, muttering aloud that he was 'a sneaking, cowardly fellow; a malicious, false-hearted gallows-bird. He himself was, mayhap,' he laughed, 'also a gallows-bird, but still, bold, fair, and open; but Johnny, Johnny, who——'

"Johnny sprang upon him, and put both his hands before his mouth, for which he received a blow that sent him to the door, through which he retreated, cursing.

"I was just at the point of slumbering again, when Bob crept softly to the door, listened there, and then, with his finger at his mouth, approached my bed.

"'Mister!' he whispered; 'Mister! you've no need to fear!'

"'Fear! why should I be afraid?' I said.

"'Why?' he replied, laconically.

"'What should I fear?' I continued; 'for my life? Are not you there who saved it, when the weight of your thumb might have extinguished it like a candle.'

"He looked up.

"'That's true; you're right!' he said; 'but our planters, you know, trap buffaloes and cows in order to fat and kill them.'

"'But you are my preserver, my countryman, my fellow-Christian; and I'm not a cow nor a buffalo!'

"'I'm not; I'm not!' he interrupted, hastily; I'm not! and yet—yet——'

"He got cloudy; then appeared to recollect himself.

"'Hark ye!' he whispered; 'do you understand cards or dice?'

"'I have never played.'

"'If you'll be advised, don't play; certainly not here! D'ye understand? Ah, if I had not played that cursed game! No play, d'ye hear; no play!'

"He now turned his head to the door, listened, crept again to the table to pour out for himself another glass, but the bottle was empty.

"'Johnny!' he cried, throwing a dollar on the table, 'it's dry sitting.'

"Johnny stretched his head through the door.

"'Bob, you've had enough.'

"'D'ye tell me I've had enough? You!' cried Bob, starting up, and drawing his knife.

"Johnny sprang away like a cat; but the mulatto came, and brought a full bottle. I did'nt hear what passed further, for the welcome sleep came over me again. During my slumber, I thought I heard, as one hears in sleep, disputes, intermixed with blows. Nevertheless, it was not the noise, but hunger which awakened me.

"When I opened my eyes, I saw the mulatto sitting on my bed-side, and keeping off the musquitoes. She brought me the remainder of the soup, and said, in two hours, I should have as nice a beefsteak as ever came out of the pan, but now I must sleep. Before the two hours had elapsed, so quickly did digestion go on, that I awoke again. My stomach was still worked as by a grater, but now it was an agreeable sensation. I ate the prepared beefsteak with an appetite which is indescribable. Such a luxury was the enjoyment of it, that it half compensated me for the dreadful torments of my hundred hours' fast. But the mulatto, who had seen and treated many cases of the kind, only allowed me a very moderate quantity. In its stead she brought me a large glass of delicious punch. To my question, where she got the rum, sugar, and lemons from, she explained that she herself kept these articles; that Johnny only put up the house, and that badly enough; but that she found the money for conducting it, and also carried on a trade in groceries and mercery goods. She had a whole bag full of lemons, as a present from the Alcalde. By degrees the woman got more talkative. She began to complain of Johnny; that he was a desperate gambler, and even worse; that he had already had much money, but had lost it all again, and was often obliged to hide himself; that she had become acquainted with him in lower Natchez, from whence he was obliged to escape by night, and in a fog. Bob was not better; on the contrary—and here she made a movement as of cutting the throat—one

who had done very bad things. He was now drunk, had knocked Johnny down, and behaved very strangely. He was lying outside the door, and Johnny had hid himself, but I had no occasion to fear.

"'Fear! my good woman; why should I fear?'

"She looked at me, thoughtfully, for a while, then said, 'If I knew what she knew, I might well be afraid. She would remain no longer, at any rate, with Johnny. She would look out for another partner as soon as possible—she wished she knew of one.' At these words she looked at me. Her look, as well as her whole manner, had something about it which did not at all please me. The old sinner was impressed on every feature. An ugly, coarse, sensual face, in which remained visible traces of crime and excess. But this was not the time to exhibit delicacy. I assured her, as warmly as I was able, that the service she had done me laid claim to my whole gratitude, which should be hers, happen what might.

"She still continued to speak, but I heard no more, for I had again fallen asleep. This time the doze became sound sleep.

VI.

"I might have slept about six or seven hours, when I felt my arm shaken. I did not awake immediately, but the shake was so violent that I screamed out. It was not so much pain at the iron grasp which seized me, as fear, that made me do so. Bob stood by me. The night excess had distorted his features hideously. His eyes were bloodshot and swollen, and rolled about as if he were scourged by demons; his mouth was open; his whole manner resembled that of a man just come from the commission of a fearful deed. He stood before me, like the first murderer over the body of his brother. I shrunk back, terrified.

"'For God's sake, man! what is the matter with you?'

"He motioned to me to be still.

"'You have got the fever!' I cried; 'the ague!'

"'Ay, the fever,' he groaned; and a cold shudder ran over him. 'The fever; but not the fever you mean, young man! A fever. God keep you from such a fever!'

"His whole frame trembled as he said this.

"'Wilt never be quiet? never leave me in peace a moment? Will nothing help?' he groaned, pressing his hand against his side. 'Nothing at all? Then, God d——! I tell ye,' he roared, 'if I knew that you, with your God—Creator—Judge, of whom you preached yesterday——by God, I would——'

"'Do not curse so fearfully, man!' I cried; 'God sees and hears you without cursing. I am no canting priest, but this blasphemous swearing is sinful and disgusting.'

"'Right, you're right! 'Tis a bad habit; but I tell ye, for God's sake!—what was I going to say?'

"'You were talking about the fever.'

"'No, I wasn't going to say that; what I was going to say is as well not said, I know that; but you're not chargeable with it. Had no peace before then—the whole eight days didn't leave me peace, nor rest—always drove, like what's his name who killed his—his brother?—drove me under the patriarch—always under the patriarch.'

"These words were spoken, or rather muttered, in a low voice. It was plain he did not intend me to hear them.

"'It's curious,' he continued murmuring. 'I've made more than one cold, and yet never felt so before. Forgot it in less than no time; but now the whole reckoning comes at once, and I can get no more rest or peace. It's worst in the open prairie; it stands so plain. The old man, with his white beard and his shiny garment, and the spectre just behind him. That frightful spectre will drive me mad; but it sha'n't—it sha'n't!' he repeated, wildly.

"I affected not to have heard him.

"'What do you say about the spectre?' he suddenly asked me.

"'I said nothing at all,' I replied, soothingly.

"His eyes rolled; he clenched and opened his hands, as a tiger does his claws.

"'Say nothing—nothing, I advise you!' he repeated, in a low tone.

"'I say nothing, my good man, nothing at all, but that I wish you would turn to your God and Maker.'

"'God! God! Ah, that's the old man, I guess, in the shiny robe, with the long beard, who has the spectre behind him. I'll have nothing to do with him,—'shall leave me in peace,—will have rest,—will! will!' he groaned. 'Do you know you must do me a service?'

"'Ten rather than one; everything that lies in my power. Say what I am to do, and it shall be done. I owe you my life.'

"'You're a gentleman, I see,—a Christian. You can; you must.'

"He gasped for breath, and became again excited.

"'You must go with me to the Alcalde.'

"'To the Alcalde, man! What shall I do with you to the Alcalde's?'

"'You'll see and hear. I've something to say to him; something for his own ear.'

"Here he fetched a deep breath, paused awhile, looked anxiously on every side, and then whispered—

"'Something that nobody else must hear.'

"'But there's Johnny. Why not take Johnny?'

"'Johnny!' he cried, with a scornful laugh. 'Johnny, who is no better, but ten times worse than me, bad as I am, and I am bad, to be sure; a bad fellow, very bad, but still open, fair, always went above board till this time; but Johnny! Johnny would sell his mother. Johnny's a cowardly, sneaking, treacherous dog!'

"This needed no confirmation, for it was really written on his face; so I held my peace.

"'But what do you want with me at the Alcalde's?'

"'What do I want with you? What does one want people for before a judge? He's a judge—a Texan judge; leastwise, a Mexican judge, but chosen by us Americans, and an American, like you and me.'

"'And how soon shall we go?'

"'Directly! As soon as possible. I can't bear it no longer. It doesn't let me rest. For the last eight days I've endured the torments of hell. It drives me under the patriarch; then away; and then back again. It's worst in the prairie; there the old man stands, in his shiny robe, and the spectre behind him. I can see 'em both plainly. It tosses one about dreadfully. I haven't a quiet hour; even the bottle no use. Neither rum, nor whisky, nor brandy drives them away. Curious! I got drunk yesterday to get rid of them, but they wouldn't be driven away—came regularly, both of them, and forced me up. I must go! Would not let me sleep! I must go under the patriarch.'

"'And were you over there, under the live oak, in the night?' I cried, terrified.

"'Ay, drove one under the patriarch,' he groaned. I'm just come from there. I've made up my mind——"

"'Poor man, poor man!' I cried, shudderingly.

"'Ay, poor man, indeed,' he groaned, in the same unearthly tone of confidence. ''Tell ye, 'twill not let me rest, 'twill not! It's now eight days since I thought to cross to San Felipe. Thought I'd got there. When I looked up, where do you think I was? Under the patriarch!'

"'Poor, poor man!' I exclaimed again.

"'Yes, indeed!' he repeated, with a groan, which pierced one's marrow. 'Wherever I go, night or day. I wanted to go

to Anahuac; rode across; rode a whole day; where do you think I was at night? Under the patriarch!'

"There was something so dreadful in the manner in which he poured forth these words; the remorse of the murderer spoke so clearly, so fearfully, in his rolling eyes, that I shuddered, and turned now from him, and again pityingly to him. With it all, I could not refuse him my sympathy.

"'You have been then already under the tree to-day?'

"'Ay, and the spectre threatened me—said, "I'll not let you rest, Bob"—Bob's my name—"until you have been to the Alcalde and told him——"'

"'Then I will go to this Alcalde,' said I, rising out of my bed, 'and directly, if you wish it.'

"'What do you want? Where are you going?' croaked Johnny, now creeping in. 'You sha'n't go till you've paid.'

"'Johnny,' said Bob, seizing his companion, who was a head shorter than himself, by the shoulders, lifting him like a child, and setting him down again so violently, that his knees knocked together—'Johnny, this gentleman's my visitor, d'ye understand? here's the reckonin', and tell ye, Johnny—tell ye——'

"'Would ye? would ye?' whimpered Johnny.

"'What I would don't concern you, not at all; therefore I calculate you'd best be quiet.'

"Johnny crept back into the corner like a dog that has received a kick, but the mulatto would not allow herself to be frightened away. Sticking her arms a-kimbo, she waddled boldly forward.

"'You sha'n't take the gentleman away,' she cried, grumblingly, 'you sha'n't. He's still weak, and can't bear the ride. He can't stand.'

"That was really the case. Strong as I had felt in bed, I could scarcely stand out of it. Bob seemed undecided, but only for one instant; in the next he lifted the mulatto, as he had done her partner, a foot from the floor, carried her to the door, kicked it open with his foot, and, setting her down outside, said,—

"'Silence! some good strong tea, instead of thy cursed tongue; and a tender beefsteak, instead of thy stinking self; that will make the gentleman strong, you old brown, leathern, drunken devil.'

"The man's decision and brevity, under other circumstances, would not have been uninteresting; even now they created a certain degree of respect. He was, as he said, a bad fellow, but, nevertheless, open and straightforward. I had slept in

my clothes, and now wished to leave the room in order to wash my face and hands, and to see after my mustang; but Bob would not allow it. Johnny must bring me water and a towel; then he ordered him to get our mustangs ready. His whine, 'What if the mustangs had broken away, and could not be caught?' he met with, 'Must be here in a quarter of an hour; darn't be broke loose; d'ye understand? no tricks! you know me!'

"Johnny must have known him well, for before the quarter of an hour had elapsed the animals stood bridled and saddled before the door.

"The breakfast, which consisted of tea, butter, wheaten bread, and tender beefsteaks, strengthened me so, that I was enabled to mount my mustang. It is true, I had still much pain in my limbs, but we rode slowly: the morning was serene, and the air buoyant and refreshing.

"Our road, or rather path, lay again through the prairie, which, on the side towards the river, was bordered with forests; and on the other, spread out in the distance, ocean-like, and studded with numberless tree islands. We saw abundance of game, which sprang up nearly under the feet of our mustangs; but, although Bob had his rifle with him, he did not use it: he appeared to see nothing, but talked continually to himself. He seemed to be arranging what he should say to the judge; for I heard him utter some pretty well-connected sentences, which disclosed what I would really rather not have heard. But it was impossible not to hear him, for at times he screamed as though possessed; and when he ceased, the spectre appeared to have overshadowed him again. He then stared wildly in the air, shrunk together, groaned, and the feverish shudder, the remorse of the murderer, seized upon him. I was, as you can well imagine, heartily glad to perceive, at length, the enclosures of the Alcalde's plantation.

"It appeared a very considerable one. The house was large, and constructed in a manner which evinced comfort, and even luxury. It lay amidst a cluster of trees, which, although evidently planted not many years before, had already sprung up high enough to yield coolness and shade. I should have thought them planted about ten years, but I learned afterwards they had not been planted half that time. Right in front of the house rose one of the monarchs of our vegetable kingdom, an arbor-vitæ oak, the most beautiful, the most noble, and the soundest tree in Texas—I might say in the world; for anything more majestic, more worthy of admiration, than this gigantic tree, with the silvery scales, and beards, some of which

may have remained on it for centuries, cannot well be imagined! On the left, about two hundred acres of cotton fields extended towards the Jacinto, which was very winding, so that the plantation lay enchantingly in a semicircle—a perfect Idyl. Before the house lay the unbounded prairie, stretching, it might be, twenty, fifty, or even a hundred miles towards the west, with here and there an archipelago of tree islands floating in the transparent atmosphere; between them were herds of grazing cattle and mustangs; on the right and left were more cotton fields; and in the rear of the house were the offices and the negroes' cottages. A deep silence pervaded the whole scene, which, only broken by the barking of two dogs, gave such a solemnity to the dream-like appearance of the plantation, that even Bob seemed to feel it. He stopped at the gate, and looked doubtfully at the house, like one who stands on a threshold which he is not secure in crossing. He paused for some time. I spoke not a word: I would not on any account have interrupted the inward voice which urged him on: I should have considered it profane; but it lay heavy at my heart while he thus hesitated. With a sudden jerk, which bespoke as sudden a decision, he pushed open the gate, and we rode through two gardens filled with orange, banana, and citron trees, the passage through which was paled off, and led to a court, where was a second gate, with a bell. Upon ringing this, a negro appeared, and opened the house door.

"He appeared to know Bob very well, for he nodded to him as an old acquaintance; told him also that the Alcalde wanted him, and had asked for him several times. Me he begged to dismount; the breakfast would soon be ready, and the horses should be looked to.

"I explained to the negro that I was not come to lay claim to his master's hospitality, but to accompany Bob, who wished to speak with him. It may be observed, *en passant*, that my appearance was anything but adapted for visiting; my clothes were dirty and partly torn, and I was not at all in a plight to partake of the hospitality of a Texan grandee.

"The negro shook his woolly head impatiently.

"'Massa, nevertheless, dismount. Breakfast shall be served directly, the horses shall be looked to, and——'

"Bob interrupted him.

"'Don't want breakfast, I tell ye. Want to speak to the Alcalde.'

"'Massa still in bed,' replied the negro.

"'Tell him he must get up; Bob has something particular to say to him.'

"The negro looked at Bob with an expression which would have done honor to the gentleman of an English duke:

"'Massa asleep; he not get up for ten Bobs.'

"'But I've something particular—something very important—to say to him,' replied Bob, assuringly, and almost anxiously.

"The negro still shook his woolly head.

"'Something important, I tell ye, Ptoly!' he continued, coaxingly, and at the same time stretching his head towards the other; 'something which concerns life and death.'

"The negro ducked his head, and made towards the house-door.

"'Massa not get up till he has slept enough. Ptoly not the fool to wake him for Bob's sake. Massa not get up for ten life or deaths.'

"The aristocratic negro of the aristocratic Alcalde would at any other time have excited my mirth; but now the scene had something painful in it; it was certainly not a time for laughing.

"'When does the Alcalde get up?' I asked.

"'In an hour or two.'

"I looked at my watch—it was stopped; but the negro said it was seven—certainly rather an early hour for a morning visit, which promised to be anything but agreeable, but at the same time late enough to find a Texan squire out of bed. Still his long slumbers did not concern us, and I thought it best to interpose; so I turned to Bob, explaining to him that it was certainly too early for business, and that we must either wait patiently, or return.

"'Wait! wait with this torment and the spectre!' murmured Bob. 'I can't wait! I must go back!'

"'Massa stay, let Bob ride alone, and come back again in two hours to see massa,' said the negro, with a significant look at Bob, which would possibly have prevailed on me to stay had not my engagement towards the miserable man been of such a nature as would have stamped my leaving him as the blackest ingratitude. We therefore rode back together towards Johnny's house. The quiet and agreeable ride had refreshed me, and although to go there and back had not taken more than two hours, it had sharpened my appetite in such a manner that I really needed a second breakfast. Indeed, you cannot imagine the voracious hunger which a ride in the prairie causes, especially after such a 'hunger cure' as I had had. One is never satisfied. One's stomach becomes a real abyss, which swallows up everything within its reach. I could scarcely wait until the mulatto brought the steaks. Bob seemed uncommonly pleased with my appetite. A friendly, melancholy

smile passed over him when his wondering look fell on me; but, spite of my persuasions, he would not be induced to take anything. He muttered that what he had to do must be done fasting, and that he would remain fasting until he had got rid of his burden. So he sat down, with his eyes firmly fixed, and the muscles of his face rigid. A stranger entering, would have taken him for a spectre of the woods.

"His sufferings were too intense to be endured long; so, as soon as I had refreshed myself, we again mounted our horses. This time I was able to ride faster, and in less than three-quarters of an hour we were again before the house."

"It seems, then, that even the hunger cure has its pleasant side," remarked Colonel Cracker, sarcastically.

"Perhaps you would like to try it?" asked the General.

The narrator appeared not to hear. He continued:

VII.

"We were ushered into what was, for Texas, a handsomely furnished parlor, where we found the Alcalde smoking his cigar. He had just breakfasted, and the plates and dishes, many of them untouched, were still on the table. He was evidently no great friend to ceremony, and had but little of Yankee curiosity; for while returning our 'good morning' he scarcely accompanied the salutation with a look. At first sight it was apparent that he came from West Virginia or Tennessee, for such gigantic, antediluvian figures grew there only. Even sitting he towered above the negro who was replacing the plates and covers. He had also the true West Virginian build, the enormous chest, the massy features, and herculean shoulders, the keen grey eyes—altogether such an *ensemble* as seemed adapted to the backwoods. He looked at Bob with a long, searching glance, but seemed to postpone me for future survey; for, although the negro had now put everything ready for our breakfast and I had taken a seat, I had not yet been deemed worthy of the honor of a nearer scrutiny. But there was much tact and self-consciousness in his manner and bearing. It showed, at least, that he understood how to act the part of an Alcalde. Bob had remained standing. His head, still bound by the bloody handkerchief, sunk on his breast. He appeared to feel respect for the Alcalde.

"The latter at last commenced:

"'Well, Bob, you are here again? I haven't seen you for a long time. I thought you had quite forgotten us, and had gone quite away. Well, Bob, we shouldn't have broke our hearts,

for gamblers are hateful to me, I tell you. I hate them, man, worse than polecats. It's a vile thing to gamble, and has ruined many a man, in this world and the next. It's ruined you, too, Bob.'

"Bob said nothing.

"'Nevertheless, you'd have been useful last week. You're very useful when you like. One could make a decent citizen of you if you'd only leave off gambling. My step-daughter came last week, and I had to send to Joel to shoot us a buck and a few dozen snipes.'

"Bob still made no answer.

"'Now go into the kitchen, and they'll give you something to eat.'

"Bob neither went nor answered.

"'D'ye hear? Go to the kitchen and get something to eat. And, Ptoly,' said he to the negro, 'tell Veny to bring him a pint of rum.'

"'Don't want rum—ain't thirsty,' growled Bob.

"'So! so!' replied the judge, laconically; 'seems as if you'd already taken more than necessary. You look as if you could eat a live wild cat.'

"Bob ground his teeth, but the judge did not appear to notice it.

"'And you?'—and now he turned to me—'What the devil, Ptoly, are you waiting for? Why don't you serve the breakfast? Where is the coffee?—or do you prefer tea?'

"'Thank you, Alcalde, I have breakfasted already.'

"'Don't look like it. Ain't ill, are you? Where do you come from? What's happened to you? Have you got the ague? What brought you with Bob?'

"He now for the first time looked searchingly upon me, and was evidently considering what caused the visit, and had brought me in Bob's company. The result of his physiognomical observations did not appear very favorable either for Bob or me.

"'You shall hear, judge,' I hastened to reply. 'I owe Bob much; I have to thank him entirely for my life.'

"'Your life? thank Bob for your life?' cried the judge, shaking his head incredulously.

"'Yes, I owe it to him, indeed; for, in fact, I lost myself in the Jacinto prairie. I wandered about four days without having a morsel in my mouth, and was on the point of perishing, when, yesterday, Bob found and drew me out of the Jacinto.'

"'You hadn't——'

"'No, no!' I interrupted; 'my thirsty mustang sprang

with me to the banks of the river, and, feeble as I was, I fell in.'

"'Ay!' said the judge; 'so then Bob saved you? Is that true, Bob? Well, I'm glad of it! If you'd only leave Johnny, Bob, it would be better for you. Tell you, Bob, Johnny will be the ruin of you.'

"All this was spoken seriously, and with emphasis; but the sentences were broken by draughts and whiffs at the cigar.

"'Yes, Bob,' he turned again to him; 'only keep away from Johnny.'

"'It's too late!' replied Bob.

"'Don't know how it can be too late. It's never too late to leave off a bad life, man!'

"'Calkilate it is, though,' replied Bob, sullenly.

"'You calculate it is?' said the judge, sharply, fixing his eyes on him; 'and why do you calculate that? Take a glass—Ptoly, a glass—and tell me, man, why it's too late.'

"'I ain't thirsty, squire,' said Bob.

"'I'm not talking of thirst, man. Rum isn't for thirst; but, taken in moderation, to strengthen the heart and nerves; to drive away the blue devils. But it must be taken moderately.'

"So saying, he filled a glass, and half emptied it.

"I'm not talking of thirst,' he continued; 'I'm talking of why it is too late. Why should it be too late?' and again he looked sharply at him.

"'I don't want rum,' growled Bob; 'something lies on my heart.'

"'Something lies on your heart?' interrupted the judge, blowing away the clouds from his cigar. 'Something lying on your heart; well, Bob, what is it?—Take a cigar, man,' he said to me.—'I'll hear what weighs upon you, Bob; or do you wish to speak to me alone? True, to-day is Sunday, and business should rest on Sunday; but, as you are here, and it lies on your heart, I'll attend to it.'

"'I've brought the gentleman on purpose with me, as a witness,' replied Bob, taking a cigar. Although the judge had not invited him to this, he calmly offered him a light. Bob began to smoke his cigar, made a few grimaces, looked thoughtfully at the judge, and then threw the cigar out of the window.

"'It don't relish, squire! nothin' relishes now; gets worse.'

"'Ah, Bob! if you'd only leave off play and drink! These are your fevers, your ruin.'

"'That's nothin', squire; nothin' will help, now: it must

come out. I've fo't long with it! Thought to keep it down; but it don't do. I've stuck many under the ribs; but this——'

"'What, have you?' said the judge, who, after he had likewise thrown his cigar out of the window, surveyed Bob with somewhat of a judicial mien. 'What's up again? Why speak of the seventh rib? None of your Sodoma and Natchez tricks, I hope! I don't understand such games here.

"'Pooh, squire, they understand 'em less in Natchez. If they hadn't I shouldn't have been in Texas; that is, I'd stopped there. My bones would have been whitening somewhere on a tree, or in a grave.'

"'I know that, Bob; but the less said about it the better. You promised to leave off the old and to begin a new life; so we won't rake up old tales.'

"'I wished to ——,' groaned Bob; but it's of no use: it must come out—I tell you it must. I sha'n't be any better till I'm hung.'

"I stared at Bob in astonishment; but the judge took a fresh cigar, lighted it, and after he had commenced it, said composedly—

"'Not better till you're hung? No; but why do you want to be hung? Certainly you ought to have been hanged long ago, unless all the newspapers in Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi have told lies about you. But that was over in the States: here we are in Texas, under Mexican laws. It doesn't concern us here, what you've done over there, so that you do nothing here. Where there's no accuser there's no judge.'

"'Ho! but there is an accuser,' replied Bob, in a low tone, and shuddering.

"'An accuser! and who is it?' demanded the judge, looking at me.

"'Who's the accuser?' murmured Bob. 'Who's the accuser?' he repeated; alternately staring at the judge and at me. Then, suddenly, and with some indication of self-respect, he added, 'Send the nigger out, squire; what a citizen has to say shouldn't be heard by black ears.'

"'Ptoly, go away!' said the judge. Then turning again to Bob, 'Say what you have to say, or wish to say; but mind, no one forces you to do it; it's only out of good-will that I listen to you at all—for it's Sunday.'

"'Know it,' murmured Bob; 'I know that, squire; but it doesn't let me rest. I've tried everything. I've gone across to San Felipe de Austin, up to Anahuac; it was no use!

Wherever I go the spectre follows me, and drives me back under the patriarch.'

"'Under the patriarch?' exclaimed the judge.

"'Ay, under the patriarch,' groaned Bob. 'Do you know the patriarch? not far from the ford on the Jacinto.'

"'I know! I know!' rejoined the judge; 'and what drives you under the patriarch?'

"'What drives me? murmured Bob to himself. 'What drives a man who——'

"'A man who——,' demanded the judge quickly.

"'One who——' continued Bob in the same low tone, 'one who—lies there, under the patriarch, one whom I——'

"'Whom you——' quickly demanded the judge again.

"'Whom I killed,' gasped out Bob, with an impatient jerk.

"'Killed!' exclaimed the judge, in a stronger and harsher voice. 'You?'

"'Yes, I. Why don't you let me speak? You'll always have your palaver!' cried Bob, peevishly.

"'You're getting saucy, Bob!' said the judge—who now likewise became impatient—but in a tone so keen, and yet so calm, that it was quite unnatural to me. I involuntarily felt as if the knife was at my throat; for this tone would cause suspicion of anybody. I had never heard a murder so discussed before. I listened more attentively; perhaps my excited nerves and senses had deceived me. The discourse might have been of an awkwardly killed bear or panther. For a moment I thought it must be so; the countenance of the judge was so business-like, and exhibited so little—in fact, not the slightest—emotion. But Bob—his anxiety and desperation! the dreadful inquietude with which he reluctantly, and in piecemeal, made his confession, as though driven to do so by fiends. The frightful torment which devoured him; his eyes, now rolling like furies, now fixed and set as if staring at a ghost! My philosophy was here at a standstill, my knowledge of the world was at fault. Nevertheless, the judge continued to smoke as calmly as though, as before said, the discourse had been of a cow or calf, that had been killed unskilfully: sight and hearing failed me at such insensibility.

"The judge, meanwhile, must have pretty well read my thoughts in my countenance; for, after looking at me a moment, he said, not without a sarcastic smile, 'If you think, stranger, to find here the good company, as it is called in our country, you will possibly be undeceived sooner than may be pleasant. We have neither New York nor Boston fine gentlemen here; don't want them either, and can easily spare them.

'Twill still, thank God! be some time longer, ere your New York, London, and Parisian dandies come to us, and teach us their manners, which, reckoned up, are perhaps not a straw better than those of the poor devil who stands here before you. With us the devils are not so black, as with you the angels are not so white, as they are painted. You'll become acquainted here with a different philosophy to what you have learned from books.' He then turned coolly again to Bob, 'Tell us more, man. I reckon it's nothing more than one of your usual tantrums.'

"Bob shook his head. The judge looked at him sternly for an instant, and then said, in a confidential, encouraging tone—

"'Under the patriarch, too; and how came he under the patriarch?'

"'Dragged him there, and buried him, I suppose,' replied Bob.

"'Dragged him there? and how came it that you dragged him there?'

"'Because he couldn't well go himself with more than half an ounce of lead in his body.'

"'And you put the half ounce of lead into him, Bob? Well, if it had been Johnny, you'd have done the country a service, and saved us a rope.'

"Bob shook his head.

"''Twasn't Johnny, though; you must listen a bit longer. You know it's just ten days ago that you counted me out twenty dollars fifty—'

"'Quite right, Bob! twenty dollars fifty cents, and advised you to let the money remain until you had got a few hundred dollars or so together, and could buy a bit of land; but it's of no use talking to you.'

"'No use!' interrupted Bob; 'the devil always drives me on; he is determined to have me. He instigated me; and I wished to go up to San Felipe, to the Mexicans, to try my luck there, and also to consult the doctor.'

"'What do you want with the doctor? You'd have got rid of your fever long ago if you'd only have left off drinking for a fortnight. Fevers are not so very bad here. But it is a disease with you, Bob. You're a wild, reckless fellow; and then, your connection with Johnny. We'll put an end to his mischief, however; all the neighbors are agreed on that. Well, and so you were on your way to San Felipe?'

"'Yes; and as I went on my way, the devil, or my ill-luck, one or the other, I calkilate, led me to pass by Johnny's house.

I certainly wanted a glass, but did not intend to dismount; but as I looked from the back of my mustang through the window, I could see a man sitting at the table and enjoying himself over a plate of beefsteaks and some potatoes, with a stiff glass of grog. That gave me an appetite, but I would not dismount. Whilst I was looking at him and considering, that devil, Johnny, came sneaking and whispered to me to come in; there was a man inside with whom somethin' might be done if we went to work cleverly, for he had a belt of money round his waist that was cram full, and if we just had half a game, by way of bait, he would be sure to bite. I wasn't very much inclined,' continued Bob, 'and calkilated and considered for some time, but Johnny was so friendly and coaxing, as he can be when he likes, that at last I got off my horse; and, as I got off, the dollars in my pouch jingled, and then I wished to play, and walked in briskly. I walked in,' continued he—'one glass followed another; there were beefsteaks, and potatoes too, but I only ate a few mouthfuls, and had two, three, or four glasses, when Johnny brought out the cards and dice. Hollo, Johnny!' said I; 'cards and dice, Johnny. I've twenty dollars fifty cents in my pocket. Let's have a game, Johnny; but no drink, for I know you well, Johnny—I know you.

"'Johnny laughed slyly, and rattled the cards and dice, and we began to play. We played and drank too, though I didn't mean to drink; but I drank more than Johnny. With every glass I got more eager, and my dollars got fewer. I reckoned, however, that the stranger would join in, and that we should be able to pluck him; but he sat and ate and drank as if it did not at all concern him. In order to tempt him we pretended to play badly; but it was all of no use—he went on calmly eating and drinking. In less than half an hour I was cleared out. My twenty dollars fifty cents were gone to the devil, or, what is the same thing, into Johnny's pocket. When it was all gone, squire, everything seemed to swim before my eyes. It hasn't been so often. I've lost more money a hundred times, but never cared a hundredth nor a thousandth part so much about it as I did about losing these twenty dollars fifty cents. You know I had laid about in the prairie and forests for two whole months to earn them, and had got the fever. Now I had the fever, and no money to cure it. I felt so mad, I would have fought with a jaguar. Meanwhile, Johnny jingled my dollars, and only laughed in my face. I aimed a blow at his head, which if he hadn't sprung aside, would certainly have prevented his laughing for a week or two. Presently, however, he sneaked up to me again, and winked, and then whispered to me quietly—

"'Bob, are you cast down all at once like this? Are you, said he, blinking with his eyes towards the belt which the man had about his waist, are you got so cowardly that you can't see a belt of money which is to be had for half an ounce of lead?'

"'Did he say that?' asked the judge.

"'Ay, he said so,' said Bob; 'but I would not hear of anything of the sort. I told him if he had a mind to the belt he might take it himself from the owner. I wasn't going to draw the chestnut out of the hot ashes for him; he might go and be d—d. So I spurred my mustang, and rode away like fury. While I was riding,' continued Bob, 'my head went round like a mill. The twenty dollars and fifty cents lay heavily on my mind. I didn't know what to do. I daren't come to you, for I knew you would scold me.'

"'I shouldn't, Bob. Perhaps I should have blowed you, but for your good. I'd have summoned Johnny before me, have called together a jury of twelve neighbors, and have helped you to your twenty dollars fifty cents, and put Johnny out of the country, or better still, out of the world.'

"These words were spoken, it is true, with much phlegm, but still with a feeling and sympathy, which gave me a better opinion of the worthy judge's conscience. They seemed also to affect Bob beneficially. He fetched a deep sigh, and then looked touchingly at the Alcalde.

"'It's too late,' he murmured; 'it's too late, squire.'

"'Perhaps not,' rejoined the judge; 'but let's hear further.'

"'Well,' continued Bob, 'I rode on at random till evening, and I found myself near the palmetto field, you know, on the opposite bank to the Jacinto.'

"The judge nodded.

"'I rode on towards it, and as I rode I heard the trampling of a horse. As I heard that, I felt as I had never felt in my life; I went queer and cold all over. It was as if a host of evil spirits were howling in my ears. I lost my recollection, and knew no longer where I was. I could see nothing but the well-filled money belt, and my twenty dollars fifty cents. Presently I heard a voice call to me: Where do you come from? and where are you going, countryman?

"'Where? I murmured; where? to the devil, and you may go and tell him I'm coming.

"'You may take that message to him yourself, said the stranger, laughing; my road does not lead that way.

"'As he spoke I looked up, and saw that it was the man with the money-belt. It's true I knew that before, but I had not looked up.

"'Arn't you the man, said he, I saw over there in the inn?

"'And if I am, what's that to you? said I to him.

"'Nothing, said he; it does not concern me, said he.

"'Well, there; go on your way, said I.

"'I will, said he; a word's no blow, said he. I expect your loss hasn't exactly put you in a church-going humor, said he. If I were you I wouldn't stake my dollars upon cards and dice.

"'That he should thus throw my loss in my teeth, made me as mad as a wild cat. I tried to keep it back, but my bile rose; I felt it get malicious.

"'You're a nice fellow, said I, to cast one's loss in one's teeth. You're a good-for-nothing fellow!

"'I wished to put him in a passion, and then fight him. But he had no desire for fighting, and said, quite humbly—

"'I don't cast it in your teeth. God keep me from throwing it in your teeth! On the contrary, I pity you. You don't look to me like one who has many dollars to lose. You look to me like a hard-working man, who must earn his bread hardly.

"'Yes, indeed! said I; I earn my money hardly!

"'And thus talking, we were almost at the upper end of the cane-break, near to the wood which borders the Jacinto, and I had closed up to him and the devil tight to me. A hard-working man, indeed, said I—and I've lost all; I haven't a cent for a bite of tobacco.

"'If that's all, said he, that's easily helped. It's true, I don't chew myself, and am not a rich man; I've a wife and child, and need every cent I have; but to assist a countryman is only one's duty. You shall have money for a bite and a dram.

"'And so saying, he reached a purse out of his pocket, in which he had change. The purse was pretty full, contained perhaps twenty dollars; and it was, to me, as if the devil mocked at me out of the purse.

"'Halves! said I.

"'No, not that, said he. I've a wife and child, and what I have belongs to them; but half a dollar.

"'Halves! said I again, or——

"'Or? said he; and so saying, he put the purse in his pocket again, and reached the rifle, which he had over his shoulder.

"'Don't force me, said he, to do you harm—don't, said he; you might repent it. What you're thinking of brings no blessing.

"'I heard no more; and saw no more. I felt as if a legion of evil spirits possessed me. Halves! I screamed out; and

as I screamed out, he sprung up in the saddle, and fell backwards over his horse's back.

"'I'm a dead man! he murmured; God have mercy upon me! My poor wife! my poor child!'

"Bob now stopped, his breath failed him, and the perspiration stood in great drops on his forehead. He stared fearfully towards a corner of the room. The judge also turned pale. I tried to rise, but fell back again; I should have sunk but for the table. There was a solemn pause. At last the judge murmured—

"'A hard, hard case! Father, mother, children, at one blow! Bob, you are a bad fellow! a terrible fellow! a great villain!'

"'A great villain!' groaned Bob; 'the ball had gone right through his breast.'

"'Perhaps the gun went off at half-cock,' said the judge, speaking in a low tone, and almost anxiously; 'perhaps it was his own ball?'

"Bob shook his head.

"'No. I know better. I remember, plainly, how he said, Don't do that; don't force me to injure you. We might both repent it. But I pulled; 'twas the devil made me do it. His ball is still in his rifle.

"'As he lay before me,' continued Bob, groaning, 'I can't tell you how I felt. 'Twasn't the first I had made cold; but now I'd have given all the money in the world not to have done the deed. It shall be the last. It must be the last, for it does not let me rest. It's the worst in the prairie, as I've said before; the very worst! Never leaves me in the prairie, always drives me under the patriarch. I must have dragged him under the patriarch, and buried him there with my hunting knife, for I found him there afterwards.'

"'Found him there,' exclaimed the judge.

"'Yes: I don't know how he came there; I must have brought him there, I suppose, for I found him there. But I recollect nothing but the words—God have mercy upon me! I'm a dead man! my poor wife! my poor children! Truly, no blessing comes from what I have done!' he groaned again; 'I've found, already, that it brings none. The words are for ever and ever ringing in my ears.'

"The judge got up, and walked hastily up and down the parlor, in deep thought. All at once he stopped.

"'What have you done with his money?'

"'I wished to go to San Felipe,' said Bob, 'so I took his purse with me, but buried his pouch with him, and a flask of

rum, and bread and beefsteaks, which he had brought away from Johnny's. I rode the whole day. In the evening, when I got down, to enter the inn I thought was before me, where do you think I was?'

"The judge and I stared at him.

"'Under the patriarch. Instead of letting me go to San Felipe, the ghost of the murdered man had led me under the patriarch. Would not let me rest there until I had dug him up and buried him again, without the belt.'

"The judge shook his head.

"'The next day I tried another direction. I was out of tobacco, so I rode to Anahuac, through the prairie. But in the prairie it was really dreadful. Whichever way I turned, a man with a white beard and shiny robe stood before me. I thought it was God. At his side, and threatening me, was the ghost of the man I murdered. I spurred my horse till the blood run, in order to get rid of them. I wished to get to Anahuac at any price, and hoped soon to get it out of my head there; so I rode the whole day, as if for life or death. In the evening, when I looked up, expecting to see the salt works, where do you think that I was again? Right under the patriarch. I dug him up again, examined him all over, and then buried him again.'

"'Strange, that!' exclaimed the judge.

"'Yes,' added Bob. 'It's all of no use, I tell you—will not let me rest—I sha'n't be better till I'm hung.'

"Bob was visibly relieved after having said this. And, strange as it may seem, I felt relieved too, and involuntarily nodded assent. The judge alone preserved an unmoved countenance.

"'So,' said he—'so you think it won't be better till you are hanged?'

"'Yes,' replied Bob, eagerly; 'hung on the patriarch, where he's buried.'

"The judge took a cigar, lit it, and then said—

"'Well, if you will have it so, we'll see what can be done for you. I'll call the neighbors together to-morrow, for a jury.'

"'Thank ye, squire,' said Bob, evidently relieved.

"'I'll call a jury together,' repeated the Alcalde, 'and then see what can be done for you. Perhaps you'll change your mind by that time.'

"I looked at him, as though he had fallen from the clouds. He did not seem to notice it.

"'Perhaps there's another way of getting rid of your life,

if you're tired of it,' continued he, taking the cigar out of his mouth; 'perhaps we can hit on one, without pinching your conscience.'

"Bob shook his head. I involuntarily did the same.

"'At all events, we'll hear what the neighbors say,' said the judge, again.

"Bob now got up, and went to the judge, offering him his hand, to say good bye. The latter did not take it. Turning to me, he said, 'I think you had better stay here.'

"Bob turned round, impetuously.

"'The gentleman must go with me.'

"'Why must he?' asked the judge.

"'Ask him.'

"I explained once more the obligation I owed to Bob, the manner in which we had been thrown together, and how he had taken care of me at Johnny's.

"The judge nodded approvingly, but then said, decisively, 'Nevertheless, you will remain here, in fact, all the more so; and, Bob, you go alone. You're in that mood, Bob, in which you are best alone, d'ye understand? and so you go, and leave the young man here. Another misfortune might happen, and, at any rate, he's better here than with either you or Johnny. Come back to-morrow; then we'll see what is to be done for you.'

"These words were spoken with a tone of decision, which people of Bob's character seldom venture to oppose. He nodded assent, and left the room. I sat still, like one stupefied, staring at the singular man who had appeared so inhuman during these strange proceedings."

VIII.

"He took it coolly, upon my word!" said Colonel Cracker, sarcastically.

"And you seem to wish to take it foolishly!" said Colonel Oakley.

The narrator took no notice, but continued:

"When Bob was gone, the Alcalde blew in a shell, which served instead of a bell. Then he took the cigar-box into his hand, tried one cigar after another, broke them peevishly, and threw them out of the window. The negro, who had entered at the summons, stood some time, while his master still broke the cigars and threw them out of the window. At last his patience seemed to fail him.

"'Hark ye, Ptoly!' he growled to the affrighted black, 'if

you ever bring cigars in the house again which neither draw nor smoke, I'll make your back smoke for it, I promise you. There isn't one worth a straw. Tell that old brown chestnut hag of Johnny's I'll have no more of her cigars. Ride over to Mr. Ducie's, and fetch a box. Tell him to send good ones. And, d'ye hear? tell him, at the same time, I have a few words to say to him and the neighbors. Ask him to bring them to-morrow. And, d'ye hear? come back directly; mind you're home again by two o'clock. Take the mustang we caught the week before last, and see how he goes.'

"The negro listened to these numerous orders and commissions with open mouth and eyes, stared perplexedly at his master, and then made towards the door.

"'Where are you going, Ptoly?' called the Alcalde after him.

"'To Massa Ducie.'

"'Without a pass, Ptoly? And what do you want with Mr. Ducie?'

"'Him not send so bad cigars—him brown chesnut hag—Massa speak to Johnny and the neighbors—the neighbors bring Johnny with them.'

"'I thought so,' said the judge, without changing countenance. 'Wait a bit; I'll write a pass, and a line or two to Mr. Ducie.'

"So saying, he wrote a pass and note, and gave both to the negro. When he was gone, he took up the cigar-box again, and lit the first which came in his hand; I also took one, which drew capitally—they were excellent principes.

"We sat smoking until the sound of the negro's horse's hoofs died away, then he blew again in the shell. Another negro entered.

"'Xeni,' said he to this one, 'ride over to Mr. Stones—Abraham Enoch Stones, d'ye understand? ask him to come over early to-morrow morning, to take up the border of peach clumps. Tell him, too, to bring the neighbors with him. Stop! I'll give you a few lines, or you'll make a blunder. You must be back by two o'clock, d'ye hear?' He handed the pass and note to the negro, and re-commenced smoking. All at once he turned to me.

"'North or South from Mason and Dixon's line?'*

"'The question was put so abruptly, and sounded so peremptorily, that I considered whether I should answer it. At last I replied—

* An imaginary line between the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States; *i. e.*, between the North and the South.

"'In the middle—from Maryland.'

"'Also a neighbor of the old dominion?* Ah! the old dominion remains the old dominion.'

"'A great State,' I remarked.

"'A great!' he cried, contemningly; 'the greatest there is, or has been, or will ever be. Which of your twenty-four States can produce such a galaxy of men as the old dominion? the Washingtons, Patrick Henrys, Jeffersons, and many others?'

"'Jefferson?' said I, shaking my head.

"'Yes, Jefferson!'

"'Jefferson, if he still lived, would not have much pleasure in the fruits of his democracy.'

"'He would have all the pleasure,' said he, positively, 'which a man can have who sees the principles which he carried out with iron hands increase luxuriantly; perhaps a little too luxuriantly. Our people's sovereignty principle, d'ye understand, wants clipping, like a tree shot up too fast; but to him belongs the glory of having raised it.

"'True, he is wished at the bottom of hell for it, by our would-be aristocrats; no wonder! He overturned their apostles, the Hamiltons and Adams—went the whole hog with them. But 'twas necessary, most necessary, with people who carried themselves so egotistically as the federals of that time, who thought the revolution was only fought for them, and that the millions had staked property and life in order to exchange the English yoke for theirs; and they would have succeeded, I tell you, had not Jefferson been there. But Jefferson was there; and, though Jefferson had his faults as a man, as statesman he was one of the greatest that ever put his hand to the State plow. Never has any one so entirely comprehended the spirit of democracy, her nature, her fructifying power, and brought this triumphal car of man to advance so fast.

"'The United States owe it to him that they will be, in less than fifty years, the greatest nation on the earth—that already they are spread, and firmly rooted, over half the world. It was he who opened to the people the sluices and dams in which the Hamiltons, the Adams, thought to pen themselves.

"'Was just the man we needed then; his was the true principle. The people are born like men, for the people are only the union of many men; they grow up, come to man's strength, and die off again. You can cripple a young nation just like a child, if you lay upon it the trusses, the weights, which only the old and strong can bear. But a harsh government and its

* Virginia, formerly the most powerful State, was emphatically called "the old dominion;" "*the* dominion."

twin companions, a powerful aristocracy and hierarchy, are these weights. They do very well for a matured, but not for a young nation, who, if they are to work and call into existence the use of their members, and their healthy common-sense, must move freely. On that account there have been few nations that have come to the use of their members, of their common sense, who have come of age.

"'In old times the Greeks and Romans, in modern times the Britons and us. The French are also now trying it. Wish them luck! They have done much, in the last few years, to get rid of the old rubbish. Are a great age, a glorious people, the French! It is we, and they, and the English, who now rule the world, who have the civilization, the freedom of the world in our protection. The others are all minors, dependent on us three; their history is scarcely worth the trouble for a free man to read. One only gets cross, when one sees how these millions of herds of sheep, without sense, and having no will of their own, follow their bell-wether.'

"'But those nations, which you style of age, are just those which had, and have still, a powerful aristocracy,' I remarked.

"'But they hadn't it in their youth, you will confess.'

"'Yes, in their youth, dear judge; in their earliest youth,' I said.

"'Well, well! won't dispute with you about words; the Norman baronial aristocracy may, for all I care, have called themselves lords of the bed-chamber, or grooms of the stole; but calculate if they were so, they had more democratic spirit than their sovereign would have liked; and if, at one time, they did hold the wash-basin, they would certainly have thrown it over his head at another. These were the men! But your present aristocrats! Bah! effeminate, selfish mongrels! poisonous, marshy plants, which disseminate poison and corrupt the land, like our tobacco plantations, your Maryland and our Virginia.'

"The simile was quite new to me.

"'So you hold our present aristocracy poisonous, marshy plants?'

"'Worse luck! the best degenerates, the freshest water gets foul if it remains stagnant long. We have this foulness already —our glorious Washingtons and Carroltons already put forth their mongrel sprouts;—would-be aristocrats through the favor of their tailors—sons of cobblers and tinkers, shop-boys and shop-keepers, who, having wandered over all the world, have at last brought their knavish genius here, and their money, and now like to see themselves abroad, aping the lord! Am also

an aristocrat—a democratic aristocrat;—but such would-be aristocrats, could——'

"'So you are an aristocrat?' involuntarily escaped me.

"The tone of my voice must have had something ironical, for he threw away his cigar rather contemptuously, raised and put down his glass, looked at me keenly for an instant, and then said in a decided, almost a severe, tone—

"'A man—a man, do you understand? and the first lord or duke is no more. The Russian emperor is no more, and is all he can be, if he is a man. Am a man, and if you would know more, am a man of progress, a man of principle. Napoleon, so long as he remained a man—a man of principle—was master of half the world, and only ceased to be master when he ceased to be a man, and became a weak woman, faithless to the principles he had espoused.'

"'Napoleon,' I cried, not a little amused, 'an unprincipled, weak woman!'

"'I call him,' was the answer, 'an unprincipled, weak woman, who, faithless to his principle, denies and betrays it; and Napoleon was so when, unfaithful to his principle, to the elements of his being, to the people who raised him and sustained him, he betrayed them to the aristocrats—to the dynasty.

"'Tell you,' he continued, after a short pause, 'this overthrew Napoleon, and overthrew him rightly—that he was unfaithful to his principles, to his elements. All his folly, his ridiculous pageants, his attempts to make himself emperor—all that might have been forgiven him, but not the miserable, I might say stupid, senselessness with which he delivered the democratic principle, which raised him, the very people to whom he owed all, into the hands of its worst enemies—the aristocrats—the dynasty. It was that that alienated his people from him, and tore asunder the bands between him and the French.'

"'But I have always heard that all France still hangs, as if intoxicated, to him, and to his magical name.'

"'Possibly; but observe, in people as in men, there is always, though often unknown to themselves, a principle. Whoever lays hold of this principle, this Ariadne's thread, to him no labyrinth is complicated, the people help him out—whoever lets it go, it also lets go. The principle, the Ariadne's thread of French democracy, Napoleon seized, and should have held it; and that he did not keep it, not only broke his magical power over the French, but these same Frenchmen will at some time, if they do not already do so, curse him. He has

bitterly deceived them and their expectations, for since the world stood, never has a people done so much for a man, sacrificed so much for him, showed so much confidence, devotedness towards him, as this French nation. He was the absolute representative of democracy, as none had ever been, for the aristocracy were almost annihilated. What could not this man have done for the people, for his principle? He had it in his power to give to half mankind a new form of citizenship, to renew from the foundation the decaying fabric of society. What did he do? He drew around himself the very nobility which the people had pushed away; suffered himself to be outwitted by blockheads in comparison with himself; entered into alliance with the old dynasty—with Austria; betrayed himself—his principles—his people. Yes; he will still shine some thousand years; but not only on account of his colossal greatness, but also because of his colossal want of principle—a warning to all democrats.'

"'But are not the criticisms which you thus bestow upon Napoleon a little too severe?' I asked.

"'Nemesis has already decided,' he continued, earnestly. 'It was not the Liverpools, Castlereaghs, Bathursts, Wellingtons, but the ever-judging Nemesis, which sent him to the rock of St. Helena, with the ugly vulture Hudson Lowe. Ah! what could not that man have done for the spiritual unyoking of mankind! What godlike rays, what glimpses of the deity, might he have conferred? To pull down, for instance, the spiritual bugbear which now, for six hundred years, has held the world in leading-strings, and played the fool with it—to pull him down from his seven-hilled throne, and confine him in his proper spiritual limits! Ah! this single deed, carried through with effect, would have given a new form to the civilized world. Its spirits, finally unyoked, would have been a monument—a monument! it would have been the crown to the great emancipation begun by the Luthers, the Harrys, the Calvins, and the Knoxes. Pshaw! now they buy and sell, and prate of their canonical rights, and Gallic rights—the poor simpletons!

"'Pooh! calculate you would like to go out into the cotton fields and prairie a bit?'

"The last words were said so coolly, so indifferently, I stared at the man in astonishment.

"'Have you no desire?' said he, getting up.

"'I should like it well enough, but I feel weak.'

"'Will strengthen you,' said he, tapping on the table.

"A negress entered.

"'The pot which stands in the left cupboard of the sideboard, and a bottle from the cellar, and fresh glasses.'

"The negress brought it, and he reached out of the jar a substance which I took for walnut shells until I tried one. They were bears' paws, preserved in Madeira—the first I had eaten. He let me take about half-a-dozen, and then pushed away the jar, with the remark that 'it was much too aristocratic a dish, and rather dangerous for a young fellow.'

"The man began, by degrees, to interest me. He had, in truth, something democratically aristocratic—the appearance, the manner of a sturdy yet sly democrat, and again the head and heart of a hard aristocrat—cool and cold, with a sufficient share of Texan phlegm, a penetrating, sharp look, and an iron, consequential will. He evidently knew what he desired.

"We mounted the horses, and rode through the cotton fields. As long as a cotton tree was visible he was cotton-planter, and nothing else; cotton fields and prices, gins and presses, were the order of the day. When we rode in the prairie, he was all cattle-breeder; bulls, calves, and cows, and cows, calves, and bulls—not a syllable more about cotton. The Jeffersons and Napoleons, aristocrats and democrats, seemed quite to have vanished from his memory. Bob was never mentioned. His composedness was permanent. Only when he began to speak of the Britons did he get a little more excited. These he hated, to use his own expression, with all his heart, with all his soul, with all his mind, and with all his strength, not because they were our national enemies, but because they were still more selfish than ourselves—a peculiarity characteristic of genuine American hatred which first disclosed to me the nature of our hatred to the Britons. There lurked something like envy in this hatred. I should willingly have ridden another hour, for the six bears' paws had set me up in a manner I should have thought impossible; but the clock called us home. Ptoly and Xeni were returned from their mission. He read the answers without changing a muscle, then sat down to his desk and wrote two fresh notes, which he again gave to the negroes, with the command to take their dinner first. Hereupon we, also, sat down to table. We ate very well, but quite alone, his wife and daughter-in-law being on a visit to Colonel S. F. Austin, and not expected home for some days. We spoke of native manners, abolitionists, Lynch-mob, and nullification disorders. He appeared very well informed, and particularly to have given great attention to our finances, our surplus revenue difficulties, our trade, and tariff. He did not appear to have much respect for our sea-port towns and their politics,

but all the more for the future of the West. I could not conceal my astonishment that he, a man who had certainly played a part in the States, should lose himself in a Texan wilderness.

"'I like to live in my own, self-built house,' he replied, quickly, and more to himself than to me.

"'I don't understand you.'

"'Do you think that Texas also does not need capable people, and will not become the theatre of great deeds?'

"The hidden, self-paid compliment made me smile.

"'Texas, the fag-end, the fifth wheel of the miserable Mexican stage coach?' he inquired, quite composedly, and even politely.

"The gentlemanly, calm reply to my ungentlemanly remark, embarrassed me not a little. I cast down my eyes. Without saying another word he called for punch. When the negress brought the ingredients, he drew them, with the bowl, nearer to him, pressed out carefully the ananas, threw in the sugar just as carefully, then poured out the rum, and after duly mixing the whole and diluting it with tea, he filled the glasses.

"'I say, Mr. ——, what is your name?'

"'Edward Nathaniel Morse.'

"'Morse! are you related to Judge Morse, at Washington?'

"'His son.'

"He raised his glass to touch mine, I did the same, and we drank. We sat for some time, sipping our glasses, without exchanging a word. The punch was delicious! At last he broke the silence.

"'I tell you, Mr. Morse, 'would give ten of my best cows for this not to have happened to Bob.'

"You must know, in Texas, everything is reckoned by the cattle. They are the staple article, the universal currency, the circulating medium. The doctor is paid for his medical treatment with a cow—the teacher for his instruction, the advocate for pleading before the court of justice.

"'I believe it, willingly,' I replied; 'but it has happened.'

"'As certainly as Moses was a Hebrew. How do you relish the ananas punch? He deserves to be hanged, like a dead buck, and yet——'

"This 'yet,' made me stop again, and set down the glass I had to my lips.

"'Can't be done, even if we wished. Should have a good deal to do if we were to hang all who——'

"'Much to do if you hanged all who commit murder?' I

hastily interrupted. 'Good God, what must be that sociable——'

"'Condition?' he completed, quite calmly, and lighting a cigar. 'Yes; well,' he continued, after having brought it to smoke, 'just as sociable a state as can be in a country which, three times larger than the State of New York,* or, perhaps, even Virginia, still scarcely contains thirty-five thousand souls —a wilderness—'tis a magnificent wilderness, it's true, but still only a wilderness. Do you think, then, that the Carroltons, Patersons, Ransellaers, Livingstons, will come over here and beat about with our Indian and Mexican brood, serpents and musquitoes, and centipedes and scorpions, and venomous spiders as large as your fist, when to pass over in silence your Louisiana, they have everything at home in plenty, and only need to touch the bell-rope to set ten hands and feet in motion? Only collect your sound, common sense, man! 'Tis a country like all other countries without a master, for the government of Mexico is as good as none. Time was when they were obliged to be satisfied with just what came, even outcasts and dregs. And 'tell you, for such a country, even outcasts and dregs are necessary. 'Twould be of no service to us here, in Texas, to have only such people as the Livingstons, Ransellaers, Carroltons, or your disciplined and methodical Philadelphian and New Jersey Quakers—very respectable people, without doubt. But for us too respectable,' he continued, after a few puffs of his cigar, 'too much piety and respect for authority. 'Would cringe, bend, submit to everything rather than defend themselves, or rise up and fight. Are much too orderly, love peace and quietness too well.'

"He stopped.

"'But we want now, in this our Texas, for the present at least, not so much peaceful, orderly people, as rather restless heads, heads with a cord round their neck, a brand on their body, who do not value their lives more than an empty nut-shell, don't inquire long, and have their rifle always in their hand.'

"'But I should think, with such people, you would not advance much,' I rejoined.

"'Not much in the States, where the citizen community is already arranged; but, in any case, further here than with your peaceful, quiet citizens, I calculate. If the Normans, for instance——'

"I was alarmed when I heard the everlasting Normans named. When we begin about the Normans, the thread of

* New York has about 50,000 English square miles, Texas 150,000—therefore nearly three-fourths of the area of France.

our discourse is always long enough to last a Congress speaker during his six hours' discourse. He was, however, for once in train, so stopping him was not to be thought of.

"'If the Normans, for instance, had been peaceful, respectable people, they would have remained, quietly, with their reindeer and bark bread at home, that is, in Norway; but they were restless heads, desperate fellows, for whom it was too hot, even between their own icebergs—sea and land robbers—strong in bone and muscle, weak in purse, desperate in spirit, the terror of the then world, which was even then too small for them. But these desperate fellows not only conquered one after another, Normandy, Sicily, England—they also founded a kingdom—a really glorious kingdom—against which your other kingdoms are but paltry.

"'Had England remained under the phlegmatic, thick-skinned Anglo-Saxons, it would never have been anything; but crossed with this piratical blood, it produced a glorious race of mongrels.'

"'The Britons would feel themselves very much indebted to you for the nice pedigree you give them,' I remarked, laughingly.

"'Don't trouble myself about the d——d Britons,' was his answer; 'don't like them—can't bear them—hate them, with all my heart, with all my soul, with all my strength, and with all my mind; hate them, because they are always striving to nip in the bud—to crush popular freedom in whatever way it may show itself. 'Tis an execrable people, this British ultra-servile mob; and everything is mob there which is not gentry and its ultra-arrogant, covetous, and domineering gentry.

"'These gentry would have the people to be slaves, and the world to be slaves, in order the better to tyrannize over them. You can always very nicely distinguish in the British gentry and people the two races—the Norman and the Anglo-Saxon. The gentry are the most arrogant, but also the most independent, as the people are the most brutal, stupid, and servile in the world.'

"'By my faith!' observed I, laughing, 'you give the Britons a character there which has certainly the piquancy of new news. But, at least, I had always believed there was no lack of liberty there.'

"'So think all who do not understand better, and only re-echo what they have heard others say. Remember, that an independent people, proud of their liberty, would never have allowed such an aristocracy as the English to rise up.

"'That originated in a servile element—the genuine element of a German peasant—and that England possesses in her Anglo-Saxons. But she has accomplished great things with this peasant's element.'

"This remark struck me again; I looked at him with surprise.

"'Very much,' he continued; for on this element is founded the most powerful kingdom of the modern world—yea, more, all modern freedom—all political right. It has given a foundation to this freedom: but, with us, it has none—it is hollow, and without foundation.'

"'That is an aristocratical, but, I fear, only too true a view,' I observed.

"''Fear it also,' he replied, filling the glasses. 'But is it not singular,' he went on again, 'that the most powerful kingdom which the world has ever seen, should come from people who, regarding neither liberty nor right, trod everything under them?'

"'How do you make that out? What do you mean?'

"'Was not, if history speaks truly, Rome founded by adventurers—yes, Robbers? and Great Britain by Pirates?'

"'You paint in too glaring colors, judge! The Normans who conquered England were just as little pirates then, as our modern Yankees are pious pilgrims from Plymouth. They were barons and knights, who marched out from their castles and their territorial demesnes; adventurers, if you please, but high-minded adventurers, terrible to their enemies, but magnanimous towards strangers and chivalrous towards the weaker sex.'

"'Very magnanimous—very chivalrous they must have been,' he remarked, sipping his glass; very chivalrous, indeed, when noble women, even at the court of the sovereign, not finding protection from chivalrous, baronial brutality, were obliged to take refuge in a cloister; when the whole land was one scene of incessant violence, murder, robbery, and plunder. Fine magnanimity—fine chivalry! No, man! the good opinion which you have of the old Normans, does honor to your youthful fancy, but not to your healthy common sense or to your powers of penetration. You mistake, if you think the powerful fellows who fought at Hastings, or forced Magna Charta from King John, were chivalrous, fine gentlemen. Remove the veil which seven hundred years, and poets and poetical historians, have thrown over your heroes, and you will find that they were desperate and violent as bloodhounds.'

"I turned chagrined, and even irritated at this rough

speech, and cried out, 'It is our American curse, that we bring everything that comes within our reach, down to our low, democratic level.' In my anger I spoke louder than I had intended. For some time, however, he made no answer; blowing from him the smoke of his cigar, he was silent for a while, and then replied:

"'So—so we bring everything that comes within our reach, to our low, democratic level? You think that vulgar, prosaic, unpoetic—it is not so? We ought, you imagine, to marvel and stare at the ancient Normans as demi-gods—as the unapproachable heroes of the fable world?—compose poems upon them? Pshaw! we will leave that to the *beaux-esprits* of New York, London, and Paris. Instead of that we will furnish matter to your poets; furnish them with the poetry of deeds. That is what we will do. We will do what the Normans did—we will, I tell you; not exactly in the same way, but somewhat similar. We feel just as much vigor in our blood as ever the Normans could have felt. In a few hundred years, when Texas will be a powerful kingdom, there may be seen a halo around our heads also, and we may be represented as a species of demi-gods!'

"I stared at the man. Was he in earnest, or had the punch inflamed his brain? This flight of thought would have done honor to the most hot-blooded Kentuckian.

"''Tis so, indeed!' he declared again. 'If the Normans did thrash the thick-headed, phlegmatic Anglo-Saxons at Hastings, we intend to do the same by the thick-headed Mexicans, although they are coming down upon us with thousands to our one. Truly, our deeds will not appear so poetical, but much more prosaic. Your tories and their creatures will represent us, I assure you, as land-stealers, thieves, the dregs of the people, and heaven knows what; but we can console ourselves with this thought—that it did not fare better with the Normans in their time—that death and woe were denounced against them, when they came down upon Normandy as sea-robbers, and upon England as land-robbers. Only when they had obtained both did this halo, in the course of time, encircle their heads, and then they had learned to pay their bards and inventive historians, and to feed pious priests, to represent their deeds to the people as inspired, and blessed by God. Take this halo away from your heroes, and you will find that their blood was neither purer nor redder than ours—nor even so much so.'

"To such a discourse there could be no answer, so I was silent.

"'Pooh, pooh, man! you are angry; you must not be so,

or all discussion is at an end. I did not wish to anger you, I only wanted to tell you that the world changes every ten years, and yet remains always the same—that the strong overpower the weak; the cunning overreach the simple; the most powerful, particularly if he is crafty enough to enlist the church on his side, is always right, even if he were the worst of tyrants and rascals, and wrong ten times over. It always has been so, and it is still the same. It is still so,' continued he, setting down his glass, 'even to this day, in spite of enlightenment—the vilest, most abandoned, godless wretch, is represented as pious, upright, pure, polite, and goodness knows what. Only think of the Greeks, a few years ago—and the Poles. See there, how the butchery of Scios is reparalleled as an heroic deed, necessary to order and peace; and how the poor Poles were represented as the most unworthy scum of the earth, by your English, French, and German historians, they being in the pay of despots. Pooh! a few pensions do to-day what the foundation of a few abbeys and cloisters did in olden times. I also have read the history of our common mother country, and I must tell you, for your satisfaction, believed it, as the most devout catholic his creed. But this faith forsook me when I looked around in the world's book, and read there quite another version, without halo, veil, or embellishment. This halo and embellishment surround every history, from Moses down to the latest time. Even old Moses already understood the use of the electric machine, and knew how to bring forward thunder and lightning, and to make God be seen in all ends and corners, and always just exactly so, when he had some piece of roguery in view, from the time when he took to his heels, taking with him the silver and plate from the silly Pharaoh, and his still more silly Egyptians, to the time when he, in the name of the same God, destroyed the Philistines and Moabites and Amalekites, and whatever their names are, like venomous reptiles, from the earth.'

"'Those were his successors, the warlike Joshua and the pious Aaron,' I interrupted again, not a little amused at this *naive* unbelieving Bible paraphrase.

"'For whose sake the sun kept watch twenty-four hours!' laughed he. 'Well, well; both Jews, I calculate, and doubly distilled, too, in spite of our pious Yankees. And I confess to you, nevertheless, the notion that the old maid—Europe—that is, the old Greeks and Romans, spite of their Jupiter and Venus, were the most prudent, when they would not allow themselves a nearer acquaintance with these precious Hebrews; and that the young maid—our new Europe—believes like a

silly girl, in getting so intimate with them. She has, indeed, paid dearly for her sacred kings, for anointing, and legitimacy, and catholicism, and will be obliged to pay still more dearly yet. Much good may it do her, however—the worse for her, the better for us.'

"These malicious, but ingenious, allusions, made me laugh loudly again.

"'We have, also, I calculate,' continued he, raising his glass, 'in our history—which, nevertheless, in comparison with that of other lands and people, is a very mirror of virtue—more than is necessary of this Hebraism. The good God was always just at the hand of our pious Plymouth fathers whenever they intended to give our Philistines, Amalekites, and Moabites, that is, our red Indians, a blow, or to bring a self-thinking, enlightened man into a scrape or the claws of their dark laws. Only go through our history, and you will find it so. Pooh! all are poor sinners who think to mystify the good God as they do the stupid world.

"'But in the prairie,' he continued, more earnestly, 'you perceive things in quite a different light than in towns, for cities are built by the hands of men, and poisoned by man's breath; but the prairies are created by God's hand, and animated by His spirit. And this pure spirit enlightens wonderfully your views, which become so sad in the smoke of cities. 'Tis a beautiful thing, this enlightening, when the corrupt, pestilential smoke disappears, and you can look at the truth to the very bottom, can see how the great Regent above makes use of the most desperate elements for His most beautiful and magnificent works; even incarnate devils, who rage there as if they were just emerged from hell.'

"I looked at him; what was he aiming at? Again—'Yes, indeed, incarnate devils, and rage almost as if they were just burst from hell.' 'Whom do you mean, judge?'

"'Whom? Whom? Whom else but the Normans?'

"I started up as though stung by a scorpion. The doggish perversity with which he clung to these Normans appeared to me to border upon monomania. 'These Normans seem really to be a sore point, judge,' said I, shaking my head. 'What the devil have they done to you?'

"'Nothing, man! nothing but good. Although against the French and the Anglo-Saxons they were incarnate devils; for us, again, they are the most glorious fellows. Without these Normans there would have been no Great Britain, no United States, no Virginia; the whole world would have been a miserable puny world.'

"'Well! and why forever and ever hammering about these Normans, as if they were the scum of mankind? I believe, nevertheless, we have every reason to be proud of these Normans.'

"'So I believe; but calculate that, in order to get a clear notion of an object, we must look at it, not only from the light or sunny, but also from the shadowy or winter side. The Normans have certainly left us a glorious inheritance; but calculate they were anything else but angels when they obtained this inheritance—much rather incarnate devils.

"'Incarnate devils,' he continued, 'who did not trouble themselves a straw about right, godly fear, religion, customs, or the opinion of the world.'

"'How do you make that out?'

"'Will tell you how I made that out. Conclude it, first, from the circumstance that they followed a bastard, William, the son of the weaver's daughter of Falaise. You see they were not so squeamish as other well brought up barons try to be. They looked at the man, although he came into the world without priestly consent; and a hardy, powerful man he must have been, a glorious fellow, although unbelieving as a Turk. Will tell you how I conclude that. It storms as he embarks with his Normans, at Fecamp, as if hell were let loose; "stormed fearfully," say the old chronicles, and everybody shook their heads about it. But he neither troubled himself about storm nor shaking of heads—embarks—lands, spite of bad omens, happily on the English coast—lands, you understand, but scarcely sets foot on the shore, than he stumbles and falls down all his length. Falls down, so that his own followers are obliged to raise him; to them this was a bad omen, and this omen would have induced a *soi-disant* Christian to return, but not him. He was not the man to let himself be frightened—jumps up—goes on—carries everything before him, until he at last meets the army of the Anglo-Saxons before Hastings, which he at once attacks, and puts to the rout.'

"'Do you know that you have quite a peculiar manner of ending, judge?' cried I, laughingly.

"'The question is, to portray the character of William and his Normans, to fix it firm,' rejoined he, 'and calculate these are just the features; these pencil-strokes will give us the right physiognomy of himself and his companions. Mark well, he was at first bastard, who, as bastard, had no claim upon his father's inheritance; must therefore earn something for himself with his own arm. But this arm was powerful, and naturally drew other powerful arms, who likewise had nothing

at home to lose, and everything to win in a strange land. Do you believe that, had he been the legitimate heir of Normandy, and his Normans' wealthy barons, that they would have gone out on this piratical, land-stealing expedition against England?'

"'There is much that is just and penetrating in your remarks, but what will you really prove with them? You must not again reject the good with the bad.'

"'Not that. I only say that it was not merely the love of fame which induced the bastard and his Normans to overcome the Anglo-Saxons, and that, from the day at Hastings, I can find little or no trace of that magnanimity, generosity, noble-heartedness, of which the mouths of your poets and historians are so full.'

"'Because you see through too dark a medium.'

"'Do I? Calculate I don't. Calculate you see, rather, through a romantic, but I through a clear, healthy, practical medium. These Plantagenets, and their companions in arms, and accomplices, truly showed magnanimity and chivalrous feeling, when they drove the poor Anglo-Saxons from their huts and homes, stole their coats from their bodies, thrust them naked into misery, and condemned them to the severest slavery. Pooh! only showed of what spirit they were the children. Were and remained tyrants. Were and remained the hardest, most blood-thirsty tyrants that ever held a scourge over a people, Even your best, your vaunted Harrys and Edwards, were such. Think only in what a manner they treated Richard the Second!—of all that Richard the Third did!'

"'But the glorious, chivalrous exploits of a Black Prince, of an Edward, and of so many others!—they do not come within your notice.'

"'And yet,' he replied, calmly setting down his glass, 'yet, yet,—do you think that I would try to run down the ancestors of me and mine? God forbid! I would only show them to you in their proper light. Tell you, you always find the deepest valleys under the highest mountains, the most glorious achievements by the side of the most horrible outrages. The one is the necessary condition of the other; never does anything really great spring from a flat, sandy, common, every-day soil. If you wish to erect a large building, you must have many different stones; do you wish to form kingdoms and states, you must use different sorts of men. Lands and kingdoms are not won like birds, through mildness, patience, gentleness, modesty; but with power, might, and daring. Had

the Normans been gentle, refined, lovers of order, propriety, and justice, they would never have seen either England or Normandy. But they were rude, powerful, rough fellows, who didn't care a fig about the world and its opinions; left their priests to pray and beg the blessing of heaven, whilst they themselves raged like devils incarnate. Raged like devils incarnate,' he continued, taking up his glass. And that not for one, twenty, or thirty years,—one or two centuries;—no, but on and on for the whole six, yes, seven centuries, up to the present day. From the day when the bastard landed in England, it was just as if so many incarnate devils had entered; no more peace, no rest, nothing but acts of violence, misery, and shedding of blood.

"'Fell, first of all, upon the poor Anglo-Saxons; when they had done with them, upon Wales, then upon Scotland, then upon Ireland, then again upon France, which they tore in pieces; then, by way of change, they turned upon each other, the Yorkists upon the Lancasterians. When they had in this way pulled each other to pieces, for fifty or sixty years, would one not have thought they would be tired of everlasting fighting and destroying? Nothing of the sort. The Spaniards must come then; then the Irish, then the French. They had no time of peace; even when they concluded a truce for a few years, they must go out to the West Indies, from the West Indies to our America, there to seek adventures with our Indian chiefs in Virginia, to wrestle with bears, wolves, and howling Indians.'

"I laughed heartily at this historical paraphrase. 'But, for heaven's sake, what do you mean with your everlasting Normans?'

"'Nothing more, good man, than to show you that these Normans were the most absolute, powerful, mighty, licentious fellows that ever existed.'

"'But we have already heard that over and over again.'

"'Downright licentious fellows, who all together had no more piety, godliness, modesty, than would go in the coat pocket of one of our Quakers. Arrogant fellows, who depended upon themselves for everything; and because they depended upon themselves for everything, also accomplished everything, and not only founded the greatest, most powerful kingdom of the earth, but also kept themselves as the masters, the lords, of that kingdom up to the present day; in a word, were men. Were men,' he repeated, again taking up his glass, 'men who knew what they wanted, who did not get the chestnuts out of the ashes for their sovereigns, the Plantagenets, but kept them

for themselves; who did not let themselves be cheated about their rights, like the barons of other people, making themselves lacqueys for them, but demanded them in black and white, and what is more, did not allow this black and white to become a dead letter. Do you see, man? herein lies the difference between the Normans and the Germans—at first both were men; but the Normans remained men, the Germans became menials. The latter had the same political rights as the Normans wrested from John Lackland, for Magna Charta was nothing new; it was only the written deed of the rights and privileges which the Germans had enjoyed in all Europe. But the Germans, good simpletons as they always were, allowed themselves to be cheated out of theirs; the Normans, on the contrary, showed their teeth. Yes, showed their teeth, as the Stuarts found out to their cost, and laid down an example, which, I calculate, will still make many a Stuart gnash his teeth. It is true, it is said in the Scriptures, that piety, fear of God, humility, and so on, is expedient in all things; but, for my part, I say the proverb is in one sense true, and in the other not. Had the Normans been pious, godly, humble people, they would, like the Germans, have allowed themselves to be fleeced, and one after another of their rights to be taken away. Had Hugh Capet been a pious, godly, humble Maire du Palais, he would have remained one—no one would have troubled further about him; the Carlovignians would still be sitting on the throne. It is not the pious, godly, humble princes, any more than people, that get on the best. The best princes of England and France were just the most unprincipled, the least scrupulous. Louis the Eleventh, the greatest scoundrel you can find amongst the Capets, did more for the greatness of France than twenty Saints Louis. Did it, too, through as black villains as ever the earth bore; villains, in comparison with whom, Bob is a mirror of virtue. But he knew what he wanted with his Olivers, his gossips. The Olivers, the gossips, the Bobs, are necessary to a statesman.'

"He accented 'the Bobs' in such a manner as made me start.

"'The Bobs?' I cried.

"'Yes; the Bobs,' repeated he.

"'The Bobs?' I cried again; 'what with Bob?'

"'What do you want with him? What do we want with him?' he replied, taking a fresh cigar. 'What the Plantagenets and Capets wanted with his fellows, that is what we want with him.'

"'But you are no Plantagenet, no Capet?'

"'Just as good as either of them—just as good as the best of them,' he answered, quietly lighting his cigar. 'Just as good,' he repeated, after puffing a little at his cigar, 'and not a jot inferior. Are just as good, and just as free to make ourselves what we can as any one of the Capets or Plantagenets; are as little subject to any one as they. Are free American citizens, man! subject to nothing but to God and the law.'

"'The law, you say truly; and this law, does this law allow you——?'

"'To take Texas away from the Mexicans, do you mean?' laughed he. 'Just as much as the law allowed William the Conqueror to take England from the Anglo-Saxons, and more. And if people such as Bob can be useful to it, I don't see——' and the man said it all so calmly, unconcernedly. His speech exceeded by 'a long chalk,' as we say, everything of the kind which I had ever heard."

"But, to confess the truth, Colonel, I don't see what you can find so extraordinary in this matter," here interrupted Colonel Bentley. "He spoke, in my opinion, as a citizen of these, our free United States, had a right to speak."

"Certainly," laughed Colonel Oakley; "he only expressed himself a little queerly. One can see that one stands on New or Texan ground."

"A wide field and no favor," laughed a second.

"Just so," observed Colonel Oakley.

"Certainly," interrupted the General. "This alcalde, Colonel Morse, was he the same who stood out so decidedly against General Cos and Colonel Mexia, who brought the fermentation to an outbreak?"

"The same!" replied the Colonel.

"Thought as much! A powerful character, though certainly a little intractable."

"A little, do you call it?" cried Colonel Cracker, impatiently. "A little, General? Say, rather, absolutely intractable. Revolting against all social order!—The fellow ought to be in a lunatic asylum, or a house of correction."

"Do you think so?" asked the Texan Colonel, ironically; "then I must really regret having so unpleasantly annoyed, perhaps even destroyed, your moral delicacy."

"We'll hear it out, first," interrupted Colonel Oakley, pacifyingly.

"Will you be so kind as to let us hear further, Colonel?" entreated the General.

"Very willingly," was the answer.

IX.

"The judge sat for a considerable time without saying a word. All at once he looked sharply at me, 'Isn't it true that you are a lawyer?'

"The question came so unexpectedly—I hesitated. 'How do you make that out?' I rejoined at last.

"'Because, with all your might, you would have Bob hanged. It is quite according to law, and I see that you are a man of the law—can see the law all over you—think it requires satisfaction. Right! but, to confess the truth, didn't think that he could find his accuser in you.'

"As he thus spoke, he blew the smoke, rather impatiently, away. I was silent; for, in truth, I felt myself touched on a sore point. Whatever Bob's offence, it did not become me to pronounce his condemnation.

"'Don't take it evil of you,' he continued, very composedly; 'it's nature, lies in our nature, or rather the conventional form created by society. Can see this form in you all over. Moreover, you are come from the States, where human life is not so highly prized. But with us here in the prairies, it is quite different. Human life is here worth as much again as in the States, and twenty times as much as in Old England, where it is scarcely of any worth, and they hang a man for stealing a sheep. With us they might steal a whole herd of cattle, and at the very most they would only be whipped.' He stopped—'But even with you in the States they do not now punish murder with death; at least, not very generally?'

"This question was again accompanied by one of his watchful looks.

"'Since the Livingstonian principles gained ground, you know that Livingston's code is, in many States, made the basis of their criminal law.'

"'Is a great philosopher,' he remarked, thoughtfully, 'a real philosophical criminalist. His principle, that no citizen has the right to take the life of any individual, is perfectly just, and quite democratic, though I am of the notion that no community could long stand by it.'

"'I am of the same opinion, at least not in thickly-populated States. The principle that the criminal, even the murderer, should be rendered harmless to the community, but not be sacrificed, is philosophical, but not statesmanlike.'

"'Because of all animals, the civilized is most certainly the most dangerous,' interrupted he.

"'And,' remarked I, 'with this seclusion, and education,

and reclamation of the criminal to the community, they punish not him, but the community itself. This education and reclaiming is now really become a very heavy tax upon the States. Only think of the sums which our prisons at Auburn, Sing-Sing, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg cost.'

"'But, on the other side, are not the crimes called forth by the imperfections of the community? and is it not right that——'

"'We enter there on a discussion, judge,' interrupted I, half gaping, 'which will lead us into a very labyrinth of arguments.'

"'You're right; you're right,' rejoined he, emptying his glass; 'but so much you must see, that for what you up there do not punish with death, we cannot here conveniently hang. We should indeed have our hands full.'

"'But you are in Mexico, a Mexican judge!'

"'And think you, on that account, that we should set to as your executioners? do you, on that account, send us down your murderers and duellists? You can hardly find up there, in the States, a jury which has the courage to give a verdict against a criminal worthy of death; but as surely as Moses was a Hebrew, so surely he is declared free, and a passport to us is then given him.'

"Unfortunately, I was obliged to allow that he was right; for, as you know, so general has the Livingstonian principle, or, as I should rather call it, prejudice become, that a community no longer possesses the power to take the life of a fellow-citizen—that it is difficult to find a jury who will pronounce a verdict over even a notorious offender. They pronounce him free, just as surely as they would the next day lynch him if he let himself be seen anywhere.

"'The Mexicans,' he continued, 'set all their delinquents about us. Amongst the four hundred soldiers garrisoned at the posts of San Antonio, Nacodoches, Fort Goliad, and Alama, there are not a dozen who have not committed crimes worthy of death; all robbers and murderers sentenced to death, and sent here to a sort of punishment garrison. They have the pleasant practice, when one of their people commits a crime worthy of death, to put him into a soldier's coat, and send him to Texas to fight against the Heretics, as they call us, and so to atone for his sins. Our Texas is in fair train to become another Botany Bay.'

"'Not a very pleasant prospect,' I remarked.

"'Yet, again, not so very unpleasant as you think,' rejoined he, coolly. 'Has its good as well for Mexico as for us—

cleans Mexico of its vermin, and gives us also an opportunity to rid ourselves of Mexico.'

"'How so?'

"'Will be one of the many handles to the great hooks that will tear us away from Mexico, and we shall have then the antidote which will cure this Mexican poison in the prison birds which you send us from the States. These are the antidotes against the Mexican rabble.'

"'The murderers, the gamblers, the criminals, from the States, the antidote!' I exclaimed, in astonishment.

"'Yes, so it is; as manure destroys moss, so, you know, does an antidote counteract poison.

"'It often appeared wonderful to me, as I rode in the prairie, and came upon one of these wild carrion birds. Know them at a hundred yards—are marked. For a long time did not know what they were here for—thought often about it. At last, as I saw more and more of them, it became clear to me. It is astonishing, Mr. Morse, how judiciously the great economist knows how to turn to use everything in his household.'

"'Really, I do not understand you,' I observed.

"'Might think,' he now continued, not heeding me, 'that the land must become a Botany Bay, a large penitentiary—the people be entirely lost. But 'tisn't so. This double dirt is only the manure which will prepare the soil of our land for a better social rule.'

"I shook my head.

"'But before this social rule springs up, may not this dirt, as you call it, have infected and poisoned the good elements?'

"'Yes, in your thickly-peopled States, certainly, such a set let loose would cause dreadful devastation—must ruin them entirely, for even the atmosphere of crime is infectious; indeed, the atmosphere the most; but here there is nothing to fear.'

"He pushed his glass aside, and said, in a very earnest tone, 'God be thanked, nothing to fear. Here no delinquent or murderer can harm by his bad example; infects nobody, for nobody here meddles with him; everybody shuns him. I tell you the criminal and the murderer is, here, as free as you and I; none goes too near him; and yet I know it, from experience, he would often willingly give up this freedom to be with his fellows in a State prison, for this freedom is to him a horrible freedom. There is nothing more dreadful to the criminal than this freedom in the prairie. Would, I assure

you, exchange it joyfully for a prison; for there he is amongst his fellows, not outlawed, not thrust out; feels easier even in his solitary cell, for he knows that he is under the same roof with them; but here, he is not amongst his fellows; everybody avoids him; even the murderer flees him; murderers do not willingly meet together, even by the rum bottle. Are always in their own company; and a hateful company must be that self-company, which is a bad conscience, which, like a tread-mill, drives him about without peace, without rest—tosses him about for ever and ever; for mark, he stands there, in the pure, spotless creation, in the clear, rich prairie, with God's finger menacingly pointing at him from heaven and earth in all His mighty works—stands there with his foul murder taint, which the pure breath of God continually sends back into his nostrils. Tell you a murderer here is really not to be envied for his liberty.'

"'That he is not!' I murmured, shuddering; for, at the judge's words, Bob, in his horrible frenzy, re-appeared before my eyes.

"'Yes, for such men our prairies are a far more horrible prison than any that was ever built—as yet have not needed to build one—sure, none of them to get away from us. On that account, let Bob go free. Would have let him go free even if we had had a prison at hand. Would, for could not, dare not, keep him fast.'

"'Why could you not, dare you not keep him fast? Are you not alcalde?'

"'Yes, but there is one thing, and will tell you what that thing is. If we were already independent of Mexico, we would soon find a handle to the hook, but we are still under Mexico. Our government is Mexican, our military authorities are Mexican, our courts of justice are composed of Mexicans. And, I ask you, does it consist with, I will not say American pride, but self-respect, to deliver up one of our country, of our blood, to their tribunals, and so discover our shame? For he must, in the first instance, be brought to the district court. But now the occupiers of these courts of justice are, although I ought not to say it, as I myself am one of them, the most pitiful creatures that ever stood in old shoes, *ci-devant* servants or creatures of bishops, archbishops, presidents, generals, who can neither read nor write, who, not behaving in the best possible manner, have been sent here in a kind of merciful exile, with the not merely secret, but enforced directions to do all that lies in their power to make our lives disagreeable, and to drive us again out of the country. Called us here first

of all, in order, through us, to rid the land of the Comanches and other marauders, over whom they could not get the mastery; and now that we have got rid of the savages, they wish to get rid of us, to set themselves in the warm nests, the houses, and plantations, which we have raised. There is the key to their policy!'

"'A pretty policy that,' I remarked.

"'Yes, truly, a pretty one, and the means which they adopt are still more so. All their thoughts and endeavors only go to excite us one against the other; they leave no means untried, spare neither trouble nor money to draw our citizens, even our fugitives, into their nets.'

"'But what do they intend with them?'

"'What you might expect from a priestly government, to collect poisonous arrows, destined for our flanks. As soon as one of our criminals, who has merited death, is brought by the alcalde, in the first instance, before the bar of the district court, he is not only lost to us and our interests, he becomes necessarily our deadly enemy. Of justice there can be no speaking. It is true, he is *pro forma* sentenced to death; but scarcely is the sentence passed than the priest of the place, and the captain of the company stationed in the district, come to him, and offer him life and liberty, upon the condition that he becomes a Catholic, or enters the Mexican service. One or the other he naturally accepts; in any case he is lost for us, and from an American citizen becomes a renegade —an enemy to his country. Now, a refugee of Germany, France, or even England, may be a very worthy character; the social pressure in his fatherland may have become unbearable to him; he may have sought a freer, purer atmosphere; but an apostate, an enemy to our country, is, and must be, a cast-away; he must be an enemy to mankind— capable of anything. We have two examples, and melancholy examples they are. They will serve us as warnings to all time. But then it is indeed a sad alternative, a fearful reverse side.'

"'So it is,' rejoined he, again taking up his cigar, 'and on that account, do you see, it would be of no use to give judgment against Bob, even if he were not so necessary to us. Should be obliged to deliver him up to the district court at San Antonio, and there he would come out so free, that he might, an hour after the judicial sitting, shoot me dead in the broad daylight, with his Mexican musket, and receive absolution from the priest, and from his general promotion and reward, for relieving the world of a heretic, and the church of a foe.'

"'But that is really dreadful.'

"'Not so bad,' replied the judge, coolly emptying his glass. 'Even the devil is not so black as he appears, and nothing is so bad that it may not be turned to some good. The two cases have done us much good—have done more to open the eyes of our citizens, to convince them of the necessity of a breach with America, than the best founded reasonings and debates would have done. Have become excellent matches with which to set on fire the accumulated combustibles. We have,' continued he, filling his glass with much ease, 'sufficient of these materials, so that we can hope to raise a pretty good fire. The question is now, only when, and by whom, it shall be lit. Is it the seasonable moment, is the great question. In such things everything depends upon the seasonable moment. Will wait the sons of the great squatter,' continued he, thoughtfully shaking his head; but not for others. Calculate will not be able to wait much longer.'

"'The sons of the great squatter? Is he, then, dead?'

"'Is dead, more's the pity; dead! the great man with the great soul, in the which a million ordinary little souls could easily have found room; the gigantic spirit with the pride of a free man, the humility of a little child. Have seen him—paid my respects to him—went on a pilgrimage to him—and, tell you, no catholic ever contemplated the image of his saint with more devotion than I did his. He was a man, in the full sense of the word!'

"'Yes, that he was—have heard much of him—wished——'

"'Was a man,' he repeated—will not say that his sons are not also men—are so, I calculate—know nothing of them to the contrary—but are not the old Nathan—are become too rich, are born aristocrats. It always goes so with the sons of wealthy democrats.'

"'But you said you yourself were an aristocrat,' remarked I, laughing.

"'So I am—a democratic aristocrat—one of the wealthy in the land, who desires the welfare of the land—a form of government in which each, even the poorest, finds his chance. Washington was such an aristocrat, and that was the difference between him and the Hamiltons and Adams, who were pure aristocrats. The latter allow the poor man no chance, except that which the tyrant gives the slave; the master, the servant; to pick up the crumbs which fall from his table.'

"'That is something new to me,' I remarked.

"'But,' continued he again, mishearing me, 'the democratic

aristocrat gives the people a chance, and that is right. The laborer is worthy of his hire; the hand which guides the plow should also share the harvest. But Nathan's sons, as well as Austin's, will not yet lay hand to the plow. Think there's time enough yet. Perhaps they are right. There is a great deal for and against. Sometimes one can't begin housekeeping soon enough, and sometimes not late enough. The separating from the paternal house, from the mother country; the declaration of majority, is a very easy, but also a very important thing. It may go well with young people who hasten to do so, but it may go badly if they don't possess the strength and the means to persevere. It's foolish to commence housekeeping without the power and means to keep it on. One only gets into debt and dependence; and such dependence is as pernicious for states as for individuals. But, on the other hand, there is also the age of the beginner to put to the account, not to miss the point of time. Thousands, millions of us, commence, who, with the exception of their strong arms and heads, have no means at all, and yet get on. Everything depends upon the man, and then upon the point of time. This time comes to men as to people, only once, and that is when they are young. When they get old, it is too late. Whoever does not marry and commence his housekeeping in his youth, had better not do it at all. It is,' he continued, sipping at his glass, 'a very important question, whether we shall break off now, or wait a little longer. We are, certainly, in comparison with Mexico, merely a handful—have scarcely one to their thousand; but there are brave, worthy, determined, just men among us. Splendid men! Fear that if we wait, the spirit, that independent spirit which the American imbibes with his mother's milk, may evaporate in this slavish Mexican atmosphere, and we, at last, be no better than these Mexicans themselves, whose freedom is only a barefaced lie.'

"'How so?'

"'There is in Mexico a strong aristocracy and hierarchy, and you may be sure that where these are strong, there is a difficulty respecting the people's freedom. Where thousands possess millions, the millions cannot have thousands. The poorer classes in England are, even at this day, spite of their Magna Charta and their Habeas Corpus Act, downright slaves; are, and remain, the slaves of the rich, although their mouths are full enough of their liberty. It is a legal fiction, and this legal fiction also exists in Mexico. They say, also, they have abolished slavery, and that the negro who treads on Mexican ground is, *ipso facto*, free. So he is, until he owes a dollar.

If he owe a dollar, he is as much, and even a worse, slave than the blacks sold in our New Orleans markets. I speak of the Indenture law, by the power of which, each creditor can, for the smallest sum, make his debtor liable to his service. Get in debt in Mexico for a dollar, and you are safe, all the days of your life, to remain a slave. May be bound and sold as a slave. This law is in operation in all the states in Mexico. They apply it, also, to our negroes. Before we go to Texas we take our negroes before a Mexican Consul at New Orleans, or some other sea-port, and there let them sign the indenture; that is, set a cross or dash under it, which, in Mexico, is as good as a signature; for in Mexico, amongst millions, hundreds cannot read. Even their generals set their marks to their proclamations, which look brave enough. But these marks of our slaves declare that they owe so much, and therefore bind themselves to serve for ninety-nine years, after which time they shall again be free. There are hundreds and hundreds of thousands who have drawn out those bills of exchange, for their liberty at ninety-nine years' date.'

"'No bad expedient,' I observed, laughing.

"'It also pleases our sensitive aristocrats, who will not hear the rude word slavery, although the thing pleases them well enough. They wish, also, on that account to let things go as they are. Say our situation is as good as it can be—a capital situation—an excellent situation—have scarcely any taxes. Haven't got them, it's true—have fewer taxes even than in the States—almost none at all. That is worth a great deal; but on the other hand, it's just as certain that where there are no taxes there can also be no culture, no enlightenment, no progress. The wild red-skin has no taxes; but who, on that account would like to be a red-skin? So, you see, there are a number of items, *pro* and *con*. But the principal item remains still—the moral degradation, the religious oppression, which is an abomination to an American. This incubus is too revolting to a freeman. 'Tis really not to be borne. This black priest brood mixes itself in everything. They say no marriage is valid but that blessed by a bald-pate priest. Must bring our children to them to be baptized, to hear their masses, and let them hear our confessions. Do you know what that is? To whisper in their ears our most secret thoughts, plans, schemes, yes, even our offences, false steps, etc. Did any one ever hear of such a thing in his life? No fools, these Romanists! Would look rather queerly at us if we were to whisper our plans in their ears. Is not that,' continued he, emptying his glass, 'the most villainous contrivance that was ever

devised by a tyrant, in order to lay a noseband about the ears of the people? Then we are in an everlasting quandary with our general congress, which coincides forever and ever with the Cohahuila assembly, with which we must quarrel if we would prosper.'

"'And what do the citizens say to all this?

"'A singular question from one who is from Mason and Dixon's line. What do they say? They say what citizens nursed in the cradle of liberty, and reared by it, can say. No mistake, no doubt there. Would rather separate to-day than to-morrow. The Hoosiers of Indiana, and the Suckers of Illinois, the Puches of Missouri, and the Redhouses of Kentucky, the Buckeyes from Ohio, the Wolverins from Michigan, the Eils from New England, the Mudheads from Tennessee, as well as the Corncrackers from Virginia—all are ready; quite *par*i are our fifty chosen men in the community, and these fifty draw all others after them. It is only the sons and descendants of Nathan and Austin, the aristocrats, who still hesitate, but they must at last follow the stream, or sink. 'Twill not last another year before it breaks out.'

"I shook my head. The undertaking was more than bold—it was desperate; scarcely three thousand men able to bear arms against a republic which numbered nine million souls.

"'It is, certainly,' he remarked, rightly interpreting my shake of the head, 'a desperate undertaking; but are men who well know what they do—know that when they seize the hook by the right end, they can send it into the body of the enemy; and hold the hook to the right end I calculate. Even the better Mexicans themselves incline to our success—have the wishes of the noble Mexicans for us, and we are firmly resolved not to endure this priestly dominion any longer—will have their worthlessness, their drudgeries, no longer inflicted on us. Will not! dare not! have our self-respect approached so nearly. You see, the sons of Nathan and Austin would rather put up with it all—would bear it all for peace; they get on very well with peace, and desire nothing better. Those are our Livingstons, Patersons, Carroltons! Very respectable people, doubtless, for they possess estates which, already worth thousands, must, in a few years, be worth millions. Do not wish to set these millions upon a game, and would rather give themselves up to the prince of darkness. Say, "It is against religion and conscience." Against religion and conscience! against religion and conscience! There you have it. Their religion consists in obedience. Of that higher, holier impulse, which binds good and bad to one great

end—which breathes on dry bones, and animates them with a fresh, free spirit; of that they know nothing. Yes! I tell you, at this epoch, the Bobs are much more preferable to me; spite of their crimes, can make a much better use of them.

"'They are certainly bad; but you know, when you build, and have no mortar, you take clay: when the marble blocks fail, you do it with granite. It was such blocks that founded Great Britain—rude, rough blocks! Those are the best, in the hand of a master-builder, to found a lasting building. Are the best, at least, in our present crisis. Your Nathan's and Austin's sons do more harm than good, while, on the contrary, the Bobs are ready, at the first call, to stake their property and blood—their whole worthless being, for the good cause—the liberty of the souls and bodies of their fellow-citizens. Your Bobs are not a bit worse, not even so bad, as the creatures which your Nopoleon and your Louis Philippe made use of and still employ, and pay dearly.'

"'Possibly!' I remarked; but——'

"'Can't let Bob go free; can't also condemn him, for then such a wasp's nest would be excited as would sting us only too bloodily; but there will soon be found an occasion to get rid of this wasp's nest; and I answer for it, will do it in a way as shall be serviceable to the country, the community, religion, and freedom. We stand in need of people just of his description, against the banditti which the Mexicans will first of all let loose upon us. It would be a sad thing for any respectable citizen to lose his life through such banditti.

"'It often appeared strange to me, I must fairly confess, when I reflected on my bed, in my room, in the prairie, or in one of the free islands—very strange, to see such people as this Bob wandering about here, where there is absolutely nothing to be found—no gaming-table, no dissolute companions—where each must work—work hard, and combat with all kinds of deprivation, before he can lie down peacefully in his own house. Often appeared very strange to me why or for what they came; at last it was clear to me. Will yet serve their Creator—will yet serve the world. Have much of this mob, this refuse, which the States, up yonder, have cast out. Might think, now, that they would poison the whole land, but don't do so. The rottenness of your debauched civilization, not only dies away and evaporates in our pure prairie, but its vicious breath serves, also, to bring the pure atmosphere of virtue to operate in still more lovely contrast against Mexican corruption. And it shall work against it, and that soon, before another year dies away! It is true, the whole land scarcely counts

thirty-five thousand souls, reckoning together citizens, negroes, and Mexicans, who are not much better than negroes; scarcely three thousand men who can carry arms, but will, nevertheless, do it with these three thousand armed men. Tell you the French have just founded a state in Barbary, at Algiers, from which they have chased the Turks—driven them out with the flower of their army. Conquered it at an expense of blood and treasure, against which we have nothing to set but poverty. Have not got the hundredth part of their experience in war; our treasure, our means, are merely a handful of citizens. But these citizens are free men—men who feel, in themselves, the power to contend with the world. Will show to the world what free men can do. Will, in all quickness, found for ourselves a political household, which, however small and poverty-stricken it may appear for the present, shall, in one fifty or a hundred years, play quite another part from Algiers, taken, with so much pomp, from the Turks.'

"I was tired and sleepy, but the last words electrified me. Forgetting fatigue and sleep, I sprang up. 'Upon my soul, judge! that was said well and boldly, like an American. If you don't strike off, I'll not fail.'

"'No promise, no engagement, young man,' rejoined he, likewise rising.

"'A fair field and no favor, is my motto.

"'Prove all things; hold fast that which is good, is an excellent Bible proverb. Prove, and when you have proved, then choose. And if you choose our side, you shall be welcome; for I tell you, openly, we have no superfluity of young, educated, scientific men, and such an one may have much to endure, but with us he may also obtain great things. But prove, and when you have proved, choose.'

"'I will.'

"'We want nothing bad, Mr. Morse! although the world will tell you otherwise. Want no infidel kingdom—are no Voltaires, no Bay Ceistons, any more than followers of darkness. We want light and justice—will take away from the followers of injustice and darkness what is superfluous for them, and found a kingdom of liberty, peace, enlightenment, progress, and knowledge—that's what we want; and now, good night!'

"'Good night!' said I, looking back after the strange, aristocratic democrat.

"Spite of my weariness, it was, nevertheless, long before I could sleep. Not that the medium through which he looked at the world and its history was new to me, it was, in form and substance, exactly that of our sovereign people. I had often

smiled at it, but when I had smiled at it at home, the background was wanting—that background which here stood out in such strong relief, and gave to all that he said such grandeur of character. The contrast of infidelity and faith—the one-sided and yet, again, noble comprehension, had here a determined aim—an object which betrayed a really colossal mind—an iron will, and such beget respect. I fell asleep, with respect for the man."

"Respect for this vulgarity—this apathy?" here interrupted Colonel Cracker.

"Cracker! Cracker!" cried a young man, laughing, who, from his black dress, must have been one of the supreme judges of the States; "you are, really, as complete a cockney as ever danced up Broadway. Don't you perceive that it is just this indifference, this sturdiness, which does so much in the world—that it is just this coarseness and regardlessness which draws down the highest and most elevated to our level, and soars us aloft to the highest, the most elevated? Only just to revert to the example of the Normans; do you think that they would ever have shaken the throne of France, and overthrown that of England, if they had gazed, at a respectful distance, at their loftiness, and believed them instituted, instead of having regarded them with ordinary indifference? It is not, here, a question of a moral sermon, but of a world's historical problem."

"Quite right!" observed several.

"May we beg of you to continue," besought the supreme judge; "every one of your words is precious."

X.

The Colonel recollected himself for an instant, and then continued—

"The trampling of a horse awakened me the following morning. On looking out, I saw Bob, who, having arrived, dismounted at once from his mustang. But what a dismounting! So staggering, so uncertain were his movements, that it seemed as if his limbs refused to perform their duties. At first I thought he was drunk, but he was not. It was the deadly weariness of the body, occasioned by the torments of the soul. He looked like one just taken from the rack. The last four-and-twenty hours had told fearfully upon him.

"I threw on my clothes hastily, sprang down the stairs, and opened the house-door. I found him resting his head on the neck of his mustang, with his hands crossed, and alternately shuddering and uttering a deep groan.

"'Bob, is it you?' He gave me no answer. 'Bob, won't you come into the house?' said I, trying to take hold of one of his hands.

"He looked up, stared, but did not appear to recognize me. I drew him away from his mustang, tied it to a post, and then led him into the house. He did not resist me, but followed, apparently without will, and without strength.

"As I placed him on a seat, he fell on it so that it cracked, and shook the whole house. But I could not get him to utter a word. I was just thinking of returning to my bedroom to arrange my toilette, when I again heard the trampling of horses. This was occasioned by two horsemen, who were followed, at some distance, by several others, all dressed in hunting-shirts, buckskin trowsers and jackets, and armed with rifles and bowie-knives; stout, daring-looking fellows, evidently from the south-western States, with the genuine Kentucky, half-horse, half-alligator profile, and the usual accompaniments of thunder, lightning, and earthquake. I thought that two or three thousand such men would certainly be a match for an army of Mexicans, if the latter resembled the spindle-shanks I had seen on landing, for these giants could, conveniently, carry off a Mexican in each hand. Moreover, the sensation was pleasant to see them, with the real Kentucky, devil-may-care mien, dismount, throw the bridles of their horses into their negroes' hands, and then enter the house just like people who, everywhere at home, showed themselves to be more the masters of Texas than the Mexicans themselves. They appeared decidedly the men who could raise Texas to independence. On entering the parlor they nodded me a 'good morning,' but rather coldly, for their falcon eyes had immediately perceived Bob with me, a coincidence which appeared to strike them, although they treated it as worthy of little notice. Nevertheless, I observed that, without stopping their conversation, they frequently threw very sharp looks upon me. The conversation turned upon the price of cattle and cotton; on the negotiations of the Cohahuila and Texan and general congresses, and upon the demonstrations of Metamora against Texas, which, they said, were preparing, and soon afterwards took place, but which, as yet, did not appear to disquiet them in the least. One could have imagined that these threatening demonstrations did not in the least concern them. Presently some others came, so that the number increased to fourteen, all of whom were firm, decided-looking fellows, except two, who did not please me much. Neither did they appear to please the others, for no one shook hands with them, but all

merely saying 'Good morning,' gave them a silent nod. I noticed, too, that they alone went towards Bob, and endeavored, but in vain, to draw him into conversation.

"Meanwhile, the judge, to guess from the noise in the neighboring cabinet, was getting up and occupied with his toilette, which, however, did not keep him long, for scarcely had three minutes passed from the creaking of the bed, before the door opened and he entered. Twelve of the men stepped friendly and heartily towards him, the other two remained in the background, and it was only the former whom he shook by the hand. When he had shaken hands with the twelve, and nodded coolly to the two, he stepped towards me and introduced me to his guests. Now I learnt for the first time, that I stood before no less important personages than the ayuntamiento, or jury, consisting of the land-occupiers of San Felipe de Austin; that two of my worthy countrymen were corregidors; one a procurador, the others only *buenos hombres*, or freeholders, a title which, however, they did not seem to hold in much regard, for they addressed each other by their surnames only.

"The negro now brought a lighted candle, and arranged the cigar-case and the chairs; the judge pointed to the sideboard and to the cigars, and then seated himself. Some took a dram, others took a cigar.

"A considerable time elapsed, during which they were silently engaged in pouring out spirits, lighting cigars, and making them draw. During all this time, Bob writhed about on his chair like a worm.

"Now, at last, I thought, they will begin business; but I was mistaken. 'Mr. Morse,' said the judge to me, 'be good enough to help yourself.' I did so. He signalled to me to touch glasses. I advanced and touched with him, and all the others. Still I must take a cigar and light it. When this was done, he rested his arms upon the arms of his chair, and nodded contentedly. There was something formal and wearisome, but at the same time patriarchically dignified, in this grave procedure. It seemed to me to be characteristically American. As we dispense with all outward forms, our earnest national character has, in this dignified and circumspect preliminary gravity, supplied, as I think very fortunately, for the ceremonial and formalities of other nations in their judicial and public transactions.

"At last, after all had drank, and had commenced smoking their cigars, the judge, setting aside his cigar, said, 'Men!'

"'Squire!' said the men.

"'We've a business before us, which I calculate will be the best explained by him whom it concerns.'

"The men looked at the squire, then at Bob, then at me.

"'Bob Rock, or whatever your name is, if you have anything to say, say it,' said the judge.

"'Told it all yesterday,' muttered Bob, his face still between his hands, and his elbows on his knees.

"'Yes, but you must say it again; yesterday was Sunday, and Sunday, you know, is a day of rest, and not of business. I look at that which you said yesterday, as if you had not said it. I will not judge you, nor let you be judged, by what you said yesterday. I consider you said that only in confidence, for I don't reckon Mr. Morse—I regard him still as a stranger.'

"'What's the use of this everlasting palaver, when the thing's clear enough?' said Bob, peevishly, and raising his head as he spoke.

"The men now looked at him, and as they did so, a dark gloomy earnestness spread itself over their iron features.

"He was really fearful to look at; his countenance a dark blue, his cheeks hollow, his beard ragged, his blood-shot eyes rolling deep in the sockets! There was scarcely anything human in his features.

"'As Mississippi water,' added the judge, thoughtfully; 'clear as Mississippi water when it has stood four-and-twenty hours. I tell you, man, I will not condemn any man on his own word alone, much less you who have been in my family, at least in my service, and have eaten my bread.'

"Bob drew a deep breath.

"'You accused yourself yesterday, it is true; but your self-accusation may be accounted for—you have the fever.'

"'It's no use, squire,' groaned Bob, as though moved by the judge's kindness; 'it's all of no use, I see; you mean well. But though you might save me from the hands of men, you can't save me from myself. It's no use; I must be hung—on the Patriarch—the same tree he lies under whom I made cold.'

"The jurors looked up again, but did not speak a word.

"'It's no use, continued Bob; if he had only threatened me, if he had begun the dispute, had only refused me—but he didn't! It sounds now in my ears, what he said: "Don't do that; don't compel me to do what we may both repent. Don't do it, man; I've a wife and child. What you intend brings no blessing." But I wouldn't listen,' groaned he, from the bottom of his breast; 'heard nothing but the devil's voice; I levelled the rifle, drew the trigger.'

"His groans were fearful, and sounded more like the suppressed bellowing of an ox than of a human being. His agony seemed now to move even the iron twelve. They looked at him with keen but sidelong glances.

"'So, you have killed a man? demanded at last a deep bass voice.

"'Yes, I have!' gasped Bob, and as he gasped out these words, he looked fixedly at the questioner, with his mouth wide open.

"'And how did it happen?' demanded the same man, further. 'How did it happen?'

"'How did it happen? ask the devil—ask Johnny; no, not Johnny, he can't tell you—he wasn't there. No one can tell you but me, and I can scarcely tell you; I don't know myself how it happened. Met the man at Johnny's, Johnny stirred up the devil in me; showed me his belt full of money.'

"'Johnny?' exclaimed several of the jury.

"'Yes, Johnny. Reckoned on winning his money; but he was too cunning, too clever for him, and when he plucked my feathers—my twenty fifty——'

"'Twenty dollars, fifty cents,' exclaimed the judge, 'which he had received from me for killing game, and catching mustangs.'

"The men nodded.

"'And you killed the man because he wouldn't play again?' asked the man with a bass voice.

"'No, not for some hours after,—by the Jacinto, not far from the Patriarch,—met him below, and killed him there.'

"'Thought there must be something strange there,' interrupted one of the jury, for there was a whole nation of vultures, and turkey buzzards, and that kind of carrion about, as we rode by. Wasn't there, Mr. Heart?'

"Mr. Heart nodded.

"'Met him near the Patriarch, and demanded halves of his money,' continued Bob. 'Said he was willing to give me something to buy a quid, and more than that, but not halves. Said he'd a wife and child.'

"'And you?' demanded again the man with the bass voice, which now sounded hollow.

"'Shot him down,' said Bob, with a wild hoarse laugh.

"There was a dead pause for some time, and all sat with their eyes turned downward; at last he with the bass voice went on.

"'And who was the man?'

"'Ah, who was he? Didn't ask him who he was, and it

warn't written on his face. Was a citizen, but whether a Hoshier, or Buckeye, or a Mudhead, is more than I can tell.'

"'The thing must be inquired into, alcalde,' said another juryman, after a long pause.

"'It must,' rejoined the alcalde.

"'What's the good of so much inquiry?' grumbled Bob.

"'What good?' replied the judge. 'Because it is a duty we owe to ourselves, to the dead man, and to you; because we can't condemn you without having seen the *corpus delicti*. There is another matter, too,' continued he, turning to the jury, 'to which I must call your attention. The man is half beside himself—not *compos mentis*, as we say. He's got the fever, and had it when he did the deed. Moreover, was incited by Johnny, when in a state of desperation about his loss; and spite of his excitement, he saved the life of this gentleman here, Mr. Edward Nathaniel Morse.'

"'Did he?' asked the juryman with the deep bass voice.

"'He did, indeed, and in more ways than one,' said I; 'he not only drew me out of the deep river into which, when nearly dead, I had been thrown by my mustang, and in which I should certainly have been drowned, but he also forced the most careful attention for me from the man called Johnny, and his mulatto. But for him I should certainly not be alive now; of that I can take my oath.'

"Bob now gave a look upon me which went through my heart. It was so touching to see tears in such eyes! The men listened in deep silence.

"'It appears that you were led on to this by Johnny, Bob?' interrupted again the bass voice.

"'I didn't say that; I only said he blinked at the money-bag, and said to me——'

"'What did he say?'

"'What does it matter what he said?' replied Bob, sullenly. 'It doesn't concern you, I calculate.'

"'But it does concern us,' rejoined one of the jury; 'it does concern us.'

"'Well, if it does concern you, you may as well know,' growled Bob, again. 'He said, as I went madly out of the house, he said, "Are you then got so chicken-hearted, Bob, as to take to your heels when not ten steps from you there is a well-filled belt to be had for little more than half-an-ounce of lead?'

"'Did he say that?' asked the bass voice again.

"'Ask him himself,' said Bob.

"'But we ask you.'

"'Yes, he did say so.'

"'Did he really say it?'

"'I've already told you so; what's the use of this everlasting palaver? He did say it; but you'd better ask him yourselves. I don't wish to tread upon the corns of any one's conscience; mine are thick enough, I promise you. I only want my own cut out; and they must be cut out. If you want to cut his out, go to him yourselves. I'll only speak for myself, and I'll be hanged for myself.'

"'Quite right, quite right, Bob,' rejoined the alcalde. 'But we can't hang you before we have convinced ourselves that you deserve it. What say you, Mr. Wythe, you're the procurador, and you, Mr. Heart, and Mr. Stone? Help yourselves to rum or brandy,—and Mr. Bright and Irwin, take a fresh cigar. They're considerable tolerable, the cigars. Arn't they? Mr. Wythe, that brandy in the diamond bottle, what do you say to it?'

"My aristocratical democrat had become so entirely democratic, that under any other circumstances it would have extorted a laugh from me, but here I could not laugh. Mr. Wythe, the procurador, had raised himself—I thought to deliver his verdict, but it had not come to that yet. He stepped deliberately to the sideboard, and seizing the diamond bottle with one hand, and a glass with the other, said:

"'Well now, squire,' said he, 'or rather, alcalde——'

"After the word 'alcalde' he filled the glass half full of rum.

"'It's this,' continued he, pouring in a quarter of an inch of water, and then adding a few lumps of sugar—'Bob killed the man—murdered him.' He went on crushing the sugar with the wooden pestle. 'And if so, I calculate——' here he raised the glass—'Bob, if he wishes it——' He concluded by bringing the glass to his mouth and emptying it—'ought to be hanged.'

"Bob seemed to have had a heavy weight taken from him. He breathed more freely. The jurors nodded in silence.

"'Well!' said the judge, but not without shaking his head, 'if you are of that opinion, and Bob is agreed, I calculate we may as well do as he wishes at once.'

"'Certainly,' replied the procurador. 'By rights it ought to be brought before the district court at San Antonio; but as he is one of our own people, we must, in mercy, wink at it for once, and do him this favor.'

"'But I tell you I don't do it willingly,' said the alcalde. 'I will do it, certainly; but at any rate I must first have the mur-

dered man found, and Johnny examined. We owe that to ourselves, and to Bob as a citizen.'

"'By all means,' said the jury, with one voice.

"'But what's Johnny got to do with it?' interrupted Bob, surlily. 'I've already told you a dozen times he wasn't present; it doesn't concern him.'

"'But it does concern him,' rejoined the judge; 'it does concern him, man! He may not have been there, but he sent you to do it,—if not in terms, yet still with a secret incentive. If it hadn't been for Johnny, in the first place, you would never have seen either the man or the money-bag; in the second place, you wouldn't have lost your twenty fifty; and in the third place, the notion wouldn't have come in your head to have retrieved your loss out of his well-filled purse by half-an-ounce of lead.'

"'That's a fact,' exclaimed the jury, unanimously.

"'You're a dreadful murderer, Bob, and a considerable one as well,' continued the judge; 'but yet I tell you, and don't care who hears me, to your face,—I won't flatter you, but I tell you, I've more regard for your little finger than for Johnny's whole hide. And I'm sorry for you, for I know at bottom you are not a bad fellow, though you have been misled by bad example and bad company. But I calculate you could still be made right and useful for many things, perhaps more than you think for. Your rifle's a capital good rifle.'

"The last words made them all look up. Fixing their eyes keenly and inquiringly on Bob, they waited with fixed attention, while the judge continued, in an encouraging manner:

"'You could, perhaps, do the country, your injured fellow-citizens, and the broken laws, a better service than by being hanged. You are still worth a dozen Mexicans.'

"During these observations of the judge, Bob had sunk his head upon his breast. He now looked up, at the same time fetching a deep breath.

"'I understand, squire! I see what you are aiming at. But I can't—I daren't wait so long. My life's a burden to me. He torments me cruelly. Lets me have no peace day nor night.'

"'You should lie down,' observed the judge.

"'But he comes before me then; he's always drivin' me back under the Patriarch.'

"Here several of the jury looked at the speaker, and then cast their eyes again on the ground. They sat thus in deep silence for some time; at last they raised their heads, and looked inquiringly at each other. The judge then resumed:

"'It comes then to this, Bob. We'll go to-day to the Patriarch, and you can come to-morrow. Will that do for you?'

"'What time?'

"'About ten o'clock.'

"'Can't it be earlier?' said Bob, impatiently.

"'Why earlier? Are you then in such a hurry for the gallows?' observed Mr. Heart.

"'What's the use of all this palaverin?' said Bob, sulkily; 'I tell you he won't let me rest—I must get out of the world—he drives me out of it; so the sooner the better. I am tired of life, and if I don't come till ten, and then you take up an hour or two with your palaver, and then again an hour or two ridin' to the Patriarch, I shall have the fever again.'

"'But we can't fly about like wild geese on account of your fever,' exclaimed the procurador, impatiently. 'Exercise a little judgment, man!'

"'Certainly not,' replied Bob, humbly.

"'It's an ugly visitor, the fever, Mr. Wythe,' remarked Mr. Trace, taking a fresh glass. 'And I calculate,' continued he, emptying it, 'we ought to oblige him.'

"'What do you say to it, squire?' asked the procurador.

"'I calculate Bob is really a little too hasty,' replied the judge, peevishly, and shaking his head. All kept silence. 'But if you think so,' continued he, turning to the ayuntamiento, 'and because you are satisfied, Bob,' he turned to him, 'I calculate we must do as you wish.'

"'Thank'ee!' said Bob, evidently much relieved.

"'Nothing to thank for,' said the judge, sullenly, as Bob went towards the door. 'Nothing to thank for. But go now to the kitchen, and let them give you a good piece of roast beef and fixings,—d'ye hear?' He stopped and knocked on the table. 'A good piece of roast beef and fixings for Bob, directly,' said he to the negress who entered, 'and see that he eats it. And dress yourself more decently, Bob,—d'ye hear? like a citizen, not like a wild red-skin!'

"He nodded to the negress to retire, and then turning to Bob, went on.

"'No excuse, Bob! we will send the rum to you. Eat and drink, man! like a reasonable creauture, and meet your fate like a man, and not like a brainless fool. You don't want any quackery—any hunger cures—to make you more crazy. I tell you I won't stir a step, if you don't eat and drink of the gifts which God has given for high and low, good and bad, and if you don't behave and dress yourself like a reasonable creature.'

"'Thank you,' said Bob, humbly.

"'I've already told you there is nothing to thank for,' growled the judge.

"'Bob then left the room: the men remained sitting as calmly as ever. One after another got up, it is true, to fill his glass or to take his cigar,—but a person entering would have had some difficulty in believing that here sat an ayuntamiento, on life and death. At first was heard a murmuring, from which one could perceive that they were not satisfied—especially the alcalde—about proceeding so hastily, but by degrees he appeared also to give in. Nearly an hour elapsed, however, before they had all brought forward their notions, and unfolded and laid them open, which they did in the most calm, phlegmatic tone. Not a word or syllable louder than common conversation was to be heard. One could have sworn they were discussing some lectureship or church appointment. Even Johnny, who, according to their united opinion, must be a very dangerous fellow, did not make them lose their self-command. They agreed to lynch him (in backwoodsman's phrase), as coolly as if they were talking about catching a mustang. When they had at last come to this conclusion, they got up, went once more to the sideboard, drank to the judge's health and mine, shook our hands, and left the house.

"During this prolonged sitting I had become so ill that it was with difficulty I could keep on my legs; the hard-heartedness, and yet again the tenderness, of those men, jarred my nerves. I could enjoy neither breakfast, nor dinner, nor supper. The judge was also very much out of humor,—although the ground of his ill-humor was, as you may easily imagine, very different from mine. His grievance was, that the jury had not accorded with his notion of keeping Bob for the common good, and had made so light of hanging him who might still have rendered such good service to the community. That Johnny, the miserable, abject, cowardly, treacherous Johnny, should be put out of the world was perfectly right; but that Bob should be, appeared to him absurd. It was in vain to remind him of the crime against the community, the laws of God and man,—the finger of God and the avenging conscience. Bob had sinned against the community and his Creator, and it was for these to demand satisfaction, and to determine it, not for him; to creep cowardly out of the world against which he had sinned, neither God nor man was served by that. Amongst the fourteen men had been two who had been banished from the States on account of murder,—but they bore their burden like

men, willing to repent it as men, to make up for it against the Mexicans.

"We got rather cool towards each other; did not speak much during the day, and separated early in the evening.

XI.

"We were sitting at breakfast the next morning, when a man very decently dressed in black rode up, dismounted, and was addressed by the judge as Bob Rock. It was really Bob,—but so metamorphosed that I could scarcely recognize him. Instead of the torn and blood-stained handkerchief which had latterly hung in rags about his head, he wore a hat: instead of the leather jacket, &c., respectable black cloth clothes. He had shaved off his beard, and looked almost gentlemanly. With the clothes he had also put on another manner. He appeared calm and resolved; his manner was resigned, and even tranquil. With something of sadness in his look, he extended his hand to the judge,—the latter seized it heartily, and held it in his own.

"'Ah, Bob!' said he, 'ah, Bob! If you had only heeded what has been so often told you. I had your clothes brought from New Orleans myself, to make a decent-looking man of you, at least on Sundays. How often have I asked you to put them on and go to meeting with us, to hear Mr. Bliss preach! It wasn't without reason, man! that I had the clothes made for you. There is a deal of truth in the proverb—"The dress makes the man." A man puts on something like new ideas with a new dress. If you had put on those new ideas fifty-two times in the year, they would have made a wholesome breach between you and Johnny. Didn't I mean well by you, Bob?'

"Bob said nothing.

"'I got you just three times into them, and at this meeting; no more. Ah, Bob!'

"Bob nodded silently.

"'Well, well! Bob! I've done all that lay in our power to make you what a man should be; to reclaim you.'

"'That you have,' said Bob, much affected; 'God reward you for it!'

"I now conceived respect for the judge,—I assure you, very great respect. I pressed his hand. A tear came into his eye, which he suppressed, and pointed to the breakfast. Bob thanked him respectfully, but said that he wished to remain fasting, and to appear fasting before his offended Creator and Judge.

"'Our offended Creator and Judge,' rejoined the alcalde, seriously, 'is not pleased by our rejecting the gifts which he has given his creatures, but in our reasonably enjoying them. Eat and drink, man! and follow, for once in your life, people who know what is better for you than yourself.'

"At last, Bob took a chair. Before we had finished our breakfast, the first division of the jury arrived, dismounted, and entered. Nothing was to be seen on their countenances but the immovable Texan phlegm. They greeted each of us without changing a feature, and seated themselves at the table. Fresh glasses and plates were brought in, and they set to, and ate and drank with an appetite which appeared, at least, to have had four and twenty hours' sharpening. While they were eating, the others came. There were the same greetings, the same mute welcome and invitation, the same appetite. During this meal, which lasted half-an-hour, I am certain that not a hundred words were spoken from all together, and these were mere formalities. At last, they were all satisfied, and the alcalde commanded the negroes to clear the table, and then to leave the room. This done, the alcalde took the place at the upper end of the table, the jury on each side, and Bob facing them. I had naturally drawn back, as did also the two who had fled the States on account of murder. By degrees, their countenances assumed the less phlegmatic expression demanded by the solemnity of the occasion.

"'Mr. Wythe!' began the judge, 'have you, as procurador, anything to bring before us?'

"Yes, alcalde!' rejoined the procurador, 'I have to allege, that by virtue of my office, I went to the place intimated by Bob Rock, as he is called, and there found a dead man who had been murdered by a gun-shot wound. I also found a money-belt, and several letters of recommendation to different planters.'

"'Have you found out who he is?'

"'I have,' rejoined the procurador. 'I have ascertained from the documents and letters that the man was a citizen from Illinois, on his way to San Felipe, to purchase land of Colonel Austin, and settle there.'

"Having said this, the procurador produced from the saddle-bag, which hung by his side, a heavy money-belt, which he laid upon the table, with the letters. The letters were open —the belt sealed. The judge opened the belt and counted the money, which consisted of upwards of five hundred dollars in gold and silver, and then the smaller sum, which was found

in the purse which Bob had taken for himself. The procurator then read the letters.

"One of the corregidors then reported concerning Johnny, that he, as well as his mulatto, had disappeared. He, the corregidor, with his division, had followed their track, and as this separated he had divided also his men, but although they had ridden fifty, and even seventy miles, they had not been able to discover anything of them.

"The judge seemed very much disconcerted by this intelligence.

"'Bob Rock?' cried he, 'step forward!'

"Bob stepped forward.

"'Bob Rock! or whatever else you may be known, do you acknowledge yourself guilty of having shot the man on whom these letters and moneys have been found?'

"'Guilty!' replied Bob, in a low tone.

"'Gentlemen of the jury!' spoke the judge again, 'would you like to retire to consider your verdict?'

"The twelve men rose and left the parlor; only the judge, I, Bob, and the two fugitives, remained behind. In about ten minutes they returned with uncovered heads. The judge likewise took off his cap.

"The foreman said 'Guilty!'

"'Bob Rock,' said the judge, now addressing him, with a solemn voice, 'your fellow-citizens have found you guilty, and I pronounce the sentence—that you be hanged by the neck until you are dead. The Lord be merciful to your soul.'

"'Amen!' said all present.

"'Thank you!' murmured Bob.

"'We will first seal the effects belonging to the murdered man, before we fulfil our painful duty,' said the judge.

"He called the negress, and commanded her to bring a light, sealed the girdle and papers first, and then the procurador, and lastly the corregidors, did the same.

"'Has any one anything to say why the sentence should not be carried into effect?' said the judge, with a keen glance at me.

"'He has saved my life, judge, and fellow-citizens,' said I, deeply affected.

"Bob's eyes, while I so spake, became fixed; he fetched a deep sigh, but at the same time shook his head.

"'In God's name, let us go then!' said the judge.

"Without saying another word we left the house, and mounted our horses. The judge had brought a Bible with him, out of which he read to Bob as they rode along, in order

to prepare him for eternity. Bob listened attentively for a while, but at last he appeared to get impatient again; he set off at a quicker pace, and soon broke into so fast a trot, that we began to suspect that he was trying to escape us. It was, however, nothing but the fear that the fever would overtake him before his end.

"In about an hour we had the Patriarch, as it was called, before us.

"And, truly, it was a patriarch, a real patriarch of the vegetable kingdom. In the solemn frame of mind, the seriousness of death which now penetrated us, we all stopped at the sight as before an apparition from a higher, a celestial world. To me it was as though the spirits of an invisible world spoke out of this colossal wonder of nature, which was so altogether unlike a tree. A monstrous mass of vegetation, which, many hundred feet in diameter, stretched up at least a hundred and thirty feet, but so rose up that one could see neither trunk, nor branch, nor bough, not even leaves, but only millions of whity-green scales, with numberless silver beards, shorter at the top and longer below, glittered in such singular fantastic shapes, that, at first sight, you would have believed that hundreds, yes, thousands of patriarchs, looked at you out of their niches. Lower down, the beard—the well-known Spanish, but here not dirty, but silver-grey moss, hung as much as forty feet down, hiding the trunk so entirely, that several men were obliged to dismount and tear asunder the moss to give us entrance.

"Arrived inside the enormous dome, it took us still some time before we, obscured as we were at first in the darkness, were able to observe the interior. The rays of the sun broken and reflected by silvery moss, and scales, and leaves, penetrated green, and red, and yellow, and blue, as through the stained glass windows of a cathedral, and diffused exactly the same dim twilight. Moreover, the trunk was, in itself, a peculiar wonder of nature. Rising at least forty feet before it diverged into branches, it had so many enormous excrescences and knots, that it exactly resembled an irregular rock or cone, with prongs diverging in every direction, from which were first suspended the masses of silver moss, and beards and strings and branches. So overpowered did I feel at this gigantic work of creation, that I stood for several minutes staring at it in astonishment, and it was only through the indistinct murmurings of my companions that I was brought to consciousness. We stopped in a circle within the dome of the tree, Bob in the middle. He stood trembling like an aspen leaf,

his eyes fixed staringly on a fresh mound of earth, which was visible about thirty feet from the trunk. Underneath lay the murdered man. But a glorious burying-place. No poet could have dreamed or desired one more beautiful. The softest turf, the most sublime sepulchre, with an eternal twilight wonderfully interwoven with rainbow rays.

"Bob, the judge, and his official colleagues, had remained sitting on their horses, but about half the men had dismounted. One of the latter now cut the lasso from Bob's saddle, threw the one end over a low branch, and, fastening the other to it with a noose, let it dangle from the bough. This simple preparation completed, the judge took off his hat, and folded his hands: the others followed his example.

"'Bob!' said he to the poor fellow, whose head was now bowed down over the neck of his mustang. 'Bob! we will pray for your poor soul, which must now separate from your sinful body.'

"Bob did not hear him.

"'Bob!' said the judge again.

"Bob raised his head. 'I wanted to say something,' said he, in a wandering tone.

"'What have you to say?'

"Bob stared about him, his lips moved convulsively, but the spirit was evidently no longer with the things of this earth.

"'Bob!' said the judge again, 'we will pray for your poor soul!'

"'Pray! pray!' groaned he; 'I shall need it.'

"The judge slowly and fervently, and in a voice which trembled with emotion, uttered the Lord's Prayer. Bob repeated each word after him. At the petition, 'Forgive us our trespasses!' his voice broke into a deep sigh. When it was ended, the judge exclaimed, 'God have mercy upon his soul!'

"'Amen!' repeated all present.

"One of the corregidors now passed the lasso round his neck; another bound his eyes; a third person drew his feet from the stirrups, while a fourth, raising a whip, stepped behind his mustang. All this was done in solemn silence. The whip fell, the animal made a spring forwards. At the same instant, Bob clutched desperately at the bridle, and uttered a shrill 'Halt!'

"It was too late; he hung already.

"The passionate, desperate 'Halt!' shrieked out by the judge still sounds in my ears; I see him still, as, nearly riding over the man who held the whip, he pushed frantically to the

side of the hanging man, caught him in his arms, and raised him on his horse. Holding the suspended man in one hand, and occupied in opening the noose with the other, the whole gigantic frame of the man trembled with indescribable anxiety. There was something terrific in this scene. The procurador, the corregidors, all stood as if transfixed.

"'Whisky! whisky! has no one any whisky?' he shouted.

"One of the men sprang forwards with a whisky-flask; another supported the body; and a third his feet, while the judge poured some drops into his mouth, at the same time gazing at him as though his own life depended upon his reviving. For a long time all their trouble was in vain; but the cravat, which he had forgotten to take off, had prevented the breaking of the neck. At length he opened his distorted eyes.

"'Bob!' cried the judge, in a hollow voice.

"Bob stared at him.

"'Bob,' said the judge again, 'you wanted to say something, did you not, of Johnny?'

"'Johnny!' gasped Bob—'Johnny!'

"'What of Johnny?'

"'He's gone to San Antonio, to——'

"'To San Antonio?' exclaimed the judge.

"His powerful breast heaved as if it would burst; his features became fixed.

"'To San Antonio—to Father Jose!' gasped Bob again. 'A Catholic—be on your guard.'

"'A traitor, then!' murmured all, as though benumbed.

"'A Catholic!' exclaimed the judge.

"The words seemed to deprive him of all strength, the suspended man sunk from his arm, and hung again on the lasso. An instant he stared at him—at the men.

"'Catholic!—traitor!'

"'Catholic!—a citizen!—and a traitor!' they murmured after him.

"'So it is, men! But we've no time to lose,' he whispered, in the same unearthly tone, and staring at them, 'no time to lose; we must catch him.'

"'No time to lose—we must catch him!' repeated all.

"'We must immediately to San Antonio!' cried the judge.

"'To San Antonio!' they all repeated, like echoes, at the same time moving and riding to the opening made in the moss. Arrived at the outside they looked once more inquiringly at the judge and at each other, then those who had dismounted swung themselves into their saddles, and all galloped away in the direction of San Antonio.

"The judge alone remained behind, in deep thought; he was deadly pale, and his features were like ice, his eyes fixed on the men riding away. Suddenly he appeared to awaken from his reverie, and caught hold of my arm.

"'Hasten to my house; lose no time; don't spare horse-flesh. There, take Ptoly, and a fresh horse—ride quickly to San Felipe—tell Stephen Austin what has happened, what you have seen and heard.'

"'But, judge.'

"'Hasten, at once, if you wish to serve Texas. Bring my wife and daughter back.'

"So saying, he impelled me away with his hands, his feet, his whole body; in his impatience, his features assumed an expression so fearful, that, quite beside myself, I gave spurs to my mustang. It flew away. I turned around at the corner of the wood to look, but the judge had disappeared.

"I rode as fast as my horse could gallop—reached the house—took Ptoly—a fresh horse—galloped to San Felipe, and announced myself to Colonel Austin. Stephen Austin listened to me; became pale—commanded to saddle horses, and sent to his neighbors. Before I started with the wife and step-daughter of the alcalde, for their house, he had set off with fifty armed men, in the direction of San Antonio. I returned with the two ladies committed to my charge, to their plantation; but had scarcely arrived, when I sank down in a swoon.

"Wild fantasies, a severe, burning fever, seized me, and brought me to the brink of the grave. Many days did I thus hover between life and death; but at last my youthful nature got the victory. I arose; but, although I received the most careful and friendly attention, the dreadful images would not leave me; they stood ever and everywhere before me. It was only when I mounted my mustang, in order to return with Antony (Mr. Neal's huntsman, who had at last found me) towards the plantation of the latter, that more cheerful images began to arise.

"Our way home led by the Patriarch. Numberless birds of prey buzzed around it. I turned my eyes away, and stopped my ears, but all in vain; an invisible power attracted me towards it. Antony had already penetrated through the opening in the moss. Presently a wild cry of exultation sounded from the interior. In indescribable haste I dismounted, drew my mustang through the opening, and hurried towards the gigantic trunk. A corpse hung about forty feet from it, by a

lasso, from the bough; but it was not Bob. The corpse was much too short for him. I drew nearer, and looked.

"'That was a caitiff such as the world could not produce two of!' said Antony, pointing to the corpse.

"'Johnny!' cried I, shuddering; 'that is Johnny!'

"'It was; but, thank heaven! there is an end of him,' said Antony.

"'I shuddered. 'But where is Bob?'

"'Bob?' cried Antony—'Bob!'

"'Yes, Bob!' I looked, there was still the grave mound, as I had seen it last. It appeared higher and larger; and yet, again, not so. Did the murderer lie underneath, with his victim?

"'Shall we not render the poor wretch the last services, Antony?' I said.

"'The caitiff!' rejoined he. 'I won't poison my hands with him; the carrion may have him.'

"'Let us go,' said I, and we rode on.

"When we arrived at Mr. Neal's, I found him already informed of the dreadful occurrences, and making preparation for the approaching struggle, as also his neighbors. Eight weeks later, as you know, this really broke out, although at first only directed against the military authorities, who, in consequence of instructions from higher quarters, began to permit severe oppression towards the colonists. The seizure of the forts of Velasco and Nacogdoches, whose garrisons, with Lieutenant Colonel Ugartechia and Colonel Piedras, were taken prisoners, were the results of this fight. Nevertheless, a peace was concluded by Colonel F. Stephen Austin on the Texan, and Colonel Mexia on the Mexican side, between our citizens, at whose head stood our alcalde, and the military authorities. But in the year 1833 followed the imprisonment of Stephen F. Austin, our Texan representative in the Mexican congress, by the vice-president Gomez Farias, and thereupon the revolt of Santa Anna to the priests' party. To this, the declaration of Texas for the constitution of 1824, and to this the separation from Cohahuila, as well as from Mexico; the declaration of independence; in one word, the revolution itself, is to be attributed.

The relator here broke off in a manner which left it uncertain whether he would again take up the thread of his discourse or not. Taking a cigar, he was about to commence smoking it, but put it away again. A deep silence, during which all eyes were turned upon him, then ensued. It was broken by the supreme judge.

"And do you wish, then, to intimate that the outbreak, the animosities against Mexico, were connected with this horrible history?"

The Colonel replied, "Yes, and no! Where so many materials are heaped up for a general conflagration, as was the case in Texas, it needs, as you know, only a spark to set it on fire. This spark fell, and it lighted."

"May we ask you to go on?"

The Colonel was silent.

XII.

After a pause he went on again.

"Of all these fatal phases for Texas—Mexico—yes, even the Union itself, our alcalde was the real spring. Not that there were not also other important men in the country. The Austins, Nollins, Houstons, Burnetts, were in many respects, especially as regards possessions, far beyond him; but standing between these real aristocrats, who owned upwards of seventy square miles in land, and the democrats, who could scarcely lay claim to a quarter siltio,* his position was exactly that of a democratical aristocrat, or, as you please, an aristocratical democrat—a real *beau milieu*, which represented the solid American community.

"Not pure Jeffersonian—not modern Jacksonian Democrat—he had just as little in common with our new excrescence, the *locofocos*, and still less with our present half-British, half-monarchical money-aristocrats. His political creed inclined most of all to Washington's temperate federalism; and so, like the father of our fatherland, he was thoroughly American. Americanism was the focus on which he concentrated all his powers of mind. One might compare him with the Gulf Stream, which, rising upon the opposite side of the Mexican coast, rolls towards the north, carrying everything unresistingly before it. Nobody was able to withstand him.

"But then, nobody understood so well as he how to manage, to lead, to direct, a popular assembly, for none so possessed that peculiarly democratic talent for speaking, which is able to bring the most abstract principles, the most intricate political and historical problems, within the comprehension of the meanest, and to mould them to his own views and ends.

* A Mexican quadrate mile. It contains twenty-five millions of Mexican quadrate "varas," the vara to three geometrical feet, or thirty-three and a half inches; the whole equal to $4428\ \frac{40}{1000}$ American acres.

"Before his eloquence everything was obliged to give way, conviction, obstinacy, party rage. I was in the session* at which they were debating over the letter of Stephen Austin, our then representative in the congress at Mexico. It contained *raisonnements* over the position of Texas, as well as Mexico, which, most confidentially communicated, were only intended for the most intimate political friends, and were written without a thought of their being made public. Indeed, every one saw that such publicity would not only compromise the writer with the Mexican authorities, but also bring him in danger of being branded as a traitor.

"The first motion, therefore, which proposed publicity, was rejected with decided displeasure; yes, with shame, by our not, in general, very sensitive fellow-citizens. Austin stood very high in public opinion; he was one of the principal men in the land; his father had been one of the principal founders of the colony, but our alcalde, his best friend, began to speak, and the making it public was almost unanimously resolved upon. It was followed, as might be foreseen, by the imprisonment of the celebrated Colonel; but this again, by the general indignation and exasperation of the colonists, and this was what the man desired. Let us not blame either him or them hastily, for I assure you that those who guided the fate of Texas, and led it to its object, were no common souls. Long may you have to turn over the leaves of the volumes of the world's history, before you will find a revolution more rightly considered, more consistently carried out. There was to be found there a troop that hid, under their coarse felt hats, the sagest heads—under their rough buckskin waistcoats, the warmest hearts and the most iron wills! Men who knew clearly what they wanted—who wanted great things, but were obliged to effect those great things with the smallest means—to undertake, with a handful of people, against the second largest republic in the world, and who were, therefore, necessarily obliged to give those people the strongest possible impulse. For now it was not merely a question of acres and negroes, a few more or less citizen rights, or the settlement of a few thousand farmers or planters—it was a question respecting man's highest interests, which, already vitally affected by the wicked apostasy of Santa Anna, and the destruction of the constitution of 1824, were now to be entirely sacrificed in the worst of all government—a priestly dominion. To raise the shield against this most worthless of all power, was not only the duty of the Mexican, but also that of the Texan, the American."

* In the year 1833.

"Duty of the American?" here interrupted, in an ironical tone, the Colonel, who had become somewhat pompously oratorical. "It seems to me, then, that you would wish set up a duty rather too extensive in your Texas, Colonel! What, in the name of common sense, did the revolution in Mexico and the priestly dominion concern you, as a citizen of the United States?"

"What did the revolution concern the citizens of the United States?" cried a dozen voices.

"What did the priestly dominion concern Americans?" cried another dozen.

The whole assembly was all at once in an uproar.

"Allow me, Colonel Meadow, to put you another question —What did it concern the sovereigns of England, Russia, France, Greece? what their and Austria's cabinets? Belgium, Portugal, and Spain? into which last they smuggled Don Carlos, and there began civil war, in spite of all treaties? I should think that what the monarchical or legitimate principle in old Europe allows, would not be denied by us to the republican principle."

"I should very much question that in the one as well as in the other case, Colonel Morse!" was now heard in the soft, clear voice of the supreme judge. "I should, for example, very much doubt whether our cabinet was in the right with its demonstrations and Nacogdochen appointments."*

"But who maintains that, judge?" here interrupted the General. "But that these appointments were a brave political stroke —a really daring Jackson stroke—that you will not dispute?"

"And which suited us Texans very well, I assure you," laughed the Texan Colonel. "Meanwhile," he continued, more earnestly, "you must admit that we have some right to interfere in the affairs of Texas. Texas was colonized by our citizens under the provisions and guarantees of the constitution of 1824. It was under this constitution that she allowed herself to be adopted by Mexico. It was, also, for this constitution that she first of all raised the shield."

"Was obliged to do it, as Americans," cried some.

"Was your obligation," said the others.

"I can add, also, for your comfort, Colonel Meadow," remarked the Texan, ironically, "that the bravest, and what, according to your ideas, will probably say more, the most important men of Mexico did not only not take part against this our shield raising, but were friendly to it; for scarcely had we proclaimed the constitution of 1824, than several of the very

* In the year 1836.

first amongst the Mexicans, doubtful of the safety and future of their country, joined themselves to us. From the many I will only name one—Lorenzo Zavala, formerly finance minister, vice-president, and, afterwards, ambassador of the republic at the court of the Tuileries, which post he resigned immediately after the apostasy of Santa Anna, in order to become vice-president and minister of foreign affairs in our poor Texas. And," continued the Texan, "we have to thank his administration of the foreign affairs for much, very much—are indebted to him, principally, for the surprising, I might say, unheard-of alacrity with which the new-born independence of our poor Texas was recognized, not only on the side of the Union, but also by France; a result which, certainly, may not appear very brilliant to you, Colonel Meadow; perhaps, also, not to Colonel Cracker," he remarked, with a side look at the latter; "but which he will in some degree prize, who, like us, has had opportunity of becoming better acquainted with, and tracing the insidious, and nothing less than serpent's path of modern diplomacy."

"Ought to think so," here interrupted the hasty, vehement Colonel Cracker, another of our numberless colonels. "Ought to think so. Who does not remember how deadly, long, and tediously for our fathers and forefathers the eighty years' negotiation of peace at Paris moved on?"

"Which was, nevertheless, guided by a Franklin."

"But who, on this occasion, did not in the least show himself a statesman," interrupted the General. "There is not the slightest doubt that, outwitted by the crafty Vergennes, he had already begun to treat on the basis of a twenty years' truce between us and England, when Jay, while it was yet time, turned direct to the English minister, and, instead of the truce, obtained peace, and, with it, the recognition of independence. That was a thunderbolt to the Frenchman, and he showed himself dreadfully incensed at it; for, according to his perfidious plans, we should only have shaken off the English yoke in order to pass under the French; but Jay stood firm; and Franklin, although surrounded by the allurements of the French court, at last confessed his mistake."

There was a pause, which, after some time, was only broken by the narrator.

"Compare that with the magic speed of the recognition of Texan independence, though so comparatively unimportant, not only on the side of the Union, but also by France, and you will allow that we have not commenced our career altogether ingloriously in the circle of States and people. Our position

also, full of the highest importance for the future of the American world, may well be called a vantage-ground for political combinations. Wedged in between the two greatest republics, our Texas is at once the spur, which, placed in the flanks of Mexico, must at last stir up the obtuse ideas of liberty in its thoroughly enslaved race—while, on the other hand, it forms a bulwark for the Union, certainly, as yet, a rough bulwark, composed only of rough trunks and earth, but which will, nevertheless, ere long, assume an imposing appearance."

"Well and truly spoken," cried all.

"As yet," continued the Colonel, "it is, as I said, only a rude bulwark, a fortification, which may be compared to one of our forts raised against the Indians, or as my friend, the alcalde, thinks, like a hardy young fellow who, having languished for some time under the step-mother's roof, at last tears himself away to found his own hearth. It is true, he has still to fight with his step-parents, but, by degrees, arrives at strength as he is sustained by friends elsewhere, and, what is the principal thing, his physical as well as moral powers are firmly braced in an early, healthy republican training.

"This early, healthy, republican training, so peculiar to us —which fits us as well for governing as obeying—we learn first to prize as we should when, thrown amongst the spoilt or untrained people and nations, as well those of our America as of Europe, we have the opportunity of perceiving their childishness, helplessness, and yet their obstinacy and ignorance. In our country, we Americans have no idea what an inestimable advantage we possess over the Frenchman, Spaniard, and other nations. We are scarcely conscious of it, for we live with it from our earliest youth; it surrounds us as water does the fish; it is the element in which we live, which has become nature with us, and without which I am perfectly convinced we could not exist. To us may be applied what in other respects Napoleon strikingly remarked of Talleyrand—'Fall as he may, he will always fall like a cat, on his feet.' We may fall from heaven in Timbuctoo, in China, in Russia; we shall always fall rightly upon our self-government. But this self-control, in the social relations of our citizen condition, when only a dozen Americans unite, is the real strength, the roots of the community to be established. Where these fail, everything is wanting; where these are at hand, the principal difficulty is already overcome.

"What never-ending distraction, strife, war, and bloodshed, if Spaniards or Frenchmen had shaken off the dominion of Mexico, and declared Texas sovereign! An eternal anarchy,

until at last a powerful tyrant brought the combatants to reason, and held the reins of government with a strong hand. With us, on the contrary, there was not even a seditious thought. Every one fell of himself into the path allotted to him, chose in his circle members of congress, senators, presidents, and vice-presidents; these again, the higher judicial and military authorities as they did in the States. The government stood of itself, it is true not quite Pallas, but just as well armed. Debates enough certainly, but with the exception that some streams of wine and rum were spilt, I am convinced not two drops of blood. In fact, Texas was, as soon as our people had grown to their majority, already *ipso facto* separated from Mexico; the declaration of independence was merely a formality, which followed, of course, with awakening consciousness. Certainly, the knowledge of this may have deceived us, we may have overrated our powers. Brother Jonathan has a certain *penchant* for overrating, as his proverbs testify; for instance, that five Mexicans can overcome a Frenchman, three Frenchmen a Briton, and three Britons an American. But here there were more than twenty Mexicans to an American, more than a hundred; and on my honor! it was no trifle for a people such as Texas, which at that time hardly numbered 35,000 souls, to undertake with a republic whose population consisted of full nine millions, and who, spite of anarchy and internal divisions, could easily send against us double as many soldiers as we could number souls. But then we were Americans, had spoken out our resolve to be free, and you know when the American speaks his will firmly, there is no power on earth which can hinder him from carrying it out.

"Bravo!" cried all again.

"We knew, also, by the by, that 'Uncle Sam'* would not for his honor's sake allow his scion that had come into the world by a light side leap, to be strangled in its swathing-clothes, especially if this so-called scion showed itself worthy of its sire; and that it would do so, we had no fear. We arranged what there was to arrange, government, administration, legislation, jurisdiction, defence, finances (*en passant* not such an easy matter in a country where there were more cattle than dollars), did not forget the little naval force; in short, arranged, to use a homely expression, our seven things as well as we could do it.

* The origin of the sobriquet is plain enough. The letters U. S. with which everything belonging to the central government is designated, are just as much the initials of United States as Uncle Sam. By "Brother Jonathan" is meant only the people of the United States.

"It might interest you," broke off the Colonel, who had got quite cheerful, "to be better acquainted with the primitive manner in which, for example, we began our warlike operations?"

"Yes, certainly," exclaimed all.

"But shall we not first of all drink to the health of our new-born brother Texas?" remarked Colonel Oakley.

"That we will!" exclaimed all, hastily raising and striking the glasses.

XIII.

After the company had seated themselves, the Colonel went on in the same easy, complaisant tone.

"The independence, or what is the same thing, the sovereignty, of the country proclaimed, our first care must naturally be to secure alliances at home and abroad, and to get the sea-ports into our hands. General Cos had occupied the port of Galveston (from Metamora) with the military, and had there raised a blockade, nominally to give effect to the customs' laws, but in reality to cut off from us the communication with New Orleans and the north. This communication had to be restored, and that as secretly as possible. My friend and I received the commission to do this. Our whole equipment consisted in the sealed despatches which we were to open in Colombia, and a leader, the half-blood trapper, Agostino.

"Arrived in Colombia, we assembled the most important of the inhabitants, as also those of Marion and Bolivar, unsealed the despatches, and six hours later the little troop therein ordered were assembled, and we proceeded with them on the same day towards Galveston; the following day arrived before the blockade; surprised it, and took the Mexicans prisoners without losing a man.

"We had not yet finished securing our conquest, when, on the ninth day, our half-blood Agostino returned. We had sent him to the government at San Felipe with the account of the taking of the fort. He brought us new instructions. According to these we were to hand over the blockade to a brave commander, and then without delay to go up the Trinity river, and from thence to advance towards San Antonio de Bexar with as much force as we could raise. The same messenger brought us also assurance of the perfect satisfaction of the congress, which showed upon this as upon many other occasions, that it understood the art of governing, of reward-

ing, and of spurring on, as well as the oldest parliament or statesman. Upon the motion of our friend the alcalde, we two received for a reward a hacienda* each of land at Trinity river, and so to our commission was at the same time delicately united the advantage of bringing us near to our new possessions. Without delay we let the little garrison of the fort choose their officer, invested him with the command, and hastened across the Saltwork and Liberty, to Trinity river. Arrived at the Saltwork, we found everything in the greatest excitement, the young people from the opposite Anahuac already assembled there, and on the point of setting out for San Antonio de Bexar. In both of these little towns, the troops, about forty men, had chosen their officer themselves, and had proceeded bravely and hopefully toward the distant meeting-place. There were at Trinity river at that time no important settlements, but only scattered plantations, at one of which we arrived late in the evening. As yet, the excitement had not reached so far as this, but on the same evening that we arrived it circulated amongst the neighbors for forty miles round. Already on the following morning, mustangs for riding and for loading were crowded before the plantation. On one of these the owner had packed his provisions, the other he mounted himself; his rifle, with the well-filled powder-horn, shot-bag, and bowie-knife, slung round his shoulder. Thus armed, we set out in the evening with forty-three men. We had a pretty long march before us. San Antonio de Bexar, the chief town of the country, lies a good two hundred and sixty miles south-west-by-west from Trinity river, through prairies without path or road; over rivers and streams which, though neither Mississippis nor Potomacs, are nevertheless deep and wide enough to delay armies for many days. But to our farmers and settlers, accustomed to overcome obstacles of all kinds, these pathless prairies und bridgeless streams were mere trifles. When they could not ride they swam through. Even we, who, brought up in the academies and universities, had grown up in comparative luxury, and in the States should doubtless at much less important rivers have sought for hours for bridges and ferries, did not here feel the want of them. In fact, you would scarcely believe how easily even the man who has been well and carefully brought up, when placed in natural circumstances, particularly in an excited mood, can dispense with, and forget the comforts and necessities which, from having been accustomed to them from

* Five sittros, or square miles of land, is the greatest area which (according to the Mexican law of the 4th January, which was also received in Texas) can be comprised in a single estate.

his earliest youth, had become nature with him. A few years earlier, and eight days spent without shelter, without sustenance, in the open air and often in rain, would most certainly have laid us both upon a sick-bed, perhaps have brought on a chronic disease. Here each day brought us fresh wants, but also fresh strength and more cheerful spirits. And yet we slept night by night under the open sky, on damp earth, once in the heaviest rain; several times wet through to the skin, with no other nourishment than panolas* mixed with sugar, which at first tasted rather sickly, but soon relished very well. They are the common nourishment on a long journey in Texas, Cohahuila, Santa Fé, and have in forced marches this great advantage, that they can be easily packed, and yet do not easily spoil, and keep a man not only well and strong, but also in a cheerful and in some degree in a 'sugared' humor. I had many opportunities during our marches backwards and forwards, of observing these 'sugared' moods of our people, when they had nothing but panolas; as also their eager, greedy, selfish, and odious mood when they tasted animal nourishment. The same men were quite different when they sat around the meat-pot and rum-bottle, than when fasting they drew their panolas from the saddle-bag. In the one case there was an eager, fierce hunger, which, if it did not break out, was yet to be seen in the disgustingly animal expression of the countenance; in the other case a composedness, a mildness, and urbanity, which commonly surprised the authorities our many-headed sovereign had modestly appointed over himself.

"This enigma solves itself when we consider that even the rudest, the most ravenous, restrains himself where nothing promises to satisfy his animal craving—even the most selfish will be generous, when there is no more opportunity for indulging his egotism.

"Well, on this march we had nothing but panolas. Many had not even given themselves time to wait for these, and had filled their saddle-bags with baked Indian corn alone. Nevertheless, as we all sat down to the same *table d'hôte*, we all had panolas as long as the panolas lasted; took with them a few draughts from the rum-bottle, as long as it contained anything, and when rum and panolas were exhausted, set to work on the roasted corn, which we washed down with a draught of fresh water. No one thought of more, for no one saw more, and that kept us in health, and, above all, contented, cheerful, and strong. Yes, so contented were we all with our Spartan

* Indian cakes.

fare, that although we passed by houses and plantations at no great distance, not one of us longed for their *bonne chère*—every one looked forward to arriving as quickly as possible at their destined place. It was our first campaign; our excitement, therefore, is quite intelligible. It prevailed everywhere—through all the land. On all sides divisions of armed men passed us, but—quite American that—not one of the ten or more little troops that we met joined itself to the other; either their horses were fresher than those of their brethren in arms, and then they trotted before—or more fatigued, and then they fell back, after a short greeting, and a cheerful shake of the hand. So, three and forty men, we set out from Trinity river, and, three and forty men, we arrived at the Salado river, the place of meeting for our troops. From thence, we had still about fifteen miles to the chief town against which our first great blow was to be struck. But this chief town, as at the present time, was protected by a strong fort, provided with a garrison of nearly 3,000 men—a body of troops considerably larger than the collected, disposable military power of Texas—and with this also sufficient heavy artillery, which was commanded entirely by experienced and even celebrated officers of the revolution. At any rate, we prepared ourselves for a hard struggle—for the whole army which found itself at the Salado, under the command of General Austin, did not exceed 800 men! On the same day in which we entered the principal quarter with our three and forty volunteers, a council of war was held, in which it was decided to advance towards the Mission of San Espado. The *avant garde* was immediately to set out for it: the command of this was given to my friend and myself, but in order to moderate our youthful ardor, Mr. Wharton, a considerable planter, who had brought with him a good number of his neighbors, was joined with us. We partook, with our comrades, of a hasty meal, chose from the 800 volunteers—who all wished to come with us—ninety-two, and then set out with good courage towards the place of destination. Our way led through an open prairie, here and there shaded with tree islands, which, however, already gave notice of the vicinity of the chief town, for several missionary settlements lay around. These missions may be properly called the out or advanced works of the Catholic church; they are firmly supported by the Spanish government—since their aim is no less the spiritual than the temporal subjugation of the Indian.

"One meets with them in every part of the old Spanish continent—particularly in the border provinces of Texas,

Santa Fé, and Cohahuila. They generally consist of a church, and dwellings for the priests and converted Indians, and are built up solidly, and surrounded with a strong wall, as a protection against hostile tribes. They have, however, very ill-answered their end, and have therefore latterly for the most part fallen to ruins. Thus we found in the first, called *Conœption*, only about ten old Mexican priests—the buildings, however, in pretty good condition, and, what was more remarkable, not only the parish registers and mass-books, but also the priestly robes, and the gold and silver ornaments with which they decorate the Saints on their holy days, in the presses. But this abandonment—this defencelessness—betrayed an affecting and beautiful confidence in a believing, although erring creed, which in us, at least, was not deceived. This place remained unmolested afterwards, although, as you may easily suppose, the marches here and there of our adventurers, poor devils! who could make a better use of these treasures than the Saints, were not a few.

"Arrived at the Espado Mission, a warm debate arose in our triple-headed council of war. The order communicated to us spoke strongly of surrounding the posts, and awaiting the arrival of the commander-in-chief. It was also the most prudent thing we could do; the mission was very strong, surrounded by a high wall, could with little exertion be defended against an opposing enemy, and afforded perfect security against any hostile attack.. Fanning, however——'

"Fanning?" cried several, in astonishment. "Fanning who? at West Point?"

"Fanning who left West Point at the same time as I took leave of Yale College," said the Colonel, evidently moved.

"But to Fanning," he continued, with suppressed emotion, "the banks of the Solado were very precious. They had been the witness of his happiest hours. On them his young and beautiful life had unfolded to bloom. He had there given himself up to the first transports of successful love.

"On an excursion from San Antonio, he had seen his Elvira for the first time on its banks. The happy unhappy one! Eight weeks later he had led the lovely one home as his bride. The honey-moon had not yet passed, when the war-call had torn him from the side of his sweet bride. Very naturally, it now drew him towards these love-breathing banks with an irresistible impulse. I gave in, though unwillingly, to the entreaty of my friend; but Mr. Wharton, who knew nothing of the circumstances, shook his head not a little, yet, out-voted, he was at last obliged to consent. We left our

horses and mustangs with a garrison of eight men in the mission, and then advanced towards the river. This flowed down from north to south a quarter of a mile to the west of the mission; between them lay a little tree island; all the rest was open prairie, which extended to the brink (overgrown with a thick mantle of vines), and descended rather steeply about eight or ten feet to the margin of the water. The Salado forms at this point a strong arch-like curve. At each end of the bow is a fort, through which alone the river can be passed, as the water, although not wide, is nevertheless rather impetuous and deep. If, therefore, we took our position within this bow, it could not be very difficult to defend both the forts, which lay about a quarter of a mile distant from each other, as the enemy could not easily get at us from the opposite bank—which was thickly wooded and considerably higher. Still the danger of our situation did not escape us. It offered no *point d'appui;* we could be surrounded, attacked, hemmed in, and captured at once in the front, and also from behind, from the opposite bank, without the possibility of escaping, if the enemy—which would doubtless approach with a superior force—should only partially do its duty. But this *if*—that we knew would fail. We had already been engaged several times with this enemy, and had each time overcome him with little difficulty. It is true, our successes were as yet only gained against the blockades of Velasco, Nacogdoches, and Galveston, whose garrisons were neither numerous nor experienced in war; but then, we were at that time anything but skilled in arms, and believed ourselves to be much more so now. At the same time, we were young, full of courage, self-confidence, felt ourselves equal to a thousand Mexicans, and only wished that they might come before those head-quarters arrived. We were dreadfully afraid these would come too soon, and so take from us our laurels. We therefore resolved to stay, examined the terrain and bank, garrisoned them with twelve men, placed twelve others at the two forts, and then encamped with the rest, full of courage, in the fragrant vine grottoes, which however, unfortunately for us, had no grapes. After we had finished all these preparations we were hungry. We had brought no provisions with us—for the simple reason that there was nothing to bring; each of the 800 men had as yet been pretty nearly his own general, quartermaster, and commissary. Real novices in the noble art of war, the different parties of our expedition, who had also arrived from very distant parts of the country, were unprovided with indispensable necessities, and therefore some bushels of

maize, potatoes, and a few cattle, were nearly all that was to be met with at head-quarters. Neither had we been able to meet with anything in either of the missions—so, come from whence it might, something must be procured to eat. In the neighborhood, and as it happened, in the opposite valley, were several *Panchos*, close to the chief town, whose garrison our foragers would necessarily alarm and bring about our ears, it is true, but then that was just what we wanted. We dared still the less hesitate, as our cautiousness, if construed into faint-heartedness, would have cast down the courage of our people. Accordingly, we decided at once to send out foragers, and ordered out twelve men for that purpose, who at once started off in the direction of the *Panchos*. After about an hour's absence, they came galloping back merrily with three sheep.

"They had taken them out of the Panchos, but not without a violent dispute with the *padre*, who just happened to be there, and who, like a good shepherd, defended his sheep with all his strength, and menaced them with the anger of heaven, hell, and General Cos, along with it. As, however, all this did not move our heretics, they—after listening to him for some time with genuine Texan phlegm—at last lost patience, and threw him three dollars on the bank; but for it threw the three sheep on their mustangs.

"He at last also lost patience, and tearing his mule from the stable, rode before their eyes towards the town, which lay about a mile nearer the valley, there to complain to General Cos of his misfortune with the heretics and rebels. That we should, the next thing, have the pleasure of seeing these worthy dons, was beyond all doubt; but that did not trouble us in the least. The circumstance amused us all very much, the sheep were slaughtered amidst loud laughter, and now, only bread failed. But we received also compensation for this in a cart full of *polonces*, which a Mexican peasant brought to our out-guards. He came over the river from one of the *Panchos* in the neighborhood of the town—therefore, without doubt, sent by the enemy to throw more than one side-look upon the heretics and their strength. In truth, the dull rascal spared no trouble to get a nearer acquaintance with us, until at last, tired of words, we showed him the road in a manner which could not allow of two constructions. Undisturbed about General Cos and his Mexicans, we took our meal, changed the posts and fore-posts, and then suffered our people to lie down to rest.

XIV.

"The evening—the night, passed without a single enemy having shown himself. The morning broke, and still no Mexican. Nevertheless, we suspected the deceitful security; let the men take their morning meal, and had just finished it, when the *picket*, who was stationed at the upper fort, came with the news that a strong division of cavalry was drawing near, their vanguard already in the narrow pass which led to the fort. A few minutes later we heard the shrill sounds of their trumpets, and immediately upon it we saw also the officers spring up the bank, and into the prairie, their *escadrons* after them, of which we counted six. They were the Duranger dragoons, very well clothed, excellently mounted, and perfectly armed, with carbines and swords. Their number must have amounted to nearly three hundred. Probably they had reconnoitred, and so found out our position, though not our strength, as we, suspecting something of the sort, had put our people pretty well in movement, and suffered them to spring into the prairie, and disappear under it. So far all was done; but, on the other hand, we had committed a heavy offence against all military rule, in not having placed a picket on the opposite bank, who could have informed us of the approach of the enemy, and the direction which he took. Without doubt thirty or forty good shots, and all our men were this, would not only have obstructed the enemy, but, most probably, have quite prevented his going over. The pass which led down from the opposite bank to the fort, was narrow, rather steep, the bank at least six times higher than this side, and perfectly within the reach of our guns, so that horse and man could have been aimed at, and shot down in pairs, as they wound out of the pass. All this became clear to us now, as the dragoons sprang into the prairie; but the fault was committed, and we had to console ourselves with the thought that the enemy would be sure not to attribute our mistake to the real cause, our inexperience in military practice, but to our excessive courage. At all events, we determined to support the good opinion which they entertained of us, and to give them a warm reception.

"Riding up in the prairie, the enemy had advanced a considerable distance in a westerly direction, had then turned towards the south, and then, wheeling about, had showed front to us, at a distance of about five hundred steps. In this position it took in just the curve of the bow which the Salado occupied by us forms at this place. Scarcely had the enemy

arranged themselves than they opened fire, although we were quite invisible to them, standing in the vaulting of the river bank, and perfectly protected, not only against carbines, but case and cannon-balls, which, at the most, would fly over our heads. After the first fire they sprang about a hundred steps in a gallop towards us, stopped then to load, shot off, and then sprang again a hundred steps forward, stopped again, loaded, shot off, sprang again onward, and repeated this singular challenge until they stood about a hundred and fifty paces before us. Then, however, they appeared to wish to deliberate. We kept quite quiet. The dragoons clearly had not much confidence; at any rate, their warlike ardor seemed to have disappeared, although the officers did all in their power to re-kindle it; but at last they brought the two escadrons forwards, and the others slowly followed them. We had waited for this. Six of our people were ordered to spring up to aim at the officers, and when they had discharged, to return again into the prairie. With extraordinary *sang-froid* did our six brave riflemen carry out this somewhat dangerous manœuvre in the face of the enraged enemy, at a distance of scarcely fifty feet; they sprang up calmly, took aim, discharged, and then sprang back into the prairie.

"As we expected, their small number brought the enemy within the wished-for distance. They stopped, at first, especially when three or four officers fell, but scarcely were our men down in the prairie when the escadrons galloped madly after them. But now Fanning sprang forward, with thirty of our people, presented their rifles, aimed, and discharging one after another, brought also one dragoon after another from his horse, always taking the foremost, as we had told them. Wharton and I, with a reserve of six-and-thirty men, sprang up, just after Fanning had discharged, and had scarcely come to ten shots, when the dragoons, as if on the word of command, wavered, turned themselves to the right, and all took to their heels. Our rifles had worked too roughly! Like sheep got amongst wolves, they broke out on every side. In vain the officers tried to detain the fugitives. Entreaties, menaces, even drawn swords and blows, were not able to bring them to a halt, since, to confess the truth, this halting was generally fatal, for our keen marksmen were mostly sure of a squirrel at the distance of a hundred steps; how much more, then, of a Durango dragoon.

"We had, however, let our men fire slowly, and, after each discharge, jump over the bank, in order to re-load as quickly as possible, so that, of our little troop, there were always from

thirty to forty standing ready, in case the enemy should make an attempt *en masse* at us.

"The first greeting had, however, deprived them of all such desire for the present; for some time it seemed doubtful whether they would venture upon a second attack, although the officers gave themselves all possible trouble to get their men to advance; entreaties, menaces, and scoldings, were, for a long time, in vain. Seen from a distance, their gesticulations, the frightful blows which they dealt, the capers of their fiery steeds, all this was droll enough, a real theatre scene; but yet, to confess the truth, I must declare again that the officers showed more courage and decision than I had expected from them. They alone had not spared their rifles, and of their two escadrons nearly all had fallen, and the few that still remained, very far from being discouraged, only endeavored all the more to bring their men to advance. At length it seemed as though they would succeed.

"The manner in which they accomplished this was curious, and peculiarly Mexican. Posted at the head of their escadrons, they kept riding a hundred steps backwards and forwards; thus, in a certain measure, showing their people that there was no imminent danger. Every such gallop had involuntarily brought the dragoons some twenty or thirty feet in advance, when they halted, as if at the word of command, and looked carefully round on all sides, whether any of the dreaded guns were to be seen; then the officers again galloped forward, and the dragoons came again behind them; and thus they galloped and advanced, certainly ten times, halted, looked about, advanced again, until they had again got within a hundred steps of us. It must be self-evident that by each of these advances they discharged their carbines. So, by degrees, getting accustomed to the smoke and our neighborhood, three of the escadrons, that had not yet been in the fire, began to form columns for attack, and then sprang about fifty steps forward. Suddenly the collected officers thundered out the command, *forwards*, put their horses in gallop, and then, following the powerful impulse, all three escadrons broke in full speed towards us. This time, instead of six, we let thirty of our men spring up, with express orders to fire slowly, and not to lose a shot. The shock of the approaching enemy, however, deprived the greater number of their presence of mind. They hastily fired into the mass, and then sprang down again into the prairie. This haste had very nearly brought us into a dilemma. The enemy wavered, it is true, but did not retreat. In this critical moment Wharton and I came forward

with the reserve. 'Aim and shoot slowly and surely, take man for man,' we both cried, Wharton right, and I left. We ourselves reserved our fire. This was at last effective. Shot fell upon shot, and always hit the foremost. I once more cautioned them to fire slowly, in order to give Fanning's men time for loading. Before we had all discharged, Fanning was again at our side, with a dozen of his most skilful men. For full three minutes the enemy, as though stupefied, endured our deadly fire ; but since, as I said, we always took the foremost dragoon, and the one springing forward also fell, at last not one would advance, and the escadrons got into disorder, which soon changed to a wild retreat. We gave them an unpleasant souvenir on the way, which sent many a horse riderless into the prairie ; then reloaded our rifles, and retired to our vine harbors and grottos, to await what should transpire further.

"By this time, however, the enemy had lost all desire for making another attack. It is true, they ventured to within about three hundred steps of us, but the appearance of a dozen or so of our people was quite sufficient to make them seek refuge at a distance. Nevertheless, at a distance of three or four feet they fired their carbines at us, which they could the more dare to do, since we did not return their fire with a single shot. The fight must have lasted about half or three quarters of an hour. On our side not one man had fallen, not one was even wounded, although during the attack we had sustained a very shower of bullets. We could not explain this singular phenomenon ; the bullets fell right and left, and many struck, but they scarcely scratched the flesh, and left only a slight mark. We were just on the way to consider ourselves invulnerable, and the battle as already decided, when the second picket, stationed at the lower fort, came running with the rather alarming intelligence, that considerable bodies of infantry were approaching towards the fort, and would be visible in a few minutes. And truly, in the same instant, we heard the sound of the trumpets, and the squeaking of the pipes, and in the next, the first column defiled up the bank of the river into the prairie, towards the musqueet island. As company on company spread themselves on the plain, we could easily measure their strength. It was two battalions of about a thousand bayonets. They had also a field-piece with them. This was certainly more than enough for seventy-two, or, including us three officers, seventy-five men, for, as I said, we had left twenty men in the mission and the musqueet island, so that, in fact, they were twenty Mexicans to one American.

No joke! when you consider that the enemy was perfectly well armed, and consisted of two battalions of line infantry, and six squadrons of dragoons, the last, it is true, lightened of at least fifty, but still, with the fresh reinforcements, not less dangerous than before. It is true all our men were excellent sharpshooters, and besides their rifles most of them had pistols also in their girdles; but what were seventy-five rifles and a hundred pistols against a thousand muskets and bayonets, two hundred and fifty dragoons, and a field-piece loaded with cartridge? If the enemy had any idea of military science, and acted decisively, we should be taken like foxes in a trap. But then we were more than half certain this military skill and decisive action would be wanting. We pretty well knew our adversaries, or else we should not have ventured so far. All that was now necessary was prompt decision, unshakable cold-bloodedness, which, not deceived by anything, would not allow an enemy time for breathing. If he came to breath we were lost. Fanning and I, in the meantime, were not very light-hearted. With our sensibility and sympathy we had led the men into this defenceless prairie, and at the same time to slaughter, and that in such an inconsiderate and rash manner, that it was with some degree of anxiety that we looked first at each other, and then at the men. But as we looked at them, courage and confidence again rose within us! On no occasion did I perceive the swaggering, British bull-dog courage, but always the constant, composed, decided, calm, unshaken and unshakable courage of the American. Now I can understand how it was that the British, even when they were at first successful in their battles, were at the last beaten at every point, and overcome both by sea and land. As regards these Mexicans, I firmly believe that if the whole Mexican army had marched out, our men would have aimed their rifles just as coolly and cheerfully. The only thing to be heard was, 'Don't spare your powder and lead, don't waste, don't lose a shot.' Now with such men it is a pleasure to fight, and, if necessary, to die; for one fights and dies with honor. But as we would rather not do the last, we were obliged to be prompt. And promptly did we decide upon our measures. Fanning and Wharton were to engage the dragoons and infantry—to me fell the charge of taking the cannon, an eight-pounder. The artillery was planted outside of the left wing, where the prairie sinks steep to the river, which, in its entire curve, it completely commanded. This bank was, as I have said, pretty thickly covered with vine branches, which, however, scarcely hid us from the enemy, for the very first shot

proved to us that we dared not reckon too much upon this ambush. There was not a moment to be lost, for one single well-directed shot, and the combat was as good as ended. A dozen men jumped up together; I worked as fast as I could through the entanglement of the vines, and was already about fifty steps from the cannon, when the second shot went off close to us. The movement of the tendrils had betrayed us to the enemy. We did not dare press forward on this road, so I motioned to those next to the prairie to spring up, and first of all to shoot the artillerymen; I myself followed the third or fourth after. As I sprang up and raised the rifle to fire, it fell from me as though a hundred-weight was at the mouth; an invisible power held it down. Not three steps before me stood a tall, haggard figure, in a leather cap, waistcoat, and moccasins, with strange and wild features, and a beard many inches long. How the man had got there was a riddle as well to my men as to me, and they looked not a little shy at him. But he must already have fired, for one of the artillerymen lay stretched near the cannon; a second, who carried the ramrod, he shot down, and then reloaded in a manner as calm and business-like, as if he had carried on this kind of exercise all his life.

"As you may easily imagine, on the field of battle one is not very choice; the most agreeable neighbor is always he who puts down the greatest number of enemies, who carries on the slaughter with the greatest success. The rude, bloody work in which one is engaged overpowers, for the time, every humane feeling, but still the whole manner of this man had a something so murderous in it, and betrayed, I may say, such a profligate disregard of his own and other men's lives, that, singular as it may sound, I stared at him, and shuddered. And not I only, but my men also were struck with his ghost-like mien. For twenty seconds had they been standing on the prairie bank, but still they held their rifles as though stupefied. Instead of fixing their eyes upon the enemy, their eyes kept turning upon him, until he called out to them, with a rough voice, 'D——n your eyes! you staring fools, don't you see them artillery-men? why don't you knock them on the head?' It was not till then that they fired, missed, and then sprang, as if impelled, hastily down the prairie bank. I was not able either to follow them, or to raise my rifle; and if the enemy, instead of seventy steps, had been only seven from me, I should not have been able! The man's voice had gone through me so dreadfully, I stood, with my eyes raised to the spectre, just as if the grave of a person I had murdered had

opened itself, and the victim of my bloody deed had raised himself from it, and approached me with his gaping wounds. My blood was half frozen. Still I did not know who it was. It is true, his features swam dimly before my mind, but yet I did not recognize them. I had seen them somewhere, and had heard his voice, and under circumstances which then, as now, had curdled the blood in my veins. I was clearly conscious of having felt before the same shudder which I now experienced, and without doubt I had felt it in his presence; yes, it had been he who had frozen my heart's blood, and shaken my inmost nerve, but where and when I could not remember. The enemy's balls fell like hailstones before me. I stood as petrified, until, at last, one of my people sprang up, and, taking me by the arm, pulled me down the prairie bank. It was not till then that, freed from this dreadful neighbor, I came to myself, but I could not resist casting back apprehensive glances upon the apparition, and, singular to say, at every look something like a desire to see the man fall passed through my mind. While we were still standing on the prairie, the artillery-men had directed their piece towards us, but before they were able to fire we were already under the bank, and he shot the third down. To rid themselves of their frightful antagonist, the surviving ones now fired upon him alone, but neither cartridges nor musket-balls, sent by the enemy at a distance of less than fifty paces, had any power over him. With iron steadfastness he continued loading; shot the fourth, and then the last, and cried to us, in a rough tone, 'D——n you for lagging fellows, why don't you take that big gun?' For the whole world, we could, none of us, have sprung up. We had all loaded, but stood like pillars of salt, staring at him and each other, at the same time wondering whether the singular apparition was really, like ourselves, an inhabitant of earth, and not, rather, a prairie ghost carrying on its sport before us.

"As he stood all alone in the prairie, with those weather-beaten features; that beard, many inches long, which hung about his neck like tufts of Spanish moss, the target for a hundred hostile balls, he resembled so entirely one of the numberless hobgoblins with which the Catholic superstition of the Spaniards has so richly endowed this very prairie, that up to this present hour, whenever I bring him fully before my mind's eye, involuntary doubts arise as to whether he was not really a spectre. In truth, he resembled an inhabitant of this earth much less than a wild prairie spirit, and, like one, he had delivered us from a bad scrape. Our small number, the

shots which had failed through our astonishment, above all, the visible fear with which we had taken our flight down the prairie bank, had so encouraged the enemy, that they caused a company to advance in double step, and fired upon our hiding-place with an impetuous fire. Already a troop advanced to cut us (who still stood as lame) off, when, it was high time, Fanning appeared with thirty of our riflemen. This sight restored us to our senses. A joyful hurrah, and then my men were up on the bank, without joining themselves to Fanning. Whether it was a feeling of shame or of reviving courage, I know not, but they advanced with rapid strides to within twenty steps of the enemy, attacked them, and shot a dozen of the infantry, with such, I might say, desperate calmness, that the company staggered for an instant, and then, in the greatest fright, threw away their muskets, and yelling 'diablos!' diablos!' took to their heels. Spite of the critical moment, Fanning had, with admirable equanimity, caused his men to fire very slowly, so that when we returned from our attack there were still about a half-a-dozen who had not shot; and of Wharton's reserve, which had advanced at the same time, not one.

"The company had entirely given way, and now ran, at least, a hundred steps from us; but, instead of them, the eight-pounder, which, meanwhile, had been fresh loaded, reappeared, and was just pointed towards us for discharging. If it had been manned by artillery-men, they would, in all probability, have greeted us in a manner that would soon have put an end to the fight; but, as they were infantry, they were not, from awkwardness, ready to fire until again the half of them were shot down, and we had sprung down the prairie bank. The shot having been fired off, we sprang up again. It was a real war dance, by which we began, by degrees, to get warm. Not a minute had elapsed between our descent and ascent, but that short space of time had brought before us the scattered company, both those at hand and those stretched out in the prairie. We now saw the 2nd battalion, laid out *en echelon*, were also advancing towards us, and that it had taken its position so that the hinder columns sustained the front ones, and we should perhaps have to fall upon a dozen companies, one after the other, a matter which then appeared important. Not that we were in the least afraid of not closing just as easily with each advancing company; but it was, and not without good ground, to be feared that if the fight was of long duration, the enemy would, by degrees, get over the panic which our rifles created in them, take courage,

and, giving up the useless, raking fire, come to the attack with their bayonets. We further remarked, not without uneasiness, that the cavalry, which, until now, had kept at a safe distance, also began to move and press towards the Musquect island, and that the outer wing of the infantry had already approached within shot of them, in order to give them a hand, and to advance with them towards us. But where were our twelve men whom we had left on the island? What had become of them? Were they still there, or had they, from dread of such a superior force, retired to the mission. That would have been a sad thing. They were excellent shots, and all provided with pistols, which would have been very serviceable to us now, but which would be absolutely lost in the mission. We had left them, as well as the eight men in the mission, more from the presentiment that they could be useful to us there than from any military foresight or judgment. But what were twelve, however excellent marksmen, against two hundred and fifty dragoons and two companies? We then regretted having thus staked those good shots, who could just now have rendered us such important service, for what was more important than all, our ammunition now began to fail; very few had brought more than sixteen charges of powder and ball with them, and these were now shot, except six volleys, which, I assure you, did not give very pleasant music to our war-dance. But faint heart never won fair lady. For a minute we considered, and in the next we decided. Letting the deed follow quickly upon the decision, I undertook, with twenty men, to press into the gap which the scattered companies had made in the enemy's line, to seize the enemy in the flank—at last, to take the cannon, while Fanning and Wharton attacked them in front. This cannon was now manned by only one officer, who alone ventured to stand by it and to load it. He also fell just as I was turning to my men in order to select the twenty to follow me. But in the same moment something reels at my side; I turn round—the wild, ghostly man, whom, in the critical moments before mentioned, I had happily forgotten, fell with a yelling scream against me like an ox struck on the head with an axe, his discharged rifle convulsively seized by both hands, and his distorted eyes rolling wildly in their sockets. In the frightful rolling of the eyes, and the horrid looks, I recognize him. 'Bob!' I shrieked. 'Bob!' rattled he, casting a horrified and horrifying look at me—'Bob! and who are you!'

"The dim eyes threw a wild glance at me, and then closed. But to me it seemed as though there really were a spectre

behind me. My head turned upon my shoulders; horrid visions danced about me. For the moment, I really did not know whether I was upon or under the earth. But the field of battle, with thirteen hundred enemies for companions, is a very useful place to have one's head set right, and to illuminate the chaos of thought; at least it was the case with me. Some of my men had sprung upon the cannon, had affixed the ammunition wagon to it, the first being loaded, and had drawn them both forward, while the others surrounded them right and left as a guard. They were still engaged with the freight of the artillery, when an astonished—'See! just look!' made me look up. The enemy seemed to be in a situation similar to ours. They also staggered, the whole line, columns and squadrons, as though they saw a ghost. My men had not yet fired a shot, though Fanning and Wharton had certainly fired about twenty shots, when the nearest columns, as well as the furthest, got into this singular movement. It was a singular tremor that came over them, as though they were moved by an earthquake, an internal shock, a commotion which throws everything into confusion. We kept our rifles in reserve for protecting the cannon, and the last double-loaded. I had just supplied it with priming powder when the wavering of the enemy became so violent, that I commanded the guards to file themselves on each side of the cannon. The columns of the infantry appeared exactly like monstrous masses of rock, and, in their brown uniforms, resembled such masses, when, torn from their beds, they stagger for an instant, uncertain on which side to fall. I had hastily lighted the match, fired, and discharged case-shot. But the enemy had not waited for this. Like the masses of rock above mentioned, the whole line, suddenly tearing away, had burst from each other, but the columns opposite to us were not the first; the outer left wing commenced the movement; the central followed, and the wings standing before us to the left had followed last; but the one had drawn the other. It was the most irregular fight I had ever seen,—infantry, cavalry, each chased the other. I cannot better represent it to you than as masses torn from the top of a rock, which also carry everything away with them. We stood, we looked, we stared, for a long time; we could not understand the enemy and his singular flight. At last both became clear to us. The infantry, that is, the left wing, leading towards the Salado, had pushed the right wing out into the prairie towards the Musqueet islands, in order to join themselves to the dragoons *vis à vis* of us, and there united to press against us; a manœuvre

which, as I have said, was to divide our vigilance and strength, and so bring us into confusion. The plan was not a bad one; already had the infantry, as well as cavalry, advanced towards the island, without the slightest suspicion that this would be occupied by us. In fact, nothing looked very suspicious there. Our twelve excellent riflemen, hidden behind the trees, let the squadrons and companies advance to within twenty steps of the island; but when they had got so far, they suddenly showed fire, considerately using first their pistols and then their rifles.

"A surprise of about thirty shots suddenly coming from an ambuscade might well have disconcerted the best troops; how much more then our worthy Mexican *dons*, who, hardly recovered from their first shock, imagined themselves surrounded, on all sides, by the incarnate *diablos*, as they called us. In order to escape from them as quickly as possible, they broke away on every side, carrying the infantry, column after column, unresistingly with them, until, at last, the whole line broke into an endless swarm of fugitives. Thus came the victory; but we ourselves knew not how. Fanning's and Wharton's men had fired twice, mine only once, when the enemy at once broke out like a herd of wild mustangs followed by lasso-hunters, and rushed into the prairie.

XV.

"Our first thought was naturally to follow the fugitives and cut off the fort, and we were just about to give the order, when several of our men, who had searched the cartridge-boxes and muskets of the fallen infantry, advised us not to do so. The truth was, our ammunition was nearly all used, and what we had pillaged was so bad, that, as we afterwards proved, it would not carry a ball fifty paces. The powder, little better than coal-dust, gave us not only a perfect explanation of our invulnerabilities, but also a new proof (if such had been needed) of John Bull's rectitude in his dealings with foreign nations. Muskets and cartridge-boxes bore the stamp of 'Birmingham' and of one of their powder factories, but with the *naïve* accompaniment—'for foreign exportation.'"

"But you must rest assured," remarked Colonel Oakley, laughingly, "that John Bull would have used a little more sulphur and saltpetre with his coal-dust if he had had the remotest idea that it would have been put to use against his brother Jonathan."

"No doubt about it," rejoined the other, laughingly.

"Yet, with it all, those Mexicans were pitiable cowards," re-

marked Colonel Cracker, with something like a sneer, "not to venture, with two battalions and six squadrons of dragoons, on a bayonet attack."

There was something untimely, indelicate, and offensive in this speech, but the Texan did not appear to take it at all ill. In a calm, pleasant tone, he continued:

"To confess the truth, we thought the same, Colonel Cracker; we wondered ourselves that they did not do this. In any case, a bayonet attack would not have cost the enemy more, in all probability not so many men, and it would have made our defence all the more critical. Still we should not have let our courage sink any more than our hope of a final victory. Eighty brave, decided, and, what is the chief thing, cold-blooded marksmen, are no contemptible opponents even for battalions and squadrons, as our military history has more than once proved.

"The battle of Lexington, where a few hundred country people not only boldly met several British regiments, but also sent them back to Boston double speed; the battle of Magara, with several others, are proofs of this. Stationed at the forts, we would, without the least anxiety, have met two of the best English battalions. And even in the position we then occupied, I would not hesitate, with the same troops, to meet the same enemy at any hour. I say with the same troops," continued the Texan, in the most friendly and pleasant, yet somewhat sarcastic tone, "because you, Colonel Cracker, seem to know our soldiers better on the parade than the field of battle; but I have the honor to know them on the latter, and can, therefore, assure you that I consider them the best, most collected, most cold-blooded troops in the world, as they are also, by far, the most sensible and the most prudent. But being thus prudent and judicious does a great deal; it decides, even at this day, more than you may think for, as well as it decided in the time of the Greeks and Romans, and of the Swiss in the middle ages. The peasants of Switzerland, without possessing any remarkable strategic genius, conquered the greatest dukes, counts, and knights of their time; and so did our farmers, the Britons, even before the great Washington had taken the chief command of our armies. And with regard to our Texan generals, colonels, and staff officers, I believe I may assure you, without in the least hurting their self-love, that none of us considered ourselves a Frederick the Second or a Napoleon, and just as little did we consider ourselves sergeants. I will allow still more—I will even acknowledge to you that our men were better than their officers: a peculi-

arity, by the by, which, as you know, Colonel Cracker, our relation, John Bull, also enjoys in common with us, his soldiers in Spain and the Netherlands having been obliged to make amends for the faults of his generals and officers. Yes; what, for example, Colonel Cracker, would have become of your over-extolled Wellington (by the by, I am quite from wishing, in the slightest degree, to change your opinion of this celebrated duke, whom I consider a very praiseworthy tory, but a very indifferent commander), what, I say, would have become of him without his Britons? If you look at the fields of Waterloo, with anything of the eye of a judge, you will confess that only the bull courage of the British, impregnated, as it was, with national hate and sovereign contempt of French soup and frog-eaters, whom they had already thrashed so soundly in the days of Agincourt, Cressy, Poictiers, and Bleinheim, that this only would have been able to have held on until the Prussians came up. It was, however, quite time, high time, when they came, for an hour later would have been too late. Believe me, Colonel Cracker, the Prussians have quite as good a right to brag of their *Belle Alliance* as the Britons do, even to excess, of their Waterloo."

There was again something so finely ironical, and, at the same time, good-humored in the manner in which the General parried, without returning the offensive observation, that all, without exception, broke into loud bravos.

Colonel Cracker alone bit his lips.

"So, as the matter stood," continued the narrator, "there remained, as I said, nothing else than to let the enemy run. We therefore let him run. The only thing that we did was to send a little division towards the Musqueet island, which, with the twelve men there, advanced up to the fort, towards which we also turned with the whole of our little corps. This demonstration had the intended effect, in bringing the fugitives, who, in their first panic, had widely overshot their mark—the fort—back to it again, and thus freeing the prairie, on this bank, of their presence. Horse and man immediately rushed towards the fort and the water, and before we had got within a hundred yards of them, three-fourths of the enemy were already on the other side of the bank and in safety. But a couple of hundred were still behind, and ours if we wished them, when there arose one of those scenes which, in our political as well as military life, so sorely try the patience of the poor servants of the sovereign people, when the sovereign people, in such an untimely manner, makes known his all-powerful will, and enters a protest against that of his so-called rulers. Wharton

had advanced with thirty men, and gave orders to fire, but not one of his men obeyed; he ordered a second time—the same obstinacy. As he now impatiently, for the third time, gave his orders, an old, weather and sun-burnt bear-hunter came up to him, shaking his head, and with much deliberation delivered himself to the following effect:

"'Will tell you, Capting.' At these words he rolled his tobacco-quid out of his left into his right cheek. 'Will tell you, Capting! calculate we'd leave the poor devils, the dons, in peace for the present!'

"'The poor devils, the dons, in peace!" screamed Wharton, with the greatest impatience; 'are you mad, man?'

"Fanning and I, with our people, had just come up, and were, as will be imagined, not less impatient when we heard what was the matter. The man, however, did not trouble himself about us, but went on parleying.

"'Have a proverb, gentlemen!' and he turned now to us; 'have a proverb, which says, "one should build a golden bridge for a beaten enemy," and calculate it is a good proverb, a very considerable tried proverb, to build the enemy a golden bridge.'

"'But what do you want, man, with your golden proverb? do you know that you have chosen a very bad time for your proverb?' screamed Fanning.

"'What you do is insubordination, deserving of punishment; your duty is to fire; to do the enemy the greatest possible damage, but not to talk proverbs,' continued I.

"'Calculate it is,' rejoined the man, with rebellious coolness; 'calculate could knock them down now without danger or trouble; but calculate that would be Spanish-Mexican like, not American—not prudent.'

"'Not prudent?' screamed I.

"'Spanish-Mexican like! not American like! to let the enemy run away when we have him in our power?' chimed in Fanning and Wharton.

"'Calculate it would be; calculate would do ourselves more harm than him if we were to shoot down their men instead of letting them go away,' continued the man, quite calmly; 'would do yourselves the greatest injury; and it was from the the same reason, I imagine, that you commanded us only to shoot at the foremost ranks and men. That was a considerable, prudent command, I assure you, because you thus clearly proved to the enemy that you only wished to punish the presumptuous, daring, and rash ones, and would spare faint-hearted, timid, and fearful ones that kept behind. That was

a good calculation, do you know; because, in making the distinction, you at the same time offered a prize for cowardice. If you had taken all, without any distinction, the hindmost as well as the foremost ones, you would have compelled the cowards to have been brave, and that would have been a great mistake.'

"We were ready, as you may imagine, to burst with rage, but our men, right and left, all nodded approvingly.

"The man continued—'Calculate it is great short-sightedness to knock down the enemy, the timid as well as the bold, without any distinction; that is putting a premium on courage, and that, though prudent with one's own men, is not so with the enemy's. The timid are always our best friends; it is they, when you spare them, who take flight at the first opportunity, and draw the others with them. And those'—and he pointed with his hand to the fugitive Mexicans—'those are the most fearful of all; it was they who in the first panic sprang the farthest into the prairie, who broke away the first, and entirely forgot the fort in their anxiety. And if you were now to shoot amongst them, and they were thus to perceive that, whether timid or brave, they were nevertheless shot down by us, you may be sure that at the next opportunity they would sell their skins dearly.'

"Ill-timed as was the whole *palaver* (to make use of a national expression), it had still a great deal worthy of consideration, and the man spoke so simply, *naïve*, and slow, that I could not help laughing.

"'Tell you, Captings,' he concluded, 'calculate let the poor devils, the dons, go. Will bear us much better fruit, the cowards, if we let them go, than if we shot down five hundred of them. Calculate next time they will take flight at first, and so show their gratitude for the magnanimity we have shown them.'

"The man then stepped back into the ranks, and all nodded and joined with him, and 'calculated Zededoah had spoken a true word,' and in the meantime the enemy was on the other side of the bank, and we were frustrated.

"There you have now one of our sovereign people's capers, which, to confess the truth, would often bring one to sense and reason, if, as every Irishman would say, we had either the one or the other; but which also show that our people, even in the greatest excitement, know how to reason cunningly, and to turn every possible circumstance to their advantage. Certainly such people require peculiar treatment. Our American spirit sometimes shows itself queerly, almost distortedly;

but yet you always find at last that it has struck the nail right, that the eye of the people sees justly, even more justly than that of its rulers or rather servants. Afterwards, I had frequent opportunity of perceiving this, and each time when I submitted to this spirit, I went happily through with my undertakings; while, on the other hand, the not attending to the people's voice, by my never-to-be-forgotten friend, not only drew down his ruin, but almost that of our new-born State. Nevertheless, such interludes are tiresome in the highest degree, as they need a dose of self-denial which, with all one's philosophy, one is not always able to swallow. The best thing, however, is, that brother Jonathan, spite of the queer notions which sometimes cross his brain, never loses sight of the great end, his own advantage, as here also was the case. It is true our men refused to shoot, but not to advance towards the opposite bank in order to keep the enemy and the direction they took in view. We therefore ordered the old bear-hunter and twenty men across, and then took up our old position again. I, however, hurried to mine with a haste which might well have excited the surprise of my men, for already during the last events my demeanor had been singular enough! I had turned about like a drunkard—as though I saw ghosts. In fact I did see them! Like a real spectre, the vision of Bob had, during the attack, the flight of the enemy, swept before me the whole time; a confused spirit took possession of me, which drove and impelled me to his body. It seemed, too, as if my peace depended upon my seeing it—a fixed idea which so firmly seized me that I ran frantically to the place, and, arrived there, ran with eager eyes to look around for him. My behavior must have been strange, for my men were alarmed, and hastened to me to see what there could be between the wild prairie man and myself. But nowhere could we find any trace of him. Seeking all about the place where he had fallen, I then went upwards along the edge of the bank, by the vines, then again downwards, and looked at each infantry, artillery, and cavalry man, but could not find him. A feeling of desperation came over me which was quite unbearable. I felt as though the destroying angel was let loose and was flying about, stretching out his claws towards me. Wharton spoke to me, and asked if I was seeking the wild prairie man. I sprang towards him, and challenged him to tell me where he was. He shook his head; he did not know what had become of him, nor where he was gone. Only so much he could assure me, that no one would easily put him so out of composure. The men who had sur-

rounded Wharton gave the same assurance. They had been staying in the vine grove, about fifty steps behind Fanning's men; when, just as the infantry were about to advance from the fort to the prairie, a man from the north had come trotting on a mustang, had stopped about two hundred paces above the prairie, dismounted, bound his mustang to a vine stock, and then, with his rifle on his arm, had advanced quickly along the prairie edge towards the enemy. Having arrived at Wharton's division, the latter had commanded him to halt and to say who he was, where he came from, and whither he was going? The man's reply was, that who he was did not concern the questioner, nor where he came from; and as to where he was going, he would see he was going against the enemy. 'Then you must join yourself to us,' cried Wharton to him. This proposal the man impatiently refused; he wished to fight for himself, and on his own account. 'You dare not,' cried Wharton again. He would see who would prevent him; and with these words he went away. A minute afterwards, and he had already shot the first artillery-man down. Of course he was now allowed to fight on his own account. What had happened further, or what had become of him after his fall, no one could say. At last one of them had seen the old bear-hunter by him. To the bear-hunter I hurried at once. The explanation I got from him was as follows:—'Calculating (to use his own words) that the rifle of the wild prairie man was certainly as capital a rifle as had ever killed a bear, and that it might easily fall into improper hands, he had considered it a duty to prevent such danger, and to take the rifle into his own keeping, on which account he had gone to the dead prairie man, although his frontispiece was anything but inviting, with the intention of removing the rifle from his hands, but for his trouble he had received a blow which had very nearly stretched him alongside of the dead man, at which he had looked rather perplexed; and as he thus looked, he saw that the wild man was feeling about his buckskin waistcoat, and that he undid it and showed a wound on his breast. The wound had not been either deep or dangerous; and although the ball had knocked the man down and stunned him, it had not penetrated his breast, but had bounded against the breast bone, so that he himself had drawn it out. Upon which the prairie man had seized his rifle, and without saying either 'thank you' or 'd—n you,' had taken the road to the vine grotto; had drawn his mustang up the prairie bank, had mounted it, and then rode slowly away in a northerly direction.

That was all that he knew of the man, and he did not wish to know or see more of him, for what he had seen was not calculated to fill him with any desire to renew the acquaintance. That was a countenance which really did not give one church-going thoughts; a real fratricide's face; it did not look human, and it seemed to him as though the man to whom it belonged had fallen from the gallows at least a dozen times.' While the man was thus speaking, an indescribable unpleasant sensation, a real horror, had seized me. In my childhood, I had heard from my Catholic nurse, a legend of a twelvefold murderer, who had been twelve times hanged and quartered in the different provinces of Ireland, but always after the execution the mangled parts of the body were put together at midnight and reanimated by a wicked sorcerer in the form of a black cat. At last, for the thirteenth time, he was beheaded with a sword dedicated to Saint Patrick, over which the wicked sorcerer had no power, so that he could only put together those limbs which had not been touched by the sword, which, however, was done at midnight in a certain part of Ireland. Will you believe it? The image of this twelvefold murderer now stood before me; not only in all its own horrible figure, but also, absurd as it may appear to you, it assumed exactly the features of Bob. Man is a real riddle; and to this day what I then felt is still inconceivable to me. I felt just as I did after the scenes in the prairie at Jacinto; the workings of these fantasies on my body were so violent that the perspiration pressed out of all my pores, my consciousness died away, and I fell in a feverish swoon at the edge of the prairie. Fanning, who had hurried to my assistance in alarm, succeeded at last, but not without difficulty, in restoring me to my recollection. With him came a man whom the sergeant (whom we had left with a little picket in the mission Esporedo) had sent to get information as to the state of things, and at the same time to inform us that General Austin was advancing with our little army. He also had seen the wild prairie man for the first time when, posted on the church tower, he had observed the movements of the enemy. From thence he had seen a man coming from Conception, who had passed about two hundred steps before the mission, had urged his mustang frantically with both hands and feet; had fought with rifle and bowie-knife; and had behaved like a madman. He rode straight to the upper fort; about an hour after, he had seen him a second time slowly riding away in a northerly direction, and scarcely able to keep on his saddle. Judging from the mustang, he must have come from the Mission Con-

ception and have returned there. Without hesitation I made them bring me one of the horses taken from the dragoons, mounted it, and rode off to the Mission. From the old Mexicans there, I heard the strange story that the *Herege Inglesey Americano*, who for years had been hunter to the Mission, had never spoken a word with a creature there, not even with the pious Padres who had often come over from the chief town in order to bring him back into the bosom of the alone saving faith; that this Herege, after an illness of several weeks, had got up suddenly about three hours ago, saddled his mustang, thrown his rifle on his shoulder, and rode away in the direction we had taken, but was not returned. According to their description, there was now not the slightest doubt but that Bob and the Herege Americano were one and the same person. But how did he come here? How was he saved; for at least twelve or fifteen minutes must have elapsed before the alcalde could have cut him down from the lasso? However, he had saved him; perhaps sent him to the Mission. But the same alcalde had, chiefly on that account, had Johnny executed because he fled to Padre Jose. And Bob, was he become Catholic? If so, how came it that he fought against his companions in faith? If not, how was it they allowed him to stay so long in the Mission? It was all an enigma, which so perplexed me that my head turned like a top, and I began to fear I should lose my senses. I returned to my men in indescribable perplexity. Not till I found myself at Fanning's side did these fantasies die away. When I told him what I had heard, he considered for an instant, and then a light seemed to burst upon him. It is true I shook my head, but he showed me in many ways the probability of his supposition, which, although it did not appear so clear to me, had still this good effect—that it offered a point to which my thoughts could in some measure turn, and so turn back again to a reasonable channel. What this supposition was I must not now say; but it proved correct. The most singular thing is, and remains the fact, that with the finger-mark which my friend gave me, all the fantasies and horrid images disappeared at once, and Bob appeared again like any one else. The chaos in my mind passed away. The light began to break. The disposition in which I found my men completed my recovery.

"A victory always works a peculiar effect upon the victorious. The revolution of feeling is so powerful that I can now well understand how the wounded, when already in the valley of death, come back once more to life in order to rejoice once more even amidst the death-pangs. It is, in truth,

an intoxicating feeling, which works like a strong drink upon those unaccustomed to it. At least, so it worked upon our men. I scarcely recognized them again. A vast deal of self-confidence had taken possession of the greater part of them; They talked now in a high tone how one must manage with the Bustamentes, Santa Anna, and so on. Their manner, their tone, had become patronizing, bombastic, almost Spanish Grandezza, which contrasted drolly enough with their deer-skin waistcoats and twin jackets and coats.

"They talked about Mexico as if they already stood with the keys before the gates of its capital, the Bustamentes, and Santa Annas. Others, and just those who had fought with the most courage and ardor, presented quite a different spectacle. With them the reaction of feeling had taken quite a different direction. They were full of humility, philanthropy, yes, contrition; a sadness almost ridiculous had taken the place of bitterness, rage, and bloodthirstiness, and showed itself in a not less striking manner. Like poor sinners, they looked at the fallen Mexicans with folded hands, and grieved thus to have destroyed the image of God. The same men who an hour before had sprung like tigers on their prey, stood now and looked at the fallen infantry men and dragoons with sorrowful and contrite looks! Could they at this instant have called the enemy back into life, I am persuaded they would have done it, and have greeted them as brothers.

"These singular flights, as I may well call them, may appear very absurd to you, and quite unworthy of sedate, reasonable citizens, but they were quite natural after such a success as we had just achieved. And you must also bear in mind that we were still novices in the art of war, and until now had not sustained a fight in open field; our expeditions as yet, with the exception of the fight at Nacogdoches, having been mere incursions. To-day was the first time we had measured ourselves with the enemy face to face, and unimportant as the victory may appear to you, to us it was important in the highest degree. In this recontre we had overcome the line troops of the Mexican government; had, in fact, almost destroyed the most celebrated battalion, that of Morales—luck which was certainly calculated to turn the heads of our steady farmers, who, until now, had only fought with bears, wolves, and jaguars, especially since, be the powder ever so good, there is some difference between knocking down a few bears and a few Mexican battalions. Another circumstance also contributed to raise the self-satisfaction of our men. Our loss consisted of only one man, and he perished through his own fault. He had madly

thrown himself in amongst the enemy when they had already broken away, and so received a ball in his stomach, from the effects of which he died in about half an hour afterwards. You see," continued the Colonel with a smile, "that our Texans, very far from being at the commencement born *sword-eaters*, were, on the contrary, richly endowed with all foolish and yet mortal feelings, expectations, and hopes; but it was this time only—later, there was no trace of such sentimental flights and sensations. I am convinced that now you would find among our farmers and planters thousands who would just as coolly face the best European battalions, as they would walk unmoved over their dead bodies. This hardening of the feelings is ultimately the only booty which the soldier brings home with him from his battles, but we had not gained it yet; for, as you have seen, Brother Jonathan (if I may make use of a very moderate expression) behaved somewhat queerly.

"Also the General-in-chief, the same excellent Stephen F. Austin, who, as representative at Mexico, had languished in a dungeon—he showed his satisfaction at the fortunate opening of the campaign, in a manner which perhaps Colonel Cracker (and he turned with a smile to him) would have thought very unseemly. He shook hands with all the brave bear, wolf and jaguar hunters, drank with them, and wished them health. Very strange! contrary to all etiquette, this condescension, was it not, Colonel Cracker?

"But," continued the narrator, with more seriousness, "we were obliged to be pleased with a great deal to keep our little army, which, during our separation, had been increased by three hundred fresh comers, in good spirits and humor. We had just rendered our daily account to the commanding officer, when a Mexican Prior came, with several vehicles and a white flag, to beseech the delivery of the dead. It was granted without opposition. But what we got out of the sly Padre determined us to advance before the capital that very evening. There seemed to be some hopes of getting it in our power while under the influence of the first panic. It is true this was not the case; we found the gates barred, and the enemy on the look-out; but, nevertheless, our success had so shaken them, that they let us take up a strong position without the least opposition. We did this at the so-called Mills, about a cannon-shot from the enemy's great redoubt, from whence we also occupied all the other approaches to the town. Before midnight we had surrounded it on all sides.

XVI.

"The following day our sanguine hopes again subsided. San Antonio de Bexar lies in a fertile watered valley, which descends westerly from Salado. In the middle of the town rises the Alamo, constructed according to the rules of war. It has forty-eight cannons of light and heavy calibre, and, with the town, a garrison of nearly three thousand men. Before we could get to the Alamo we must, of course, take the town, which was also strongly fortified. Our whole artillery consisted of two batteries—four six, and five eight-pounders—our besieging army consisted of eleven hundred men, with whom we had not only to make head against town and fortress, but also against the enemy which menaced us from Cohahuila, and indeed from all sides. A rather difficult task, you must allow. The siege might last long, for the besieged were richly provided with everything for a year, and behind their walls were quite secure from us. Months might pass before we succeeded, with our nine cannons, in effecting anything like a gap. Nor was that all; considerations of another kind pressed unpleasantly upon us! Would our people be willing to endure the difficulties and hardships of a tedious siege? It is true they had quickly and joyfully followed the summons, and in the different *coups de main* which we had struck against the enemy had shown courage and endurance; but to carry through a *coup de main* and a tedious siege were very different things. A siege requires not only courage and patience, but also, in our case, a really slavish service, and, above all, the strictest military discipline. Would our men submit to the exhausting day and night watches; the necessary labor to open the trenches; and, above all, to the necessary military discipline? A very doubtful question. The majority of them were hot-blooded Southrons—brave, daring, impetuous, but also impudent fellows, whose chief virtues were certainly not patience and subjection. The farmers from the middle States, of whom we had then a considerable number, were, it is true, more considerate, and cool, and perfectly convinced of the importance of the undertaking; but we did them no injustice in thinking that they would rather be with their wives and children, fields and cattle, than before the walls of Bexar. The rest were mechanics from the northern States, builders, bakers, carpenters, who had exchanged the trowel, the kneading-trough, and the plane, for the musket. We had also no lack of adventurers of a better or worse kind, who came to enjoy

some merry, dissolute days; and there were even criminals also, who had fled from the fear of the laws.

"You know that in such cases one cannot be very particular in one's selection; with such limited resources we did not dare be so. But such a comprehensiveness has also its evils; particularly when, as here, just the thing which is necessary to tame the bad element, and keep it within bounds, namely, the power to reward or to punish, was so precarious; when the jurisdiction was new and consequently wavering; when the cement which bound the newly-erected fabric had not hardened; when the importance, the energy, which only long-established authority gives, was wanting. The worst subjects we must connive at the most, and must wink at things which, at the very first, would have brought well-regulated soldiers to desperation. We younger staff officers (Fanning and I had been appointed colonels on the field of battle) felt this the most, and shook our heads the most apprehensively in the council of war. We showed open doubts as to whether it would be possible to bring the siege to a successful termination with such a heterogeneous assembly. At any rate, it appeared clear to us that it would at the same time decide the fate of Texas, and be the turning-point of the war. Were we in a position to bring our men into something like discipline? If so, there was hope; but if not, we might as well quit the field and Texas. As respects Fanning, Wharton, and myself, the interlude with the bear-hunter still ran very unpleasantly in our heads. But the older ones, and with them General Austin, reasoned quite differently. They knew the spirit of the men, which we as yet did not. But our people's spirit is a quite peculiar spirit. Our proverb says—'If it is cold with us, it freezes; if it is hot, it melts; if it rains, it pours;' and in this it illustrates our national character as well as our climate. Our people do not like halves. If they desire anything, they desire it wholly. Difficulties and dangers do not terrify them, but only serve the more to spur them on. Half of them might sink in this struggle, the others would be sure to push through it.

"No people on earth, the ancient Romans perhaps excepted, have had this intense energy, this enduring and almost terrible strength of will. This was shown before Bexar. The order of the day, which was read aloud after the council of war, was listened to by the soldiers so earnestly and seriously, that we began to feel dismayed; but in the next moment all uneasy thoughts vanished. The whole of them, eleven hundred as they were, stepped forward, and coolly and calmly

gave first the General and then us their hand and word to make Texas free, even if their lives must be the sacrifice. No hurrahs, no enthusiasm, but the oaths of serious men. And they kept their oaths like men, in a manner which those only can appreciate who know from experience what it is to besiege a strong city, and at the same time to oppose an enemy who has the resources of a comparatively powerful republic to fall back upon. I do not say too much when I assert, that our eleven hundred men performed deeds from which five thousand of the most inured of Napoleon's Imperial guards would have shrunk back. In the first week, not a day passed without an attack or skirmish. General Cos stood on the boundary of Texas and Cohahuila with five thousand men; and his dragoons, real Parthians, who came like locusts, surrounded us in every direction. But it was exactly against these that our mercurial adventurers were of the most service. They had noses like bloodhounds. They smelt the enemy at twenty miles' distance, and troops of riders and detachments were so easily raised and brought home, that often we could scarcely trust our own eyes. They were on the look-out day and night. The Mexicans that ventured to put their heads over the wall for ten seconds, were certain to be shot down. I cannot say that our military discipline was perfectly according to rule; but in its place there was a spirit, a working together, a fixed end in view, which increased tenfold the strength of our eleven hundred men. Our respectable farmers and planters were at first the most lazy, but they soon felt themselves carried on, and forgot wives and children, land and cattle. Our hot-blooded Kentucky, Tennessee, and Georgia men worked like niggers in the trenches. It is true that the General and we staff officers gave them a good example in this respect. There was in all the same heart and mind; all kept one and the same idea in view—the taking of the town, the independence and deliverance of Texas. I saw on this occasion how much a great idea can accomplish. Moreover, a Mexican, like a Spaniard, is a very different opponent behind walls and ramparts from what he is in open field; but even here the bad powder helped us. The balls of the besieged never reached us, although we stood near enough to the ramparts; they fell so harmlessly before us, that every week we collected some thousands of them, and were able to send them back effectually with our double Dupont-powder. Then we did not want for interesting interludes. Fanning captured a pretty strong convoy of provisions with 20,000 silver dollars; Travers got a second of four hundred horses.

I obtained a similar prize. The siege became a real school for us, in which we were first of all really prepared to become soldiers. At the end of eight weeks we had made breaches; the town surrendered; and four weeks later the fort did the same. In the possession of an important artillery park, we now advanced before Goliad, the most important fortress in Texas. It capitulated after a few weeks. We were then masters of the whole country; the war appeared ended. But that it was not really so, was only too evident to every clear-sighted person. The Mexicans are not the people to allow themselves to be thus easily dispossessed of one of their most beautiful countries. The Mexican character is as tough as the Spanish, which it has had sufficient opportunity of testing during the three hundred years of its government in Mexico. If they had forced the Spaniards, whom they still considered as the bravest nation in the world, out of the land, why not us, a handful of adventurers, who had dared, not only to oppose themselves to the decrees of the great republic, but even to take away her towns and fortresses? This insult must be revenged in the severest manner; the honor of the republic, compromised in the eyes of the world, must, as quickly as possible, be vindicated. The President and Commander-in-chief of their armies exerted themselves to take the command of the avenging army—to make a fearful example for all time. The rebels were to be destroyed from off the earth—to be rooted out, with their wives and children. That was the strain of their speeches in congress, in the state assemblies, in their sermons, and in their leading articles. The states offered their state treasures; the archbishops and bishops their episcopal treasures; the town and cloisters offered their respective treasures. Ten thousand men of the best troops were immediately ordered to the border; ten thousand more followed. The President, Santa Anna, himself, joined these with his numberless staff. Thundering proclamations went before him. The Cabinet of Washington, which not only secretly, but even openly countenanced the rebels by occupation of Nacogdoches; the southern States, which had dared to assist us with money and volunteers; the whole Union was to be most severely chastised. Texas was first of all to be freed from the rebels, and then they were to press into the Union; everything was to be destroyed by fire and sword, and Washington itself to be turned into a heap of stones."

"We heard of these ridiculous fanfaronades," remarked several, laughing.

"They sounded rather fierce in our ears," rejoined the Texan, "although I cannot exactly say that they made any particular impression upon us. On the contrary, we thought too little about it, and did not duly prepare ourselves to receive the enemy with the force which the country, spite of its limited resources, was still able to produce. To confess the truth, our people were blinded by the success they had hitherto had, and did not think it possible that the Mexicans would venture again to attack us. They forgot that the troops against which they had as yet fought were, with the exception of a few battalions, for the most part mere rubbish; that several of the Mexican states were provided with excellent soldiers, especially cavalry, and also that this time they would be sure to take care to bring better powder with them. Several men capable of bearing arms did not at first respond to the earnest appeal of Burnet, the then President of Texas, but preferred to manage their cotton and corn fields. Against the twenty thousand men who marched towards us we collected little more than two thousand, and nearly two-thirds of these we were obliged to leave in charge of the fortresses of Goliad and Alamo. In the first of these we left eight hundred and sixty men under the command of the never-to-be-forgotten Fanning; in the last we left five hundred, so that not many more than seven hundred remained to us. The enemy came on more decisively than we had expected; indeed they came on so rapidly, that before we were aware of it we were driven back from Goliad, and obliged to leave this as well as Bexar to its fate. A melancholy fate! We had already made a sad mistake in diminishing our small power by the garrisoning of two fortresses, and leaving our very best men to be immured in them. An American is not of much use in a fortress. Even the close air does not suit him, and the restraint deadens his body and mind. He is no longer his former self, his activity, freshness, and courage forsake him; he becomes dull and stupid. In free air the American, though ten times beaten, remains invincible, for before they expect it, he gives his opponent the eleventh time a blow which balances the ten disasters, and leaves him conqueror at last. Our war history offers dozens of instances in which our men, already surrounded and hedged in on all sides, have still been able to hew out a passage, and take from the enemy the advantage they had gained. That, however, has been when they were in the field; but in fortresses, I assert again, the bravest American is half blind, and quite stupid.

"Thus Fanning heard in Goliad that a handful of expelled country people, women, girls, and children, followed by the enemy, were fleeing to the fortress. Tender-hearted as he was, he allowed himself to be carried away by his sympathy, and determined to send succor to the helpless ones.

"He ordered Major Ward to march out with the Georgia battalions, to take up the fugitives and conduct them to the fortress. The Major, the officers, represented, entreated, beseeched; Fanning saw only his helpless country-women, and remained firm to his order. The Major marched out with his battalion of 500 men towards the fugitives. When he came near to them he found, instead of country-women, Mexican dragoons, who sprang upon their horses concealed on the next island, and immediately began the conflict. More and more enemies came on all sides; there were horsemen from Louis Potosi and Santa Fé, perhaps the best cavalry men in the world; for the people there may almost be said to be born on horseback. The combat lasted two days. The 500 men fell except two. We, at head-quarters, not dreaming of this fearful blow, sent orders to Fanning to quit the fort and to join us with six pieces of cannon. Fanning received the command and hastened to obey it. But to push a way through an immense army which might have been quite possible with 860 men and six pieces, was no longer possible with 360 men. Nevertheless, he undertook the march through the prairie; was attacked by the enemy who were everywhere lying in ambush; was encircled by them, and defended himself thus encircled for twelve hours, and, always pressing onwards, at length gained an island; but scarcely had he done so than it appeared that all his ammunition was used. He then accepted from the enemy the proffered capitulation, by which he was allowed to return with his men after they had delivered up their arms. Scarcely, however, had they delivered up their rifles when the enraged enemy fell upon the defenceless ones, and all were slaughtered, only three men and an out-guard succeeding in reaching us. The 500 that we had left in Bexar and Fort Alamo met with no better fate. Too weak to occupy properly a town of from four to six thousand inhabitants and garrison the fort, the enemy soon pressed into the first and our people retired into the latter. With an immense artillery the enemy succeeded in shivering to pieces a portion of the fort. A frightful struggle took place on this—it lasted eight days. Thousands of Mexicans fell; of our 500 countrymen not one remained. Those were indeed hard trials; two-thirds of our best men fallen, the fortresses in the power of the enemy, our

whole array scarcely more than 700 men against a vast victorious army which still continued to receive fresh reinforcements. Truly a moment to try the strongest soul! Everywhere thousands of fugitives; they came in droves; pregnant death-tired women, helpless mothers with sucking infants, troops of girls and boys packed on mustangs and wagons, and behind them the Mexican dragoons sweeping through the prairie and destroying everything with fire and sword.

"The commander-in-chief, the President of Mexico, Santa Anna, pressed on with his army in two divisions, the one along the coast towards Velasco, the other against San Felipe de Austin; he himself led the centre. At Fort Bend, twenty miles below San Felipe, he crossed the Brazos, advanced before Louisbourg, gained 600 additional men to himself, and intrenched himself in this position, his strength consisting of about 1500 men.

"Our head-quarters, under the command of General Houston, were before Harrisburgh, to which the congress retired. It was in the night of the 20th of April. We encamped about 600 men, the whole disposable power we still possessed, before an island of sycamores.

"Dark and stormy hung the clouds over the tops of the trees, whose whistling and rushing harmonized only too well with our wild thoughts. We sat around the General and the Alcalde—both very exhausted and very sad. They often stood up, went into the island and returned again. They appeared to await something with the greatest impatience.

"Suddenly there sounded a loud 'Who's there?'

"An aide-de-camp came hastily and whispered something in the Alcalde's ear. He sprang up, rushed into the island, came back in a few minutes, whispered a few words in the General's ear, he in ours, in the next moment we were on our legs. All our men were admirably mounted and well armed with rifles, double pistols and bowie-knives; before ten minutes had elapsed we were on the march. Of the six cannons we had with us we took only four, but those doubly horsed. The whole night we marched at a fast trot, a tall, haggard man went before us as conductor. Many times I asked the Alcalde who he was.

"'You will find out who he is,' was his answer.

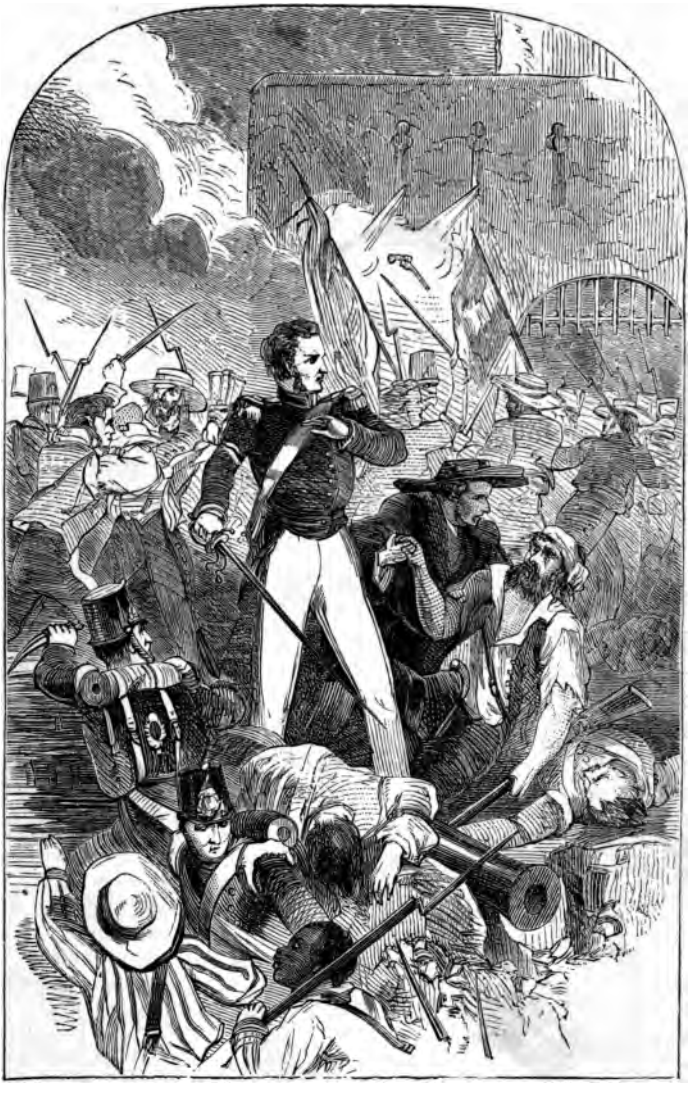
"Before the morning broke we had left five-and-twenty miles behind us, but we were also obliged to leave behind us two of the cannons. Still we did not know our destination. The General commanded the men to refresh themselves with food and drink, whilst we assembled around him in a council of

war. Now we learnt the reason of our night march. The President and General-in-chief of the Mexicans stood, not a mile from us, in a fortified position; twenty miles behind us was General Parza with 2000 men; eighteen miles below the Brazo was General Filasola with 1000; five-and twenty miles above, Visca with 1500. Only a speedy decisive attack could save Texas. There was not a moment to lose, not one was lost. The General, stepping in amongst the eating and drinking men, said—

"'Brothers, friends, citizens! General Santa Anna stands in an intrenched encampment with 1500 men. The moment for deciding the independence of Texas is come. Is the enemy ours?'

"'It is ours!' cried the men joyfully, and with the cry they advanced onward.

"Arrived within two hundred steps of the Mexican encampment we opened the fire with our two cannons, but kept back our rifles until we had got within five-and-twenty steps of them; we then gave the enemy a salute, after which we threw away our rifles, and with the pistols in our right and left hands, and bowie-knives between our teeth, we sprang upon the breast-work, fired at the stupefied and staring Mexicans with one pistol, then grasped the bowie-knives, and with a hurrah, the horribly wild sound of which rings still in my ears and nerves, we broke into the camp. Just as in boarding an enemy's ship, with the knife in the right hand, the pistol in the left, our men pressed on. What was not struck down was shot down, with a wild mirth, a demoniacal laugh exactly like the desperate vehemence of fool-hardy seamen who already regard the enemy's ship as their own. I commanded the right wing, where the breast-work, ending in a redoubt, ran up steeper. Springing up, I fell down; a second attempt was no more successful. With the help of one of my men behind me I had clambered up for the third time, but, drawn back by my own weight, I was on the point of falling into the trench when a hand from above seized me by the collar and drew me up the parapet. In the excitement and tumult I did not see the man, but I did see the bayonet which, at the moment that he helped me, penetrated his shoulder. He did not shrink, did not let go until I was up, then only he turned aside with a painful shrug, and slowly raised his pistol against the Mexican. When the latter was shot down the Alcalde had sprung up. He then screeched a 'No thanks, squire!' which, even in this dreadful scene, filled me with horror. I looked round, but he was already at the side of the Alcalde, engaged in combat



"I looked round. Bob—it was his very self—lay bloody and senseless in the arms of the Alcalde."

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with a troop of Mexicans, who were defending themselves desperately. He fought not like a man who wishes to kill, but like one who himself wishes to be slain. Like a wild boar, blind and wounded, he rushed into the midst of the enemy, thrust right and left; the Alcalde at his side defending him from blows and thrusts. A hundred of my men had by this time assembled around me; for an instant I looked over the field of battle to see where my help might be most needed, and then turned round to press forward. In this moment the voice of the Alcalde caught my ear.

"'Dear Bob! Are you severely wounded?'

"The 'dear Bob,' the screaming, anxious, almost desperate tone of the Alcalde, went through me and kept me back. I looked round. Bob, it was his very self, lay bloody and senseless in the arms of the Alcalde. I gave one more look at him, and then with my men tore onwards into the middle of the tumult, towards the centre of the encampment, where the fight was the hottest. About 500 men, the flower of the opposing army, had assembled like a bulwark around their General and his staff. A frightful group, who defended themselves desperately! General Houston had attacked them with 300 men, but was not able to break through their ranks. What had not succeeded at the first attack did so at the second. My men gave a wild hurrah, each fired off a pistol, and then sprang over the bodies of the fallen and falling into the broken ranks.

"A horrible massacre followed. These formerly peaceful and quiet citizens were no longer men, but incarnate devils! Whole ranks of enemies fell beneath their knives. You may form an idea of the horror of this butchery, when I tell you that the whole fight, from the commencement of the attack up to the capture of the congregated Mexicans, was decided in less than ten minutes, and that within these less than ten minutes nearly eight hundred of the enemy were shot, struck, and knocked down. All, without exception, would have been slaughtered, the cry of vengeance, 'No quarter, think of Alamo, of Goliad, of the brave Fanning, of Ward!' resounded on all sides; but the General and we staff officers threw ourselves before the kneeling Mexicans, who were howling, '*Misericordia! quartel por el amor de Dios!*' and threatened our own men, that we would strike them down if they did not put an end to the slaughter. This had the desired effect. It succeeded in putting a stop to their rage, and in preserving a victory, which, in the history of Texas, will certainly shine as one of the most glorious, free from the stain of unmanly cruelty.

"But, exhausted, I had tottered away from the place of slaughter to the point where I had left the Alcalde and Bob. This latter lay bleeding from at least six wounds, only a few paces from the place where he had drawn me up. Two bodies, thrown one over the other, served him for a pillow. The Alcalde, kneeling by his side, was supporting his head, with a look full of sorrow and pity turned upon the dim eyes and fixing features of the dying man! The scene affected me wonderfully! I approached with something like a pious shudder. Bob was at the point of death. But it was not the death of a murderer; no longer the ghastly, wild features, the fixed desperate look of a murderer—a calm peace, a pious confidence illuminated the countenance, and the eyes were turned hopingly, beseechingly to heaven. As I bent over him, and asked him, with a moved voice, how he felt, he appeared to wish to collect his powers once more. But he no longer recognized me.

"After a time he groaned, 'How stands the fight?'

"'We have won, Bob! The enemy is dead or taken; not one has escaped.'

"'Tell me,' he rattled again, after a time, 'Have I done my duty? Dare I hope in God?'

"With a trembling voice, the Alcalde said: 'The Son of God, who forgave the thief upon the cross, will also be merciful to you. His Holy Word says: The angels in heaven have more joy over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-and-nine just men that need no repentance. Hope, Bob! the All-merciful will be merciful to you.'

"'Thank you, Alcalde,' murmured Bob. 'Are a true friend, a friend until death—in death. Will you not pray for my poor soul? I feel it is going. It feels so well to me!'

"The kneeling Alcalde prayed—'Our Father which art in heaven.'

"Involuntarily I knelt with him. At the first petition, the lips of the dying man moved: then they were convulsed in the agonies of death. At the closing words, 'For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory,' the eye was already dim, the life gone. With looks of anguish, the judge stared for a time at the corpse; he then rose, and said, in a low tone, 'God above willeth not the death of a sinner, but that he live, and repent. So I thought as, this day four years, I cut him down from the branch of the Patriarch.' 'This day four years?' said I, much moved—'and it was you then that cut him down, in order that he might repent? And did he repent?

Was it he who yesterday brought us the news of the enemy to the encampment before Harrisburgh.

"'He has done more than that,' rejoined the Alcalde—and one tear burst forth after another. 'He has for the last four years, tired to death, and weary of life, carried on a miserable, despised, and slighted existence. Four years has he served us; lived for us; fought for us; acted the spy, without hope, expectation, honor, comfort; without a single quiet hour, or one other wish than for death. The most exalted virtue, the highest patriotism, would turn back shudderingly from the sacrifice which this man opened for us, for Texas—and he was a sixfold murderer!'

"'God will be merciful to his soul, will he not?' he asked again, softly.

"'He will be,' I rejoined, deeply affected.

"Awhile he stood lost in deep thought, then he cried, suddenly,—'He must be so, Colonel! surely he must; for was there not in this Bob, until his last drawn breath, a powerful godly spark? did it not burn in him for his citizens' and neighbors' good? did he not live and suffer for his fellow-citizens and fellow-men? Ah! if you knew, Colonel!——'

"He stopped short, like one who fears to say too much. I looked at him with astonishment. The man was all at once beside himself. There was not wanted much to induce him to think it unconstitutional in God not to have mercy on Bob!"

"'Quite American that!' here interrupted the Chief Judge.

"But I perceived also," continued the Colonel, without noticing the interruption, "that here there was more than customary sympathy; that there was an important secret involved. The Alcalde was so beside himself, he who was usually so cool, so calm, who could be brought by nothing out of his apathy, now spoke and behaved like a maniac. I sought to draw him to the field of battle, upon which he again began to be very noisy. He pushed me almost rudely aside.

"'Ah! if you knew this Bob!'

"'What is it with this Bob, dear Alcalde?'

"He looked at me with a reserved look, and murmured, 'Go, go! leave me to my anguish!'

"Still I hesitated; but several of my men came running, and drew me forcibly to the field of battle. There everything was in the greatest confusion. Santa Anna was not among the prisoners; he had escaped. The discovery, but just made, had wrought their minds into the most dreadful ferment. This was intelligible, for more depended upon him than upon the battle we had won—author of the invasion—all-powerful Presi-

dent of Mexico—Commander-in-chief of the assembled armies, his capture must have decided the fate of the war. The victory which we had so gloriously obtained was, to a certain extent, nothing without him; for just the certainty of getting him in our power, and thus, with one blow, putting an end to the war, had more than everything else spurred on our desperate valor. And now he had escaped! A very critical moment! We had among our men a few dozen incredibly desperate fellows, with whom we were always obliged to deal with the pistol in one hand and the sword in the other. Drawn together in a knot, they stood shooting looks upon the prisoners, which left us no doubt what their thoughts were.

"Not an instant was to be lost. At the head of our best proved men we pressed hastily forward, took the prisoners in the centre, and, after having assured them of safety, began our examination. We learnt that Santa Anna was seen in his traveling carriage at the commencement of the fight, anxiously observing our attack.

"He must, therefore, have fled while we were pressing into the encampment, and could not possibly be very far. We immediately made known this joyful intelligence by a bulletin, and then made some hasty arrangements for pursuing the fugitive. A hundred of our people were sent with the prisoners to Harrisburgh; another hundred were sent after Santa Anna. The last task fell to our share. There were some excellent and well-rested horses. We mounted them, and set off in the prairie, A hot chase, as you may easily imagine, but then the fate of Texas hung upon its success! Taking the greatest possible circuit, we pressed on the one side nearly into the neighborhood of Felasola's division, on the other into that of Parza, then we came nearer to each other, and again to our camp. For a long time all our trouble was in vain—we had already been more than fourteen hours in the saddle, and had ridden more than a hundred miles, and yet no trace of the, to us, so precious game. We had already got again within seven miles of the camp, when, at last, one of our most able sportsmen discovered slight traces of a man's foot which turned in the direction of a bog. We followed these traces, got into the marsh, and found sticking there a man, apparently about forty years old, up to his waist in mire, and quite unrecognizable from mire and mud. We drew him out half dead, washed him, and recognized him in the mild, but malicious blue eyes, the high narrow brow, the long, thin commencing but fleshy ending nose, the over-hanging upper lip, and the long chin. From the description we had of him, it could be no other than the

President Santa Anna. It was he, in fact, although his incredible cowardice kept me for some time in doubt, for he threw himself before us on his knees, and besought us, for the love of God and all the Saints, not to take his life. No promises, no assurances, even my word of honor and oath, were not able to bring him to a sense of what was due to himself. I was very glad when we arrived with him at the camp. Just as we rode in, Bob was being buried with military honors. All the officers were at the funeral procession. But that did not so much surprise me as that the Alcalde should appear as mourner. I asked about it, but he gave no answer. He never more said a word about Bob; and if I ever turned the conversation that way, his countenance always drew up in dark folds.

"What further followed," continued the Colonel, "you already know from the public official and non-official reports. With Santa Anna's capture the war was, in fact, at an end. On the very same evening a truce was concluded between us and the Commander-in-chief of Mexico. He himself sent the nearest commanding General—Filasola—an order to retire with his division, as well as General Parza, to Bexar. General Viesca received instructions to set out for Guadaloupe Vittoria.

"Thus two-thirds of Texas were cleared, and a month later we were in possession of the whole land. Meanwhile, the report of our victory had spread itself incredibly fast. On all sides, came volunteers; in three weeks we had again an army of several thousand men, with which we manœuvred the enemy from one position to another. It did not again come to a fight; they no longer stood the test—a hundred of our men were sufficient to chase thousands of the Mexicans. Before Santa Anna was delivered up to the Central Government of Washington, Texas was quite free. He had, however, many disagreeables—much ill-treatment to endure—this Santa Anna; but it was his own fault—for although there were rough people among our men, still not one would have lowered himself sufficiently to mortify a captured enemy. Besides, it was not so much the unmanly cruelty with which he had raged against helpless women and children, as his disgusting cowardice, which incensed every one, and drew upon him such ill-usage. It is true that this ceased afterwards, when law and discipline again gained strength, and he was treated quite in accordance with his high rank—yet this is a string the touching of which calls forth unpleasant feelings. But enough—and more than enough—of him.

"He will scarcely venture again to set his foot on Texan

soil, or any other—and if he does venture, his fate will not be any more fortunate.

"Texas is now in a condition in which it may truly be dreaded by, but can have no fear of, Mexico. It possesses an army with which it would be easy to advance as far as to the old Tenochtitlan, and throw down the whole republic. But, however, we do not wish that. To Texas we had a perfect claim, and that claim we have maintained.

"Invited by the Mexican government, our citizens had come thither with all their possessions, their wives and children; they had, under unspeakable difficulties and oppressions, built and founded there houses and plantations, villages and towns. As soon as they had done this, came the envious and malicious rulers, and wanted to turn them out of the country, that they might have the towns and plantations for themselves. European slaves would have obeyed—free American men rebelliously resisted. Now you have heard the short history of the founding, revolt, and liberty of Texas.

"I allow, willingly, that with this history a great deal has also run along which will as ill bear the strict test of the critic of moral philosophy as of international law. But states and kingdoms are not founded in the pulpit, nor in the lecture-chair, but by open brute force on the field of battle. All violence, all revolution is, in itself and for itself, wrong. Every revolution is accompanied by injustice and crime. It was so with ours, but with this difference, that while we made use of them, we ourselves were not criminals, nor did we violate the laws of nature or those of revelation. Had Mexico once a right upon Texas, it had long ago absolved the right by the injustice it practiced with us; and not only that, but the high interests of liberty—as well political as religious—urgently demanded the separation of Texas from the mother country. So, at least, reasoned our greatest revolutionists. I allow, that these reasons would in no way stand the test of Grotius or Puffendorf—but what would have become of England, what of the world, if professors of international rights had rolled the wheel of the world's history? Who gave the British merchants right to the East Indies—who gave Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Virginia to their kings? The right of the strongest, was it not? But this right of the stronger, with all its wrong, brings in its train much good, very much good—so much so, that it far exceeds all the evil. The seizing by force of the wilderness of Massachusetts and Virginia has laid the foundation of one of the greatest states of modern times. The factories in the East Indies will some

time serve the same purposes for a people sunk in the sleep of a thousand years. The wheel of the world is urged on, not by dwarf, but by giant hands. In its powerful revolutions it crushes the weak; the strong overcome and guide it. Such strong giant hands were also, laugh as much as you please, busy in Texas; I repeat it, men with giant souls, who under rude felt hats hid the finest heads, under rough buckskin waistcoats the warmest hearts—the most iron will; who, desiring great things, and carrying out those great things with the most limited means, have obtained religious and political liberty, and founded a new state, which, unimportant as it may appear to you now, has assuredly a great destiny. In any case, the founding of this Texan state gives honor to our handful of citizens. They have shown, this handful, that they know how to effect great things with the smallest means.

"We have, doubtless, many faults—very many; but we possess also virtues, which rise victoriously above our faults and crimes, and promise great things for us.

"But these virtues are an unshakable firmness of will, an all-sacrificing patriotism—a patriotism which, even in the deepest moral abandonment, still preserves itself bright. We do not dare regret nor pity Bob, but we may do justice to his all-sacrificing patriotism. And where such a patriotism reigns, we may expect great things."

The Colonel stopped, and rose up; his auditors, however, remained sitting; looked at the pictures, candelabra, carpet, and bottles. No one spoke a word. For several minutes there reigned a deep silence. At last, the General stood up.

"Colonel," said he, "you have related samething to us to which, as true as I live, I know not what to say. I cannot—upon my honor—I cannot. Wonderful thoughts cross my brain; the sketch of the war, the explanations which you give us of its progress, deserve our best thanks. You have, indeed, given us a clue by the help of which we can for the first time rightly judge of the occurrences in Texas. That, as I have said, deserves our best thanks. Also, what you have said of the meeting at Salado, the siege of Bexar, and the fight at Louisburg, agrees perfectly with what we have already heard from the official and non-official reports. We thank you most sincerely for it. Only, your affair with Bob!—forgive me, this your story of Bob, Colonel—this story, as true as I live, I don't know what I ought to say to it. The longer I reflect upon it, so much the more singular thoughts come to me. If I did not know that you are one of our best houses, in truth, Colonel!——"

"Upon my soul, one can say nothing about it," interrupted Colonel Oakley; "very strange thoughts possess one."

The Texan rejoined calmly, but a little ironically, "I should be very sorry, gentlemen, to leave a thorn in any of your tender consciences. But remember it was you who induced me to relate how I came in Texas, and as my history is so interwoven with Bob and the Alcalde—since it was, in fact, through them that I got mixed up with that of Texas—I was obliged to mention them. But, as I said, it would be an endless trouble to me to have occasioned you even the slightest scruple about it. Comfort yourselves, however, for I also had these scruples, and had them for a long time; but they have passed away—for, by degrees, I perceived that my friend the Alcalde, who, I assure you, is also of a very good family, was quite right when he said that it really did not become us to pass judgment upon man's worth or worthlessness, or even to give ourselves airs over poor devils, through whom the Great Ruler above has often arrived at much more important results than with dozens of wealthier but inferior instruments."

He bowed, and left the room.

There was again a pause.

"We'll sleep on that," at last cried several voices.

"Sleep?" cried the red-nosed Irish steward, called jocosely the major-domo. "Go to sleep! go to sleep without the punch! without the punch, which best solves scruples!"

"Friend Phelim!" the Supreme Judge answered, "it is high time to go, and to go to sleep; the clock points to midnight."

"High time!" added all.

"Go to sleep! Midnight!" screamed Phelim. "Honies! go to sleep without having drank your punch, honies?"

"Phelim! Phelim!" cried the General, laughingly, "I believe you have drunk instead of us; I hold, therefore, that we leave the punch till next time."

"Leave it till next time!" screamed Phelim again. "For Jesus! for St Patrick's sake! honies! The next time! Consider, honies, the next time you may all be where Kishogue is! Mercy on them, St. Patrick! what are they about!"

And thus screaming and howling, the drunken Irishman hopped and jumped wildly about the room.

"The punch, next time!" he screamed, quite beside himself; refuse the John's-drink, would you? Do you know what you are doing? St. Patrick!" he howled again, "they don't know what they are about—they don't know that they may draw down Kishogue's curse!"

"Kishogue's curse?" cried Colonel Oakley, laughing.

"Don't laugh, Colonel! don't laugh! Pray don't laugh, or you'll cry before four-and-twenty hours are over."

"What does the foolish fellow mean?" said the General, moving towards the door.

"Kishogue's curse!" said Phelim, preventing him.

"What do you mean, with your Kishogue?" cried the General again. "You have too much of Kishogue, I see, Phelim!"

"Too much?" screamed the Irishman; "too much?" he howled, dashing about his hands and feet.

"What is the matter with you, Phelim? What have we to do with Kishogue?"

"What have you to do with Kishogue? Do you wish to know? All Ireland knows it. Oh! do, do stay, honies! Do listen; don't rush into destruction."

"Well, say on!" said the General.

"I will, I will!" cried the Irishman. "I will, if you will listen. 'Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.'"

With rolling eyes he began:

KISHOGUE'S CURSE;

OR,

THE REJECTED JOHN'S-DRINK.*

"Well, then! there was once a powerful, splendid fellow, called Kishogue, and a finer fellow was not to be met with in seven parishes for drinking, frolicking, wrestling, gaming, courting, and such like. Indeed, in courting he was cock of the walk—a real game cock; and for cooking cudgel soup at fares and wakes, there wasn't his equal far or near. In short, of Irish boys, he was the flower and ornament quite entirely.

"It is true, that the steady, old folks, especially the old squires, did not think so much of him, but as for the young squires—by Jasus! they doted on him, so that the fools, they regarded him like one of their equals, and no wonder! they knew well that Kishogue was the fellow to begin and carry out any lark or tomfoolery, and was just what they wished him

* A phrase signifying a parting cup; and in this place equivalent to the "St. Giles's Bowl," of which malefactors formerly partook on their way to Tyburn.

to be; but then the grave and steady ones, you know, who held the purse and ruled in the country—the gentry, you understand—they were not quite so satisfied with his doings, and often shook their heads at him; and they said, very often, that 'if Kishogue were out of the country wholly and entirely, the land would not be one goosefeather the worse, nor the hares, or partridges, or deer break their hearts about it, or the trout or salmon cry their eyes out.' But with it all, they could not properly charge him with anything, nor bring him into a scrape; for he was such a sly fellow, slyer than a thrice-caught fox, and sure not to run into a net, for he slept like a weasel—with his eyes open.

"Well, he carried it on in this way for a long time, and a frolicsome way it was for him, by Jasus! No one was happier than Kishogue; for he was not only happy, like many, by day, but also, like few, by night, until at last, the devil would have it so, that one night, when he had been right happy, as he was returning home from Peter Flanagan's, who, you must know, had the best pot-heen and the prettiest daughter far and near, he fell into a mistake; and how he did so is, to this day, not clear, seeing that the night was pitch dark and he had had a drop too much. But a mistake it was, and this was the mistake, you know—that he thought it was his own mare that had broken into the squire's meadow, and thinking so, he caught the mare on the notion, you see, that it was his own; but it was not his own, but the squire's roan horse which he took for his mare, thinking she had jumped over the meadow fence. And because he would not have that, he put her in his own stable, and in order that she should never run away from him again he took her further—to Clanmahon, where, in order not to be troubled again with her roving, he exchanged her for a dozen bran new shining pieces of gold.

"And how he could fall into this entire mistake is, up to this date, not become quite clear; for considering that it was night, it was also day again; but he had had a drop too much; and a drop too much, you know, often brings one into a bad scrape. And it was a bad scrape into which this mistake brought our Kishogue—a sad scrape; all the more sad, because he was not aware of it until it was too late, and the constable entered, and said he must go with him.

"But Kishogue looked very hard at the constable, and opened his eyes wide, when he heard him say that he must go with him, and scratched behind his ears, and for a long time did not speak, but at last, he said,—

"'And why should I go with you?'

"'Oh!' said the constable, 'you look vastly innocent, certainly.'

"'And why shouldn't I look innocent, when I'm as innocent as the new-born child? and that's true, however. And where do you wish that I should go with you, if I may be so bold as to ask?'

"And at the first words, Kishogue spoke very boldly, but at the last his voice fell, and became melancholy like.

"And thereupon says the constable, very short—

"'To jail,' says he, 'with me.'

"'To jail, shall I?' howled Kishogue, more and more; 'and why should I go to jail?'

"'Just on account of the squire's roan horse which you stole from his meadow, four days ago,' said the constable.

"'That is the first I have heard of it,' said Kishogue.

"'But, by my faith,' said the constable, 'it'll not be the last you'll hear of it.'

"'But, by Jasus!' said Kishogue, 'it's not murder, nor death, nor robbery, nor plunder, for a man to take home his own piece of horseflesh?'

"'No,' said the constable, 'but it's burglary to canter away another's steed from its paddock. Burglary, you know.'

"'But how if I say it was all a mistake?' said Kishogue.

"'By St. Patrick!' said Graspall, 'it will cost you dear, that same mistake.'

"'Lord Jasus!' screamed Kishogue, 'that's a comfortless prospect; but, however, 'tis of no use; so then, the devil take it! I'll go with you.'

"And, in truth, talking was of no use; he might as well have whistled jigs to a milestone to make it dance, as bring that old Graspall to reason; and, by St. Patrick, the end of it was that he went to prison, like Paddy Ward's sucking-pig in pepper and vinegar, until the assizes came, which was not at all pleasing to Kishogue, for he was always a restless fellow, whose blood danced like quicksilver in his veins, and whose heart lay in the right place. Besides, he was much too proud to wish to be under obligations to the king for board and lodging, and transport, goodness knows to what queer land; not to mention that for a youth like him, accustomed day and night to be on his legs, and to go about the country, and to frolic and court, stretching and lying on a wooden bench, with straw pillows, was anything but pleasant, although, for the honor of his comrades be it said, they did their utmost, and strained every nerve to make his lodging pleasant to him, for he was mightily liked in the country, and they came morning,

noon, and night, so that the turnkey had enough to do with letting in and out, and bolting and unbolting. They did nothing but come and go, without cessation, like Peggy Milligan's sheet.

"Well, at last the assizes came on, and with them the sheriff and the judges, and the witnesses, all sworn upon the holy book to say nothing but the truth. And poor Kishogue was the very first who came into the pan, on account of the squire's roan horse, which he had taken for his mare. And the pan, he feared, would be almost too hot for him, for they had vowed for once to make an example, and they told him when he came before the court of justices that he was to hold up his hand.

"And he held up his hand boldly, and a finer, stronger hand you never saw, nor a more powerful fist—a fist which could strike like a smith's hammer. Quite boldly he raised it up, but as he so raised it, the people remarked that it trembled, and they took it for a bad token—the people—that trembling; also they saw in him that the fun did not please him much. Who the devil should it please, indeed?

"Well, there was a little fellow in a black gown and powdered wig, and spectacles, who jumped up, and wiped his spectacles, and then put a bundle of writings before him, and read and read out of them until you would have sworn he would not finish all the days of his life. His tongue went like a clapper mill, and all that he read went against poor Kishogue, as we learned afterwards; but we did not understand then all that the little creature of a counsellor said against him, and the lies that he uttered, over which poor Kishogue nearly got into despair, and lost courage, but after a time gained it again. And as the shabby manikin would not leave off, he cried—

"'And, by Jasus! everything that the little wigged fellow there says, is lies; and if I've done the half, I'll——'

"'Silence in the court!' cried the officer, trying to bring him to silence.

"'Murder and death!' exclaimed Kishogue, 'is there no justice for a poor lad? Shall a man's life be sworn, and croaked, and prated away in this manner, and he not say a word to it?'

"'Hold your tongue!' said the Lord Judge.

"And in truth Kishogue must hold his tongue until the little man in the wig had read it all out; and then he threw all the papers on the table, and Kishogue was asked—

"'Guilty or not guilty?'

"'I have not done it,' cried Kishogue.

"'Answer as you are asked,' said the man in spectacles;—'Guilty or not guilty?'

"'But it was a mistake!' cried Kishogue, again.

"'The devil take you! Can you not answer as you are told?' said the Lord Judge.

"'Not guilty?' said Kishogue, at last.

"'I don't believe it,' said the Lord Judge.

"'I know you don't believe it,' said Kishogue. 'It's what you're paid for, to hang people; it's your daily bread; and the more you hang, the more you get.'

"'You have got a loose tongue, fellow,' said the Lord Judge.

"'Ah, by Jasus!' said Kishogue, 'you'll soon make it still—my poor tongue—you and the hangman.'

"And, by St. Patrick, he was not far from the truth, the poor Kishogue; for they brought him to such a dilemma, that he no longer perspired, but steamed, and at last could not venture to open his mouth, they let loose such a swarm of witnesses against him; so that, at last, he got regularly confused, and scarcely knew whether he was still in life, or already at the gallows, they set at him so with questions and counter-questions and cross-questions, and examinations and cross-examinations. And, by Jasus! they were the queerest examinations that were ever heard; they swore, by my soul they would have sworn holes as thick as your fist into a bran new iron pot! Not that Kishogue's friends and comrades did not also do their duty; ay, and stood like men, and swore with all their strength, too; so that it was a real pleasure to hear them. They thought, also, they should be able to make out an alibi—which means, you know, that on the night when the mistake happened, Kishogue was a dozen or two miles away, and not in the neighborhood of the squire, or his roan horse. But it was all of no use, and judges and jury would not hear a word about it, and poor Kishogue was condemned to be hanged; and the Lord Judge put on his black cap, and said a great many fine and edifying words, and gave him very wholesome exhortation and good counsel. And 'twas only a pity that poor Kishogue did not receive the good counsel and wholesome admonitions earlier, instead of then, only when it was too late. The last words of the judge were—

"'The Lord have mercy upon your soul! Amen.'

"'Thank you, my Lord!' said Kishogue; 'though it's seldom that happiness and blessing comes after, when your prayer and Amen go before,' said he.

"And poor Kishogue was condemned to be brought out the next Saturday to be hanged. And sure and certain the next Saturday he was brought out to be hanged.

"But the streets through which he had to pass were so full of men that you never saw the like in all the days of your life; they were all so fond of him. It was at that time the fashion to be hanged before the town, not at all like it is now, where the people take it so much more easy, and are hanged just before the window of their cells, poor sinners! But they knew nothing in those days of fine feelings, or how to arrange the gallows comfortable and convenient, but stuck people in a cart, just like farmers bring a fat hog to market, and so went jig-jog through the town to the gallows, which was always a good half mile from the town gate.

"Well, then, the cart with poor Kishogue came round the corner of the cross-street, where Widow Halligan had her tavern, before the shabby mangy fellows, the Methodists, pulled it down and placed a meeting-house in its stead. The d—l take them! the shabby whining hounds, who spoil all amusement wherever they poke themselves! And always when the cart came to this corner, what should it do, and the whole procession, but stop, and out came a fiddler, playing on his instrument and heading the procession, and the Widow Halligan with a good mug of spice wine or punch, to strengthen a poor sinner for what was before him; for a ride on the three-legged horse, you know, is not exactly the most pleasant thing in the world, even when one dies for a just cause, as Uncle Mugs said, when he was hanged for killing the exciseman at Londonderry. Well, then, you know they always stopped just at Widow Halligan's tavern, and that a long time, because they did not wish to spoil the last gift of God to him in the cart by too great a hurry; it was also a good opportunity to say a word or so in passing to the boys and girls, not to mention that it is very edifying and satisfactory to the people to see one of themselves carry himself out of the world decently.

"Well, as it sometimes happens that the evil one carries on his game, so it was that on this Saturday, as the cart Kishogue arrived before the tavern, no fiddler was to be seen or heard. But it drew up with Kishogue as cheerful and brave as if he sat in the Lord-Lieutenant's state coach, and not at all pale or cast down. But at the moment when the cart halted, he sprang up like a buck, and bellowed like a bull—

"'Send me out Tommy Riley! send me out at once Tommy

Riley, that he may fiddle for me and strengthen my heart with the piece about the Rakes of Mallow.'

"For he was truly and entirely a Mallow lad, was Kishogue, and very proud of his birthplace.

"Well, now, as the devil would have it, although he bellowed out a dozen times, one after another, everything was quiet, no Tom Riley was to be seen, no Tom Riley was to be heard; and the cause of his not being there was just this—that he lay full-length in a ditch, not far from Blarney.

"He was on his way home from confession, you know, and out of pure joy at being relieved from his bundle of sin, he had taken a drop too much, and in consequence had tumbled into the ditch and fallen asleep, you see.

"And so when Kishogue heard that he couldn't have his favorite tune, he turned so deadly pale, and looked exactly as if he were already hanging on the wooden horse, and it went so to his heart, that he positively would not hear a word, would not receive any consolation, and straightway longed for the gallows, that an end might be put at once to his misery.

"'Take me away! take me away!' he cried; 'I don't want to know anything else; I won't hear anything more! O! take me away!' he cried, in desperation. 'Tom Riley has deceived me; he promised to fiddle the 'Rakes of Mallow' to me, in order that I might die like a brave lad of Mallow. O! take me away—take me away! I can't die now like a brave Mallow lad.'

"'Oh, darling lad! dear Kishogue! pearl! treasure!' cries again the Widow Halligan; 'oh, treasure! dove!' she screeched, 'take this wet drink, nevertheless; oh, take it, and drink, and refresh yourself, and give yourself time, darlint! little doll! treasure! Oh, pearl! dear Kishogue! drink, for the sake of the glorious Virgin Ursula and her three-and-thirty thousand virgins.'

"You must know, the Widow Halligan was a very pious and God-fearing person, and nearly as well read as the priest in the history of the Catholic church, and mighty feeling, so that she always went regularly with the poor sinner to the gallows, and gave him a drink for nothing, even if he were quite a stranger to her. But if it was a particular friend, then she must always be next to the gallows, and see his departure.

"Ah! she was a precious woman, the old Halligan; and you should have heard how she now cried, 'Kishogue, my treasure, my pearl! Oh, take the drink!' and how she held up a full jug to him in the cart. And it was such a round-bellied strong jug, full of the most delicious spiced wine and

brandy! A lord might have wished to drink it! But poor Kishogue would not touch it.

"'Away, out of my sight!' cries he—'away! My heart is troubled unto death, for Tom Riley has deceived me; he promised to fiddle to me, that I might die joyfully and bravely, like a true Mallow boy—and I cannot die like a Mallow boy!' he howled, quite piteously; 'and my heart is sad nearly to breaking! And cursed be the drop that comes over my tongue! Will have no drink, will die.'

"And it was surely and certainly the first time in his life that Kishogue refused or cursed a drink, at which all the people were amazed and shook their heads.

"Well, the cart with Kishogue rolls and jolts on towards the gallows, and all the people after, but quiet and out of tune, you know, because he had acted so wildly and desperately, and would hear nothing more, and only wanted to have an end put to his life. And only too soon they arrived at the gallows, where, you know, they do not make much ceremony with the poor devil.

"But, however, the sheriff still winked to the hangman and his assistants, and asked Kishogue whether he would give a word or two for the edification of the people, and his and their comfort?

"But Kishogue shakes his head again, and howls, 'Away, away! don't want to see or hear anything more, for Tom Riley has deceived me! Had hoped to die like a merry lad of Mallow, and my heart is sad unto death!'

"And so saying, and howling, he was thus impatient for the gallows.

"But, to confess the truth, it was not very pretty of him to behave thus unfriendly at the last, and to cheat his friends out of the gallows sermon. And every one considered it very shabby of him; then they had pleased themselves, you know, because he was just the boy to put his words fast and capital. And the penny-leaf-printers, and the ballad-singers and sellers, who had already pointed their fingers and dipped their pens, they grumbled out at once, said out freely that it was common and bad of him to cheat them out of their hard-earned penny.

"But still in their hearts they did not mean so bad, for they knew well that his heart was sad on account of the trick Tom Riley had played him, and he looked also so pale as they arranged the seven things for him. His last words were,—'Send me out of the world—send me at once out of the world! for my heart is sad, because Tom Riley has deceived me in my last and dearest hope of dying like a merry lad of Mallow.'

"'Away! My heart is troubled unto death, for Tom Riley has deceived me; he promised to fiddle to me, that I might die joyfully and brave'y, like a true Mallow boy.--And cannot die like a Mallow boy!' he howled, quite piteously; 'and my heart is sad nearly to breaking, and will die!—and cursed be the drop that comes over my tongue.'"

"Well, then, not to make a long story longer, they arranged the things, and did to him as he desired; and as they put the halter round his neck, he did not wait long, but himself kicked away the ladder upon which he stood, and jerked himself over into the other land. And one heard a crack, saw a hop, a short dangling, convulsion, and it was all over with him —and he in heaven, or somewhere else. But he had jumped with the right foot forwards, which, as the people say, is always a sign that he has entered into everlasting glory.

"And he may very possibly be entered therein, for he was certainly a joyous, merry lad, full of devilish trick, but had a good heart at the bottom, only a little inconvenient, you see, to the old folks, who, you know, when they take a whim about any one, are sure not to let him escape their clutches.

"Well, as he was thus hanging, and the people all looking at him, and thinking what an able-stretched corpse he had become, what happens? What do you think happens?

"Just as all was over with him, a cry was heard outside of the ring, and a rider on a white horse came springing—you would have sworn he wanted to cleave the air, he flew so—straight to the gallows. And when he had flown to the gallows, the people saw that the horse was black, but quite white with pure foam. He had ridden till man and horse had no breath left in their body, and could not bring out a single word, but instead of words, the man reaches a paper out of his pocket, and throws it at the sheriff.

"And the sheriff turned so pale when he threw a look upon the paper, turned so deadly pale; at first he could not speak, but at last he cries, 'Cut him in two! cut him in two, I say, by Jasus! cut him in two instantly!'

"And the dragoons immediately thrust at him, and were very near cutting him in two—that is the rider—if he had not ducked himself, and sprung from the horse, and taken refuge behind the sheriff. They were our real Irish Londonderry Dragoons.

"But the sheriff cries like mad, 'No, no! the gallows man—the hanged one—cut the cord in two, you d——d lubbers, that you are! it's him you are to cut in two, and not the pardon-bringer!'

"And they did cut him in two—that is to say, the rope—but in vain; it was all over with Kishogue, and he by this time as dead as a nail, and stiff—might have done for the best door-post—was as dead as a salt herring!

"'Oh, misery and pestilence!' cries the sheriff. 'Oh, pest and famine!' cries he, and tears his hair from his wig, and his

wig from his head. 'Oh, misery! pestilence!—would rather cook a beer soup than have had this happen—to hang poor Kishogue when there's a pardon there for him. Oh, misery, pestilence, and pest and famine, over thee, Kishogue, who wouldst be hanged with such extra speed.'

"'Oh, murder and death! millions of murders and deaths!' cried the Widow Halligan. 'Oh, Kishogue! unfortunate Kishogue! What hast thou done, miserable one, in rejecting my punch and spice wine! Oh, sorrow, misery, murder and death!' cries she; 'millions of murders and deaths! Hadst thou only tasted a drop—one little drop, wouldst certainly not have left a drop behind. Oh, most unhappy Kishogue!—most unfortunate boy!'

"'Unhappy Kishogue!' cried now one.

"'Unfortunate Kishogue, to curse the drink and leave it behind!' exclaimed others.

"'And the curse is come upon thee!' cried a third.

"'Because you refused and rejected the drink,' said a fourth.

"And they all, thousands, howled and mourned so piteously—they howled for mercy, for it was the first time within the remembrance of man that an Irishman had refused spiced wine and brandy, or any other drink, and everybody had proof of the fearful punishment which follows upon such a refusal.

"But it is also a fearful thing," said the Irishman, "to curse God's gifts, but really to refuse them and leave them is heathenish and unchristian, quite entirely! And it's the first and last time it has happened, and no one will do it again. And since that time, in Mallow and Londonderry, and in Cork and Munster—and in all Ireland—the curse of Kishogue the despised is a horrible curse, and every Irishman takes care not to fall into it. Amen!"

No sooner had the Irishman finished, than, as if to escape the curse of Kishogue, they all mechanically seized their glasses, which had meanwhile been filled with punch.

But there was also in the fragment something peculiarly wild and Irish, which seized the fancies of the hot-blooded Southrons.

THE CAPTAIN.

THE INTERREGNUM; OR, MONEY IS POWER.

"'Pon my word! a masterpiece of Irish description!" exclaimed at last the Chief Judge. "Not often have I heard anything which has so elastically, drolly, tragi-comically drawn the wild humor of the Irish national character,—a comical desperation in the midst of the hardest pressure. Phelim, where did you get the story from? it is delicious. The most capital gallows story I ever heard, Phelim!"

"Capital! really, capital!" joined in the General.

"And then so perfectly the reverse of that of the Texan!" observed Colonel Cracker.

"Cracker! Cracker!" warned Oakley; "you jump about with the Texan in a manner which I fear will draw upon you a pull of the nose. What can he have done to you?"

"Pooh! done? I should like to see the one who would do anything to Cracker. I suspect him. I don't like his looks."

"Don't like his looks?" said Bently, shaking his head. "Why, he has the most noble, cheerful, manly face you could see,—a real Apollo's face."

"Heaven bless your eyes!" laughed Cracker; "Phelim's face is, in my opinion, ten times better."

"And his story, interrupted Meadows, "twenty times."

"At any rate, he has carried off the prize," exclaimed a third.

"He has! he has!" chimed in several.

"Also, in the important point of moral," said a little man with a portly stomach, thick lips, and doleful looks; "also in the important point of moral," he reiterated hastily.

"I find it very exceptionable, the moral of the young man's story; very immoral, these Texan tendencies."

"And what do you say to all the stories, director?" asked the General (overhearing the immoral tendencies) of his neighbor, who was looking at the punch-glass with swimming eyes and shaking head.

"The hangman take Ireland, and the devil, Texas, say I, General! This Texas will quite spoil our cotton market. Tell you it's frightful, this Texan cotton, it's ominous—real sea islands." And as the man blinked with his sharp, speculating, but yet rather swimming eyes, and laid the tip of his forefinger on the tip of his Boston business nose, they all at once became very attentive.

The words evidently had their effect.

"Bank director!" they exclaimed.

"Frightful cotton!" repeated the bank director, as if shuddering.

"Outbids the Sea Islands by a long chalk!"

"Bank director," they exclaimed again, half terrified.

"And then, no tariff! Just think, no tariff-alliance with France—shortly with England. Where will you be with your cotton? Look to it, I tell you!"

"Bank director," they exclaimed, now quite terrified.

"The devil take the whole of Texas!" groaned the bank director.

"No tariff!" cried some.

"Alliance with France!" screamed others.

"Our cotton market at the devil!" groaned a third.

"The devil take Texas!" they chimed in chorus; at the same time they looked at each other, and after the Texan;—but he had disappeared half an hour ago.

"Where is our precious Texan?" cried Colonel Cracker, fetching a light breath.

"Gone, to hold a second funeral oration over his Bob!" rejoined Meadows, laughingly.

"Or to pray for him!" laughed Cracker again.

"Queer fellow, at any rate!" continued the first speaker.

"Very queer!" said the little man;—"appears very fond of the Bobs."

"Thought that rather queer, myself," said the General, without, however, deigning a look at the little man, who was, in fact, only a beginner, with scarcely twenty blacks, and had only recently exchanged the pulpit for the planter's *cabotte.*

"Thought that queer, also," remarked he, taking a quid. "Said so to him, in fact, you know; I said to him, 'I have nothing at all to say against your story, as regards the war, and so on; but as to your Bob, leave me in peace.'"

"Well, as far as that goes," said Colonel Oakley, laughing, "allow me to say that you did not express that in quite so plain English, General! I doubt also whether he would have taken it very readily from you; for I assure you he does not appear to me to be the man patiently to pocket an affront. He is, at any rate, a gentleman."

"A gentleman! a gentleman!" said Colonel Cracker, deridingly. "I don't know, Oakley, what you find so gentlemanly in the fellow. He is a queer fellow, I tell you."

"Very queer!" rejoined Colonel Bently, dryly. "Gave you some rather queer home-thrusts."

"For which I will pull him by the nose. Name your wager; I'll pull him by the nose," cried Cracker.

"Capital fellow, that Cracker!" exclaimed one.

"Has metal!—'twill be a glorious frolic!" said others.

"Name your wager," cried Cracker. "Thousand to a hundred!"

"Done!" said half a dozen voices. "Done!"

"No nonsense, gentlemen," said Colonels Oakley and Bently. "Don't be foolish! don't forget what is due to yourselves and to the strange gentleman."

"Strange gentleman! strange gentleman!" exclaimed Cracker and Meadows, again. "We maintain that he is no gentleman. No gentleman would have anything to do with such people as Bob."

"Or entertain and proclaim such abominable, anti-social, anti-moral principles," interrupted the clerical little man.

"It shows a bad school, at any rate!" said a third.

"And worse company!" said a fourth. "I wonder who brought him here?"

"Who did bring him here?" exclaimed Meadows.

"Yes, who?" cried Cracker.

Each looked at the other, but no one answered.

"Who brought him up and introduced him?" cried Meadows, again.

"Don't know," was the unanimous reply.

"That's very strange!" remarked the General, with some shakes of the head. "Does no one know, gentlemen, who brought and introduced him here! He *must*, at any rate, have been introduced."

"Nobody knows it!" said Meadows, chuckling.

"Really, it's strange!" remarked the General, shaking his head more and more. "He drops in among us, begins to speak, and takes the lead for a whole evening through, in a manner!"

"A very impertinent manner, too!" protested Cracker.

"But you asked him for it, gentlemen! You asked him repeatedly and pressingly," cried Colonel Oakley.

"Certainly," added several.

"But nobody knows who brought him here?" said the General, again.

"Perhaps he was introduced by Captain Murky?"

"Then let some one ask Captain Murky," said the General, decisively; "it does not at all suit us to meet in his thing of a house with people of whom no one knows——"

"Where they come from," interrupted Cracker.

"Or where they are going," added Meadows.

"And who exhibit such abominable, anti-social, anti-moral principles," whined the little preacher-planter, pathetically.

"Gentlemen," said Colonel Oakley, "I am of opinion that you are acting too hastily; that you had better leave the investigation of the whole affair to a committee. I propose a committee. Forget not that we are in the house of one of our bravest and most respectable neighbors, Captain Murky; that in enjoying his hospitality we have not the right——"

"I am of that opinion, also," remarked Bently; "we have not the right to send visitors whom we meet in his house, to Coventry."

"Not even Colonel Bently," cried Cracker; "when it's more than possible that we have one of the so-called sporting gentlemen among us!"

"What do you mean by that?" exclaimed all.

"Nothing more," rejoined Cracker, "than that the man who here gives himself out as Colonel Morse, was neither brought nor introduced here; that he thrust himself upon us at St. Catherine—thrust himself upon us in a manner which may well excite suspicion; that he came on a pacer of Parker's, in the greatest confusion—looked about on every side, rode sometimes forward, sometimes backward, as if seeking something, and evidently in anxiety."

"Very suspicious that," said the General; "on a hired horse!" he added, shaking his head.

"Very suspicious!" interrupted Meadows; "the man seemed at once suspicious to me, and just like one with whom all's not right, for he joined himself so pell-mell to us. I am certain that he was not brought here by Captain Murky."

"And I tell you once more, he is a gentleman; only a gentleman—a man highly educated—can speak as he speaks," cried Bently, again.

"Pooh! a man of education!" said Cracker, mockingly; "our sporting gentlemen are also men of education; you may find gentlemen of such education on every one of our steam-packets. The gentleman who can sympathize with a Bob does not take my fancy."

"Horrible!" groaned the little preacher-planter.

"It does not please me, either," said the General, with a portentous voice; "I don't like it, at any rate; I believe that we owe it to ourselves, as well as to Captain Murky, to get to the bottom of the matter."

"I'm of the same opinion!" said Colonel Cracker.

"And I, also!" exclaimed Meadows.

"And I!" said the preacher-planter; "I came down, you know, the day before yesterday from Louisville, and I tell you here were on our packet four fellows—you could not have distinguished them from the first bucks and beaux of Broadway, they behaved so politely, so gallantly, and obligingly; hey know how to place their words."

"Who were they?"

"Sporting gentlemen!"

"It's a shame that the captains of the steam-packets should suffer these profligate dissolute fellows to travel in them," said the General.

"It's impossible to avoid it, General," rejoined the preacher-planter, "for these smart sporting gentry are never found twice on the same steam vessel; they always change about, which they can easily do, as there are from three to four hundred of these steam-packets on the Mississippi. Moreover, many of the captains have an understanding with them."

"A bad lot!" exclaimed all.

"Gentlemen, in this instance it must be found out," said the General, with real dictatorial dignity. "It is of the highest importance that it should be found out. We owe it to ourselves and to Captain Murky—although the good Captain does not seem to be quite familiar with the gentlemanly code," he added, less loudly and more condescendingly; "but where is he?"

"Where is he?" said every one.

"Where is he?" they repeated, as no one answered.

"In Paradise!" shouted Phelim, from the other end of the room; "in Paradise, hinnies!"

"What says the mad Irishman?"

"The mad Irishman," cried Phelim, "said that Captain Murky is in Paradise."

"Phelim, are you drunk?"

"I tell you, hinnies, he is in Paradise, every bone of his mother's son."

"In Paradise!" exclaimed the General, indignantly; "in Paradise, and leave us here alone with the mad or drunken Irishman."

"Who would not be in Paradise, when it is only five miles off, hinnies?" grinned the Irishman again.

"Gentlemen!" exclaimed the General, decisively, "I am of the opinion that our remaining here longer will not be consistent with our self-respect. I consider it in the highest degree contemptuous, insulting!"

"Unpardonable!" chimed in some.

"Punishable!" said the others.

"Pshaw!" cried the bank director, interposing, "what you find so unpardonable, so worthy of punishment?—that gave you a dinner to which you invited yourselves; a prince dinner, turtle, and pastry, with champagne, Lafitte a Madeira!"

"Capital Madeira, 'pon my word," said the Genera "Capital! Governor Kirkby's is not to be compared to Do you know, bank director, whether he would sell a five six dozen?"

"Not a cork-stopper for money, General! but twenty f friends. He's not the man to sell. A strange fellow; clos but more sparing of his words than of his Madeira. I ha not yet heard a hundred words from him, but I have certain drank a hundred bottles with him. His Lafitte, too——"

"Very queer!" said the General.

"You're a barbarian, General, if you find that queer!" r joined the bank director, angrily; "a real barbarian. Th best Lafitte you can drink on the Mississippi. There's n better in *la belle France.* The real thing," protested h smacking his tongue.

"Delicious!" affirmed the General, involuntarily smackin also. "But just tell me, how does it really stand with him Is he respectable? I have allowed myself to dine with hi four or five times, but still I did not wish it, do you know. I looks so strange, this thing of his here, this house; a rea monster of beams and planks, put together like an old seventy four."

"He calls it his cabin on that account, you know," observe the bank director, sipping at his punch-bowl.

"Yes, but how does it stand with him? I hear he was formerly only a poor devil of a sea-captain. All at once he leaves his business, comes here and takes a plantation which is worth two hundred thousand——"

"Paid forty thousand ready money; in the next three years a hundred and sixty thousand," added the bank director, dryly.

"But why this old monster of beams and planks? He only wants the cannons and sails to put to sea!"

"Why?" remarked the bank director, good naturedly.

"I can't say why; possibly because he is a queer fish; perhaps after all because the affair did not cost much. He had the timber in his woods, and was building himself; and so, instead of spending it here, placed his gold in solid New York and Ohio six per cents!"

"Very respectable, that!" said the bank director.

"Ah!" sighed the General, "he was wiser in that respect than we who built mansions."

"In which, instead of deer, swine and cattle now walk," said the bank director, naively.

"Has his from two to three hundred thousand dollars in good solid New York and Ohio stock. Good, that!" remarked he.

"Very good!" joined in the General, thoughtfully. "But do you think he has so much?"

"Do I think so? Yes, I think so, because I know it. A few hundred thousands went though my hand before the d—d Duncan. But began at the right time in November, *anno* five and twenty; had then, stead of seven—ten fat cows!"

"Yes, truly, fat cows! But they are now got lean," sighed the General. "Well, yes, I remain."

"I also," observed the bank director, naively.

"Gentlemen!" began the General again, in a very good-natured tone, "it is a mistake, as the bank director has just explained to me; no insult on the part of Captain Murky. Captain Murky is too superior, too great a man, to offer us an insult."

"Too superior! too great! great man! Mistake!" cried Colonel Oakley, laughing ironically.

"Too superior to insult us!" said Bently. "But we hold it to be an insult to leave his visitors, to turn his back upon them, and he shall be made to render an account for it. We declare it to be ungentlemanly."

"And I declare it is not," said the General, just as loudly.

"Then you rejoice in a more obtuse sense of honor than we considered you to possess, General!" retorted Oakley, excitedly.

"Sir!" said the General, menacingly.

"Sir!" cried Colonels Bently and Oakley, still more threateningly.

The whole room was now in an uproar.

"Gentlemen! Hotspurs!" cried suddenly a voice, half laughingly, half angrily, which belonged to a man who had but just entered, and, as it appeared, in great excitement.

"What is the matter with you again, you seditious Beelzebubs? What are you on with again already? Is there then *no* peace with you? Never anything but hail and thunder, lightning and ten thousand earthquakes? Are you then very devils, that you are thus quarrelling with each other again?"

The man ventured much, but his popularity was evidently

greater than his audacity; for as he now sprang scolding between the approaching military dignities, and, with sincere *bonhomie*, seized the one by the left and the other by the right hand, his manner, notwithstanding his good humor, had something so imposing, that the General on the right, and the Colonel on the left, heartily took the proffered hands. The storm was at once over.

"President!" cried the first. "Bank president!" exclaimed the latter.

"The devil take your president and bank president, when you would cut his throat and your own! What is it, Burnslow? What, Bently? What's the matter, Oakley?"

"Pshaw! what is it?" rejoined Oakley, dryly. "Captain Murky lets himself down, and allows us to dine with him; and then finds it agreeable to turn his back upon us; and General Burnslow——"

"General Burnslow finds it agreeable not to look upon it as an insult," added the General, proudly.

"General Burnslow is for this time the wisest," laughed the president. "You are queer fellows, by my soul!" said he. "You would think it pleasant to send a ball through my friend Murky's head in return for his dinner, would you not?"

"At any rate, he shall render an account for it," exclaimed Bently.

"Pshaw! pshaw! Bently; don't strain the string too high; for I give you my word for it, Captain Murky is not the man to listen patiently to your music, or to dance to it."

"He shall not—he shall not," exclaimed Bently and Oakley together; "we always held him to be a man of honor, and no doubt he will act as such."

"Do you call that honor," exclaimed the president, laughing, "to shoot a ball through the head of a man whom you highly respect, in order to be praised by a few fools whom you despise. Go to the devil with such a code of honor!"

"But, dear bank president," cried again for the fourth time the bank director, and with him a dozen others, "what brings you so late down here? Why did you not come before?"

"Ah!" replied the bank president, cheerfully, "ah, what brings me here? I had very nearly forgotten it. What brings me down here? A surprise for you, boys, brings me here; yes, delightful surprises!"

"Surprises?" exclaimed all.

"The most delightful surprises, boys," joyfully repeated the

bank president. "I greet you all. You, supreme judge! and you also, spirited or rather spiritual society."

They all laughed loudly again.

"But what brings you?" they exclaimed again, impatiently.

"What brings me? Something which I bring to you, a glorious piece of news. I thought to have been with you at St. Catherine by three—but a surprise, boys! a glorious surprise!"

"A surprise?" cried some.

"President!" said others.

"A surprise, which surprised me," rejoined the president. "Just as I was going to mount my pacer, two of the most splendid magnolias grandifloras, that ever took root in our Mississippi ground——"

"President!' president!" they all exclaimed, joyfully.

"Surprised me," interpolated the president, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, "just as I was going down to the races, and then to you and our friend, Captain Murky. Upon my honor," he continued, assuringly, "two delightful flowers, which may well make one's heart beat. Rejoice, youths, those who are yet youths, rejoice yourselves, two Helenas instead of one are gone into Paradise."

"To Paradise?"

"Yes, to Paradise—my villa, you know; Captain Murky's daughter, Miss Alexandrine, with her friend."

"Miss Alexandrine?" sighed a voice from the background of the room.

"There you have already a love sigh; others will certainly follow, I'll answer for it," said the bank president, laughingly, again. "Miss Alexandrine," he continued, in a more earnest, respectful voice, "with her friend, the daughter of the dearest friend of our Captain Murky; General—what's his name? the celebrated General, and General-Governor of half-a-dozen South American states, formerly Spanish vice-kingdoms. They are both arrived from France, where they were educated."

"Miss Alexandrine arrived?" exclaimed all.

And they were all silent, and looked at each other with confused looks. They seemed to wish to read into each other's souls! Something like jealousy already betrayed itself.

"Don't look at each other so, boys, as if you already wanted to pull each other's collars; it was not for that I brought you the precious message. Take it coolly!" exclaimed the president, laughingly. "They landed yesterday at New Orleans," he continued, "left there yesterday, and arrived to-day, at three o'clock, in Paradise—which is now a real paradise."

"In paradise!" was again sighed from the back of the room.

"I am only glad that there is no more fear of that d——d yellow fever. It was on account of that dreadful fever, which cost him his wife and four children, that her father had her educated in France. He has not seen her for six years. But it was affecting to see how each flew into the other's arms. Come, now, let me excuse him, if it still needs any excuse."

The good president had become quite tender.

"It does not need any; he is excused!" exclaimed all.

"Perfectly excused," said Bently and Oakley, courteously; "and we beg of you, president, instead of him, to receive our apology."

"But you're not excused!" was cried, angrily, from the back of the room. "I forbid you to sigh, when the name of a lady is mentioned who is so far above you."

"What, the devil! have we got quarrelling again already? Is there the devil loose again?" exclaimed the president, breaking through the circle of friends, and springing amongst the disputants with a haste which betrayed a perfect knowledge of our Mississippi character. In fact, they already stood opposite to each other, like game-cocks, their eyes darting daggers and balls at each other's.

"Ah! Cracker, Meadows, is it you? Thought as much, however. Wherever there's a foolery in the way, you are sure not to be far off."

"None of your impertinence!" said Cracker, with importance. "Be so good as not to meddle in things that don't concern you."

"This matter relates to gentlemanly affairs, not to money-bags," added Meadows, with much sovereign contempt.

"Then we are certainly not the persons to have seat and voice in it," rejoined the bank president, laughingly; "but, nevertheless, as we, for the time being, consider ourselves as master of the house, we must be impertinent enough to mix ourselves in your gentlemanly affairs."

"Consider yourself master of what you please, only not of our affairs, or it may go badly with you!" said Cracker, proudly.

"Notwithstanding the danger, we will venture to mix ourselves in your affair. And, first of all, allow me to ask what is the subject of dispute?"

There was now something in the look of the man, with all his jocose humor, which seemed to make an impression on our brave Colonels.

"We wish to punish the fellow there for his presumption," Cracker condescended to reply.

The "fellow," as he was called, was no other than our Texan, who was calmly playing with his riding-whip, which he raised from time to time.

"I doubt whether the 'fellow' has a desire that way," rejoined the president, with an ironical smile; "he appears to me strange here, and therefore not yet to know the high strain of the rules of our Mississippi honor. Has he, then, acted so badly?"

"He has obtruded himself into a company to which he does not belong," exclaimed Meadows.

"And sighed at the mention of a lady, who is infinitely exalted above him!" said Cracker.

"What do you say to it, stranger? Do you acknowledge yourself guilty of these heavy offences?" asked the president, with a comical shrug.

"Guilty!" rejoined the stranger, laughing.

"Then you have sinned fearfully," replied the president. "Don't you know that? Yes, as I said, you don't yet know the sublime strain taken by our gentlemanly *point d'honneur*. It's true, we live in a free land; but I would not advise you to sigh; 'pon honor, I would not."

"Sir!" emphatically exclaimed a dozen voices.

"I must beg you not to extend too far your power as master of the house," cried Cracker.

"But to leave the parties here to arrange their affairs, according as they are able to lay claim to the name and character of gentlemen," said Bently.

"Which means, by exchanging balls," observed the bank president, calmly. "Have you that wish?" said he, turning to the stranger.

"If it must be so, why not? although, to speak the truth, I see no exact reason why I am to fight with every madcap."

"Sir!" cried Cracker, furiously.

"If you are a gentleman you will know!" said Meadows—

"Silence, Cracker! Meadows! I forbid such language here. I put my veto on it," said the president.

"Your veto?" cried Cracker, and Meadows, and Bently, and Oakley, all very much incensed.

"Yes," rejoined the bank president, calmly drawing his gold box from his pocket, and taking out the beloved dulcissimus.

"Who gives you the right?" they now exclaimed all together.

"My money, gentlemen," rejoined the bank president, dryly; "my money—money is power."

"Your money?" they exclaimed, contemptuously.

"Yes, my money—Cracker and Meadows!" repeated the president, calmly twisting off a piece of the dulcissimus. "I make so free as to call to your remembrance, that six months ago, just three days after your last duel—a very ugly affair, you know—our cashier paid you, Colonel Cracker, ten thousand dollars; and you, Colonel Meadows, fifteen thousand, upon the condition that you would not again engage in any duel, whatever might be the ground of provocation or pretext; or assist therein, until the whole sum, cent and dollar, should be paid."

"President!" exclaimed Oakley, "I think it is ungenerous to make public here an affair concluded privately."

"Very ungenerous!" protested Bently.

"Not handsome, at any rate," cried a dozen more Colonels.

"I cannot help thinking that you presume too much upon your money, president," observed the General, disapprovingly, "when you seek to fetter Mississippi gentlemen in their matters of honor, by a sordid regard for money."

"Unpardonable, General!" observed the president himself.

"But I will put an end to it. I'll be bail for Cracker!" said Oakley.

"And I for Meadows!" exclaimed Bently.

"Bravo, Bently!—bravo, Oakley!" cried some, in high spirits.

"Glorious fellows!" added others.

"Glorious!" apostrophized the bank president. "Splendid!" he added, shifting the quid in his mouth, "magnificent fellows! Truly I had not expected such faith in Israel. Superb fellows! real Virginians!" And so exclaiming, he offered, enthusiastically, his hand to each.

"Do you accept our security?" they then asked, slowly.

"Stop, my men—gently, gently;" observed the bank president, quite coolly again. "You are noble fellows! really glorious fellows! real Virginian cavaliers! and good bail, doubtless, the one worth three hundred, the other about three hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"What is the use of these calculations?" cried both, impatiently.

"I will tell you at once why," rejoined the president, dryly. "You are men of honor, and perfectly responsible sureties; but I cannot accept your bail."

"You cannot?—you cannot?" they all exclaimed again, angrily.

"And why can you not?" cried out the enraged General.

"It is pure despotism!" cried some.

"Frightful tyranny!" said others.

"Horrid tyranny! unbearable!" they all cried in chorus.

"But," cried Oakley, "he must, if we pay him his five-and twenty thousand dollars."

"And then send him to Coventry," laughed Bently.

"You can't—you can't," rejoined the president, quite good-humoredly, surveying the raging mutineers. "You can't! ready money is very scarce just now. I gave ready cash—dollars. You're not in a position to produce them, if we lay our veto upon it."

"You're a despot!" exclaimed Oakley.

"A tyrant!" said Bently and the General.

"Quite right," rejoined the bank president, laughingly; "a horrid tyrant! Didn't you know that I am a tyrant, a monster! and you are so humane, so amiable! you don't know at all how amiable!"

"Unendurable!" they cried again; "he is making game of us."

"Preserve us!" laughed the president again; "without compliment, I tell you I am just in the humor."

"We don't want to hear anything of your humor!" exclaimed Bently, proudly.

"I can't help it; I've got this whim sometimes. I know well that they are bad; but it's my disposition. Do you know that the year before last more than a hundred duels took place, and last year nearly as many also?"

"Well, and what then? What does that concern you?"

"No further than that, through these two hundred duels, two hundred hopes, expectations, joys, were taken from just two hundred fathers, mothers, and loved ones; and in their places entered despair and woe." He paused—

All were silent.

"Moreover, our citizen community were thrown back four hundred years, to the former times of club law."

Still they were all silent.

"Laws were of no use, preachers of no use, the tears of beloved ones, of mothers, no use—nothing availed. Then some of us tyrants and despots assembled together," continued the president, in a staccato tone, "and decided to put a stop to these high chivalrous Mississippi doings. Very tyrannically did we begin our conspiracy; we formed a despotic union, which

bound itself to credit no more with money any person who would not give his word of honor to renounce the chivalrous entertainment called duelling, so long as he was in our debt.

"It was certainly very tyrannical of us," continued the president, in a playful tone—"very tyrannical, to wish to prevent such noble sport; but, unfortunately, this did not make us hesitate in our tyranny. And this tyranny has had this dreadful consequence, that this year no more than fifty duels have been fought; that is to say, forty the first six months, and ten in the last. But in the last six months several of our most chivalrous and high-spirited gentlemen, as, for example, Cracker and Meadows, have needed money. We have credited them, but on the condition, and upon their verbal or written word of honor, not to accept or promote any duel, whatever the inducement, during the time they are our debtors. Now, unfortunately, I am the president of this despotic, hard-hearted, and tyrannical union, gentlemen," concluded he, with a really disagreeable smile; "and therefore, much as it grieves me, I cannot give way to your generous impulse. Nevertheless, you are very brave, generous fellows!"

"And you are a queer stick!" interrupted the General, laughingly, seizing his hand. "The devil take you, president!"

"D—d queer!" cried Oakley and Bently, biting their lips. "The devil take you, president."

"The devil take him!" exclaimed all, laughingly. "He does what he will with us, through his money."

"Money is power—don't you know that Jefferson said, that 'knowledge is power.' But at the present day, it's money," observed the president, laughing. "But now, however, let us take a closer view at the man you call 'fellow,'" whispered the president to the General, with a shake of the head, "who has nearly brought us into a quandary with our best friends. I will just sound him. He looks a queer fellow, at any rate. He stands there, and looks at us four-and-twenty Mississippi men, who"—he looked keenly and quickly round—"possess their seven million dollars, just as if we were new-made recruits. He is a queer fellow."

"Very queer!" protested the General.

And certainly very queer he was to look at, our Texan chevalier, now playing with his riding-whip, now smiling in ecstacy, now sighing, and then again listening, with open ears, to the caustic money-man.

"May we be so bold as to ask who the cabin of our friend, Captain Murky, has the honor to contain!" asked the president, with an equivocal laugh.

"I believe I have already stated it more than once," rejoined the chevalier, as though awaking from a dream. "My name is Colonel Morse, of Texas."

"Colonel Morse, of Texas!" said the president. "I presume, then, that you know a certain Edward Morse, who should also be something in Texas."

"I presume so," rejoined the Texan, "as I have the happiness or unhappiness to be myself that individual."

"Have you?" said the president. "Then you have also an uncle? And what said your uncle?" he asked further, "when you saw him last?"

The young man looked with surprise at the inquirer for an instant—the question was so strange.

"Sir?" he stammered.

"What did he say last time you saw him? Where did you see him last?—I mean your uncle?"

"My uncle!" exclaimed the young man, staring at the president, who did not move a feature.

"Yes; what did he say when he gave you a note? I believe it was a hundred dollar note."

"A hundred dollar note!" exclaimed the young man. "Upon my soul! you——"

"Well—I——"

"You are uncle Duncan, or the——"

"Stop, sir!" cried uncle Duncan, holding off. "What did he say?"

"He said, he said, 'Ned, take care of your money; money is power!' he said."

"Ah, Ned!" cried now the uncle, "now I know thou art Ned. Gentlemen, it's Ned. What will my Judith say? How she will rejoice! Welcome, Ned!"

"Uncle Dan!" exclaimed Ned, taken by surprise.

"Uncle Dan! Uncle Daniel in the lion's den," laughed the latter. And you did not know I was here?"

"Not a word, uncle."

"And, nevertheless, came here?" asked the uncle, shaking his head.

Ned stood perplexed for an instant; then, as if beside himself, threw himself into his uncle's arms. "Dear uncle!"

"Stop, man!" cried the uncle; "stop! there's something hidden behind. You have been among the Texan freebooters, and have learnt impetuosity there."

"Gentlemen,"—he turned to the company, who were doubtfully shaking their heads—"Gentlemen, I have the pleasure to

introduce to you Colonel Morse, the son of my brother-in-law, Supreme Judge at W——n."

"Your nephew!" they exclaimed in astonishment.

The announcement seemed less to silence the storm than to give it a new direction; for there arose a doubtful murmur, which was followed by a stormy dispute. Oakley's voice was heard above the rest.

"You owe it to us, to the gentleman, to make an apology, Cracker."

"Which we do not intend to do," replied Cracker. "The doubt in regard to Colonel Morse is not yet removed."

"It is; you have to do with me, if you do not give satisfaction," said Oakley again.

"And with me," said Bently.

"Hang ye!" cried the bank president, angrily, "is Satan, then, not to be restrained? Does he still go about like a roaring lion, seeking to devour? I say, whoever says another word about satisfaction, will have to deal with me with lance or pistol, cannon or cartridge shot."

"With you! lance or pistol, cannon or cartridge shot!" exclaimed all, laughingly.

"By Jove, with me," laughed the bank president. "Don't you believe it?—don't you feel afraid of me? I also have smelt powder."

"You, bank president?"

"Ay, I, upon my honor—no joke or mistake. I have smelt powder, whole tons of powder, and have myself fired ordnance, cartridges, cannon, and bombs."

"But not sharply laden?"

"Sharply laden, boys!" replied the bank president; "sharply laden; so sharp that the enemy fell right and left like ears of corn."

"You must tell us about that!"

"Must I? must I? Well, if I must, I will; but first of all, I must have peace and unity. Cracker and Meadows, reach me your hands."

"Cracker—Meadows!" was called on all sides.

"We cannot withdraw our doubt," replied Meadows; "this gentleman cannot be Colonel Morse, of Texas."

"Who the devil, then, should he be?" cried the bank president.

"He may be General, but not Colonel. There is no Colonel Morse."

"That is true," rejoined the Texan, smiling, "for Colonel Morse is become General."

"Are you really?" cried General Burnslow, with surprise.

"Bah! about half a year since. I hope, however, there was no offence in my half incognito."

"But Colonels Cracker and Meadows were right when they thought you suspicious, Ned," exclaimed the president.

"You were suspicious, and are; so must ask and take pardon."

"Which I am very willing to do," rejoined the General, holding out his hands to both.

"Curious people, you punctilious gentlemen, upon my soul!" exclaimed the president again, "You are worse than the ——"

"Not worse than our bank president!" exclaimed Cracker and Meadows.

"No, no!" said all.

"Yes, but your bombs and cartridges!" cried some again.

"And cannons and ordnance," said others.

"We will not excuse you!" said all.

"Well, then, we must submit," replied the president, laughing also. "Phelim," said he, turning to him, "are you again so drunk that you can't see that we are sitting in the dry? I suppose, too, that you quite forget the commission of your master to excuse him to the gentlemen?"

"By Jasus! I did not forget," blabbered out the Irishman. "By St. Patrick! I told them that Captain Murky was in Paradise."

"Well, now go, like a good fellow, and get the punch-bowl filled. Make it full to the brim, and I will then tell how it happened that I smelt powder. This will be the finest possible opportunity."

"Bravo!" exclaimed all.

"Yes, I will tell you how it happened that the captain, or rather a captain, and I smelt powder; that is, as soon as Phelim has brought the punch."

Phelim and some of his black assistants now brought in the punch; the glasses were filled, struck against each other, and all seated themselves in cheerful expectation.

CALLAO. 1825.

The president began.

"It was in the month of March, 1825, that I, with several Americans and Englishmen, for the most part masters of merchantmen, stood before the French coffee-house at Lima, engaged in a conversation, which, for me at least, was not very entertaining.

"When I tell you that at this time Callao was blockaded by the patriots both by sea and land, and that we were bound for this fortress with Spanish goods, you will be able at once to form an idea of the pleasantness of this discourse. We had, in fact, in November, 1824, sailed from home—that is to say, Baltimore—to Havana; got rid of our freight, and received another, partly on our own account, partly on the account of the Spanish government; and had left the Havana on the first of December, and consequently, just eight days before the famous battle of Ayacucho, the fame of which regularly followed us, so that during our voyage round the South American continent, we always got the start for a few days, until at last, when we arrived upon the height of Callao, and when it was already too late to turn back, we were informed of its fearful consequences.

"We could make no secret at all of the fact, that we wanted to go to Callao. Our cargoes, amongst which were twenty thousand dollars worth of cigars, destined for the fortress, spoke too plainly; but I doubt also, even if we could have done it, whether my captain would have been withheld from attempting to break through the blockading squadron. He had made the venture four years before, when the fleet of patriots was commanded by Cochrane, of famous memory, and had succeeded, which is saying something, when one knows Cochrane. Moreover, he had his own Yankee notions—notions which, as you know, when once fixed in a Yankee's head, are not to be got out again. These notions tended, he calculated, to prevent the fall of Callao in every manner, and at any price, be it what it might—a calculation which, singular as it may appear, not my captain only, but many landsmen shared in very powerfully. In truth, the fall of this fortress seemed to be nearer their hearts than even the condemnation of their ships and cargoes. This strange sympathy by Americans, in favor of a despotic government, becomes explained, however, when we consider that with the fall of Callao—the

last stronghold of Spain in South America—the war on that continent would be as good as ended, and our trade would lose through the pacification, not only one of its most profitable, but also one of its most interesting branches. I say one of its most interesting branches, for it was certainly with many, less a prospect of gain—although this is never a matter of indifference to an American—than the charm of the thousand dangers and adventures associated with that traffic, which made it so dear to our citizens and sailors. As yet, also, we had enjoyed a monopoly of profitable and adventurous trade; first, because we were the nearest; and secondly, because we produced just the article which the patriots, as well as the Spaniards, most needed. As might be expected of sensible people, we had made use of this monopoly in a manner which made the prolongation of the interesting *status quo* appear very desirable. We had carried the Spaniards meal and meat when the Spaniards were most hungry, and the approaches to them attended with the greatest risk, and consequently profit; and we had done the same for the patriots when their supplies were exhausted. During the blockade, the Spaniards were, of course, in most need of succor, and it seemed all the juster to convey them supplies, as they always paid very well for them. It was whilst the brig 'Perseverance,' Captain Ready, of which my worthy self was supercargo, was tacking about, some four or five miles from the entrance of the harbor, or rather, peering for an opportunity to slip in, that we were taken by the patriots, brought in, and at once treated in a manner which gave us ample notice that we should have some difficulty in getting out of the scrape. It is true our personal effects were left us, but we were forthwith sent ashore, and taken to Lima. Of the brig, as well as the cargo, we had heard nothing since we left them. In the latter I was rather deeply interested, inasmuch as my whole capital—the fruit of ten years' service in the counting-house—was invested in it. The captain was also interested to the extent of a fifth part, and he was, moreover, half owner of the brig.

"For a juvenile merchant, however, it is really not very pleasant to see one's bark of hope, and with all the hard earnest savings of a long service, which were intended to found a fortune, wrecked and cast upon the sand-banks at first putting out to sea—it was my first venture; and to have hovering around a set of sharks, gasping for him and his second self. In truth, the patriots there appeared to me so very like sharks, that I often felt as though I stuck in the throat of one

of them. I hated them so heartily that I could have strangled them, and have twisted their necks with pleasure.

"Not so, however, my good captain. He bore his fate lightly, and, as if indifference itself, whittled away at his stick or cane, and when that did not happen to be at hand, at the tables, seats, sofas, or whatever was to be met with. Grinding his teeth, certainly, when the discourse turned upon the brig, but afterwards only went on the more eagerly at his whittling. Indeed, he was, in general, anything but a talkative man. During our long voyage, weeks had often passed, during which he had not been heard to speak a syllable—except to give the necessary orders; nor, in truth, did any one willingly address him when one could help it. The vinegar physiognomy, the dark gloomy eyes, the firmly compressed lips, the wrinkled brow, were anything but inviting. At the first look, there was something so repulsive about him, as made one almost scrupulous in addressing him. When he did speak, however, scruple and dislike disappeared. There was an indescribable magic in his voice—words sounded like music from his lips, and even when he shouted during a storm, his voice sounded harmoniously, as if it wished to appease the hurricane. Each time he spoke, his dark knitted features assumed a soft benevolent expression; and when he did anybody a kindness, the expression of his features was so clear, so serene, so entirely that of peace with himself and all the world, that one could no longer be afraid of the man, but on the contrary, felt irresistibly drawn towards him. Therefore, those who knew him best loved him as a brother, and, spite of his taciturnity, desired his company. His entrance, alone, often silenced the hottest disputes. Rough as sea-faring men generally are, I do not remember ever to have heard a rough or rude word spoken to him. In fact, whilst he had not an enemy amongst his fellow-captains, many would have willingly sacrificed their last dollar for him.

"We had known each other for eight years, and were friends—as far as a first clerk and a ship's captain, in the service of the same house, can be. During this time, I knew him to be faithfulness itself; but nevertheless, a dark shade from former times rested upon his professional character. He was, in fact, suddenly dismissed by the Philadelphia house which he had formerly served, and which had raised him in a few years, and when very young, from cabin-boy to captain. The cause of this disgrace was never distinctly understood, but he was said to have committed an offence upon a voyage from Havana, which not only very greatly compromised the ship he commanded,

but also the consignees, and which, for several years even, closed the Havana to him. Undefined as these accusations were, I scarcely need to say that they were quite sufficient, in Philadelphia, to close all the principal houses against him, and the more so since he would not condescend to give any explanation whatever. For a long time, all his attempts to obtain a fresh engagement were fruitless—and, spite of his acknowledged capacity, would have long remained so, if the war—newly kindled by the untiring efforts of Bolivar, had not given a fresh impetus to the South American trade—and this compelled the houses engaged in it to close an eye in choosing their captains. And so, although not without much hesitation, he was engaged to command a vessel by our firm. And well may we congratulate ourselves upon this engagement, for to it we have chiefly to attribute the ascendancy which our business, from that hour, took above all the other South American houses in Baltimore. His former employers, when they saw this, hastened to make him propositions—and those very favorable ones—to re-enter their service, but he rejected them with indignation; and although he would never be brought to speak a syllable of the circumstance which had fixed such a dark stain upon his character, one perceived, whenever the discourse turned upon their house, a bitter mocking smile play about his mouth, and such a gloom settled on his features, that even the most curious lost all desire to ask him any questions. This dark page in the history of the man, joined to his silence and his gloomy manner, often occasioned me, I must honestly confess, strange and unpleasant thoughts during our voyage. Yet, on the other hand, he was the model of a seaman—calm, firm, decided, and directing his sailors more by look than by words. In this brig there reigned the silence of a quaker's meeting; even in his greatest anger, no cursing or abusive words ever escaped him; but the firmly-compressed lips, the wrinkled brow, were then dreadful to behold; and the most desperate sailor crept away like a dog from them. However, these thunder-clouds never lasted long, they always soon subsided into his customary gloomy calm. I have seldom seen this calm so unshakable in any man. During my eight years' acquaintance I had never once seen him carried away by passion. With the exception of the thunder-clouds on his brow and lips, he always remained the personification of indifference; and even now—when his whole hard-earned fortune was at stake—there was not the least trace of impatience to be perceived in him. It's true, he

whittled at times more hastily than usual, but that, as you know, is a national amusement.

"Certainly we Americans are not the people to get our heads turned by any quandary or foolish trick, and if it ever happens to one, the others soon put him all right again by their imperturbable calmness, supposing always that they are sufficiently supplied with dulcissimus, cigars, and penknives, sticks, benches, tables, or such like *cutable* materials. You should only have seen with what ardor our countrymen chipped, not only sticks and canes, but also, much to the despair of the host, tables, seats, sofas, in short, any piece of furniture they could get at in the coffee-house at Lima. The harder the wood the more vigorous were their penknives, and every one had thoughtfully possessed himself of a little whet-stone, with which he sharpened his penknife when it got blunt; while the English perpetually either grumbled and growled, and wished themselves and the patriots at h—l, or got drunk. More repulsive, rough, and yet more servilely disposed men than these English sailors I have seldom met with. From their manner one might have thought that dear old England must go to the bottom if only a hair of their shabby cargo were to be injured. I had here an opportunity of drawing comparisons, and really they were not very favorable to John Bull. Pshaw! John Bull ridicules Brother Jonathan's love of dollars; and certainly we like dollars. It is a strong mote in our eye, this perpetual dollar-seeking, I confess; but the ridicule does not sit well on John Bull with the beam in his own eye. Certainly we love the dollars, and are busily engaged in finding them; but if we lose them again, we do not, like John Bull, cut our throats about it. I do not know that one respectable American has ever hanged or drowned himself on account of the loss of his dollars, as the English do daily. Let John Bull say what he will, the man is still of some value to us apart from his dollars; but with him a man is not worth a straw more than his guineas. For this reason, the English expression, 'He is worth so much,' has remained in our seaport towns, and has never prevailed in the country.

"The British character has, undoubtedly, many brilliant traits, such as justice, manliness, and greatness and strength of soul; but it has also ugly ones, and amongst these are greediness for wealth, which does not allow him to consider it as a means, but as the highest aim of life, or rather as a kind of higher being, to obtain which he does not hesitate at the most desperate things. The Briton serves Turk and Jew, Carlist and Christino, for the sake of money. We do not do

so—we fight only for liberty! He would mercilessly tear the coin out of your entrails with iron claws! God pity the poor fellow who treads penniless the soil of Great Britain! With us, hundreds of thousands, expelled by European tyranny, still find their morsel of bread. Say what you please, there is still in the British character something hard and unfeeling, which constantly reminds one of the Norwegian and Norman pirates, and, much as it has been polished up in the eight or nine hundred years of appearance on the stage of the world, he has never quite thrown it off, wherever he may have gone, whether in Europe, or in Asia, in the East or West Indies."

"Bravo!" they all exclaimed.

"But," continued the president, "we don't wish to describe the physiognomy of the British character, but merely a simple fragment of our own and our friend's life, and therefore return again to our coffee-house, and our quid-chewing, cigar-smoking, and, above all, whittling captains there. The host had at last luckily discovered the means, which, as you know, have been introduced with so much success in the judicial and other assemblies. He had, in fact, procured a whole cart-load of sticks, with which he had covered the tables, seats, sofas, and everything which could dread a penknife, so that my good countrymen only had to set to, which they did with such good will, that coffee, billiard-room, and court, more resembled a carpenter's workshop than a coffee-house.

"The so-called patriots served at any rate as intellectual seasoning to this interesting amusement, for as they stood and lounged about the streets, they occasioned us much fun. They were the most ragged fellows that ever styled themselves Senores and Soldados—real caricatures—and strutted about in their span new liberty, and then lay down again in a most sultan-like manner. One of them wore a Spanish jacket, which he had pillaged at Ayacucho; another an American jacket, which he had bought from a sailor; a third had no jacket, but instead of it a monk's robe shortened; a fourth a shako, which wanted a peak; a fifth paraded barefooted in a mantilla; a sixth was stuck in a brocaded velvet coat of the time of Philip V. The volunteers were better clothed; but their officers, since the decisive battle before mentioned, adorned themselves in the most pompous manner; their uniforms abounded in gold lace, and there were some lieutenants who, instead of two, had six and eight epaulettes, which they wore on the back as well as on the shoulders.

"As we thus sat—it was after the siesta—cutting, smoking, chewing, and giving vent to our wits, or rather ill-humor, at

the expense of the patriots, one of the side-doors of the coffee-house opened, and an officer stepped out, who was calculated to give us a somewhat better idea of them. He was a man of about thirty, very simply but tastefully dressed, and of that unassuming, engaging demeanor often displayed by decided characters, and which strongly contrasted with the warlike deportment of his younger but much more showily dressed conductor; although the latter was undoubtedly his inferior in rank, as he walked a step behind him. He returned our salute with a short but very courteous movement of his cocked-hat, as he was about to pass us. My good captain stood a few steps sideways, indefatigably cutting away at his tenth or twelfth stick, when our movements made him look up just at the instant that the officer passed by him. The officer started, drew up, looked fixedly at our captain for a few seconds, then opened his arms, and springing towards him with a countenance animated with pleasure, pressed him impetuously to his bosom.

"'Captain Ready!'

"'That is my name,' rejoined the Captain, quickly.

"'Captain Ready!' exclaimed the officer again.

"The good Captain started, stared himself this time at the officer, but his look still betrayed no sign of recognition.

"'Captain Ready,' exclaimed the officer, 'is it possible you don't know me?'

"'No!' rejoined the Captain, still staring doubtfully at him.

"'Not know me? Not know me?' repeated the officer, almost reproachfully, and then whispered something in his ear.

"The Captain stared at him for one instant, in the next his features were lighted up with pleasure and friendship, and in amazement he seized the hand of the patriot.

"The officer took his arm, and dragged him impetuously towards the coffee-house again, in which they both disappeared.

"Meanwhile, we stood forming a great many conjectures on the incident. In about a quarter of an hour they both came out again. The officer, with his gaily-dressed attendant, went towards the government palace; the Captain joined us with the same imperturbable calmness that he always showed, and resumed at once his stick and penknife. To our question who the officer was, we only learnt that he belonged to the besieging army of Callao, and had once been a passenger of the Captain's.

"This account, however, did not quite satisfy me; for I had seen the assembled groups of patriots get almost into a panic at his approach. The English captains also seemed to know something more of him; for, in spite of the thick mist in which they usually shrouded themselves, they came forward, opened their ears and eyes widely, and became all at once so friendly, that they even invited the good Captain to partake of the grog which they were drinking. Your Briton is never more disagreeable than when he would be friendly and confiding, self-love and selfishness grin then so horribly out of his hard, brutal, roast-beef features. My Captain, as they deserved, turned his back upon them without saying a word.

"On the other hand, my countrymen—you know our (call it as you please) delicacy or apathy—appeared perfectly satisfied with the information which the Captain vouchsafed to them. Ships' captains—especially Americans, who are better cultivated, better informed, and sail in better ships than those of other nations—not only continually meet with a variety of persons and characters, but have also numerous opportunities of forming interesting acquaintances, and of rendering services and favors to persons who frequently rank above them, and yet to whom they stand in the relation of protectors and benefactors. In some respects they may be very fitly compared with actors, who in one half of their lives play parts which they would find it very difficult to carry on in the other.

"The captain on sea is generally very different from the captain on land. At sea he is half, if not quite, a being who governs absolutely; whose lightest wish is a command; who has it in his power to make their residence a heaven or a hell to his officers and crew; but on land he is generally a comparatively unimportant person, who does not even care to disoblige the agent of his consignee. On the other side, again, a sea voyage to the passenger is frequently an epoch, the principal actor in which, the captain, is not forgotten all his life; while, to the latter, the passenger has long since faded from his recollection amidst the hundreds who have since taken his place. To our sea-captain, therefore, the overstreaming joy of the patriot at meeting the Captain, as well as the comparatively cool response on the side of the Captain, were quite explicable. A few remarks were exchanged about South American enthusiasm, several analogous cases were related, and then they all fell back into their former course. On the following morning we were just sitting over our chocolate, when an orderly in a very neat uniform came into the veranda and asked for Captain Ready.

"The Captain rose very composedly, went a few steps listened to the aide-de-camp, and then calmly sat down chocolate, which he very comfortably drank, or rather for, in South America, the chocolate, as you know, is s up as thick as sauce. It was not till some time after th asked me, opportunely, whether I was inclined to mal excursion with him which might possibly last a day or tw

"As may be imagined, I did not suffer myself to be twice, for the hours seemed to hang as heavy as lead upo So we packed some clothes in our valises, took our cut and pistols, and left the coffee-house, before which, to r small astonishment, we found the orderly waiting on l back, and two superbly caparisoned Spanish horses. curiosity was now strongly excited, for the horses thems were the most splendid I had seen in Peru; but, with a questions, I could not get more from my silent friend that our excursion was to the officer of yesterday; th held some situation in the besieging army, and had once his passenger; but that he himself did not know who or he was.

"With this I was obliged to content myself for the pr although the confused manner of the good Captain mad suspect something was hidden behind. When we ha Lima about a mile behind us, we heard a heavy cannona the direction we were taking, and about a mile further o met a procession of wagons and carts, in which the wou were being conveyed to Lima. The cannonade be stronger. Troops of marauders swarming through the l hedges and gardens, showed themselves at times, but back as soon as they recognized the orderly. I felt a desire to see the field of battle; not that I felt partici warlike—no; of that pseudo-chivalrous, or, to speak properly, foolish spirit, which leads so many to mix selves, like fools, in other people's disputes, and to bring skin and bones to market, I have never, thank heaven! l the slightest vestige in myself. I was always a man of p and business, who never troubled himself about patric Spaniards, if they only left him unmolested his meal salted meat, and, above all, his cigars. But in the quar in which we were placed, and, racked as we were by the rible thought of becoming beggars, even pirates would have been unwelcome to me, if I could have vented my and desperation at them. It also seemed possible to me the Spaniards might sally forth from their fortress and their friends and ours into the Pacific Ocean—a thought w

spite of its absurdity, appeared probable to me, although I took care not to communicate it to the Captain.

"With respect to him, however, he had been originally blessed with a *stoa*, which made him regard powder and lead as indifferent things. He had, during his fourteen years' sea life, and his voyages in and out of the blockaded South American harbors, heard so many twelve and sixteen-pounders whistle about his ears, and had withstood so many pirates, that with him there could be no longer any question of fear; if he had any, it was the fear of being thrown from his restive steed, for, like all seamen, he was a very bad rider, and dangled about upon it, not unlike an overloaded schooner in the trough of a heavy and contrary sea. However, we escaped that pretty happily.

"After we had reached a moderate height, we perceived on the left the gloomy bastions of the forts; on the right, Bella Vista; and beyond, the Pacific, as it is called, but, as it is in reality, very stormy ocean. Bella Vista is, properly speaking, a village only; but the buildings are for the most part villas, in which the grandees of Peru pass their summer months, in order to enjoy the cool sea air. Although entirely commanded by the guns of the fortress, the houses and villas are built so massively, that the General *en chef* himself, with the greatest part of his army, had taken up their quarters there.

"The orderly was showing us, or rather the Captain, who spoke Spanish fluently, the various batteries; the last of which, though finished, had not yet opened her fire, lay not three hundred steps from the fortress. It was hidden, at present, by the houses standing before it, which, however, were already undermined, and were shortly to fall.

"Whilst the orderly explained, as well as he knew how, the batteries, and the manner of the siege, our horses, and especially the Captain's, which must evidently have been ridden by an officer of high rank, for it would always go onwards, became very restive, and as I have said, my good Captain knew well how to govern a ship, but not a horse; it at last lost patience, and broke away with him so furiously, that ours, hold them back or pull them up as we would, would race after it. Whither we were going heaven knew, but we did not. Presently an explosion took place, and we came to the ground in an ocean of clouds, dust, and smoke, accompanied by a deafening cannonade, which seemed as if it must tear the earth from its foundations. In fact, our horses had, in their rage, torn away towards the village, and, as it happened, exactly towards the posts situated nearest the fortress, just at the in-

stant when these sank together, with an explosion like an earthquake, for which the batteries had only waited to open their fire upon the fortress. That the latter did not hesitate to return the salute with interest I do not need to tell you; and as the other batteries also joined in, there was now a thundering and raining of cannon, cartridge, balls, and bombs, as if the world must be torn to pieces.

"The horses that had sunk down with us, had thrown us off like mill-sacks; the orderly was stunned, I half dead; it was only the Captain who seemed to find the matter quite in order. Accordingly he worked himself calmly from under his horse, helped me and the orderly, who had quite lost all power of speech, upon our feet, and then asked, composedly, where the officer was now to be met with. The coolness of the man was, to serve myself with a favorite expression, truly 'considerable.' At least thirty balls entered the wall behind which our horses had luckily thrown us, or I suppose we should certainly have been made free from all our trouble and perplexity on account of cargo and brig, and fragments of it were flying about on all sides; but our good Captain did not seem to trouble himself at all about all this. He was only impatient at the clouds of smoke and dust, which poured forth from the batteries and falling houses, and placed us in real Egyptian darkness; he certainly asked a dozen of the soldiers, who were hurrying here and there, where the battery was, but not one of them took time to listen to him, if, indeed, they could have heard him.

"At last, however, the thickest dust clouds rolled away, and the perplexed orderly also found out in some degree where he was; so he pointed to *la batteria*, towards which my friend drew me without more ado. We had not gone twenty steps when we already came upon a cannon. As you may easily imagine, everything there was in motion. The battery counted thirty twenty-four and thirty-six pounders, which were served with a zeal and courage which far exceeded my expectation of patriot valor. In fact, there was too much bravado amongst the little people there. They rather danced than walked about the cannons, and that with a contempt of death in their look and manner, which looked like scorn and malice. They did not seem to consider it worth the trouble to draw back the guns from the embrasures, whilst they loaded them, but, on the contrary, always reloaded them as they were, and scoffingly invited the Spaniards to aim better if they could.

"We must not forget that it was little more than three months after the brilliant victory of Ayacucho, one of the

most splendid feats of arms that was ever accomplished, and which, as may be comprehended, had such an effect on the troops of the besieging army, that they, as it were, danced towards death, and even appeared to envy the fortunate ones who received a ball from before their eyes. In consequence of this rashness, one half the men were already shot away at the gun we first came upon, and we had scarcely entered upon the scene, the Captain signalling to me to bend, when a ball carried away the head of the man who was standing next to me. As it was, the wind of the shot would have struck me, if I had not fortunately been standing sideways. At the same time a warm mass splashed over my face and head, which nearly blinded me, and when I wiped it away I found the man lying headless at my feet. It would be impossible for me to describe to you the horror which overpowered me. It is true it was not the first time I had seen a fellow-creature fall, but certainly it was the first time that his brains and blood had been spurted over my face. I turned deadly sick, my knees trembled, the blood rushed to my heart, my head turned round, and I fell senseless to the ground.

"But strange to say! the next that fell restored me to myself again. It did not have nearly so bad an effect upon me. It is true I felt a strong palpitation of the heart even at this, but already much weaker; at the third who was shot down by the nearest cannon, the palpitation was still weaker, so that at each fall my fear decreased, and my passive courage became stronger, till at last it grew to a kind of confidence in which, strange to say, was mixed a kind of mischievous joy. In fact, I felt at each fall a species of fatalism which whispered to me that so and so many were chosen for victims; and with each that fell, my security also increased, and that I should soon be safe.

"Man is really a strange creature! whether he is good or bad by nature I will not decide; but I believe the two principles keep the balance pretty equally.

"It is wonderful, however, how quickly even one who is any thing but a *fire-eater*—for, as I have said, I was never that—can become courageous. The first ball which strikes a neighbor, deprives him of sense and consciousness; the second often brings him again to consciousness, although not in the same degree; the third makes him indifferent, and the fourth courageous; until at last, an hour later, we *look death as coolly in the face* as if we admit the fact that we were born to it.

"Half an hour after my entrance in the battery, I worked at the side of the Captain, stooping, it is true, but still so calmly, that I scarcely noticed the balls that were flying over my head.

"How I, however—as peaceful a citizen as ever kept a ledger—was brought into this service, I must now explain to you.

"My good Captain had scarcely pushed me into a corner of the battery, motioning to me at the same time to keep my head bent, than he himself got up in order to reconnoitre the terrain, which he did in real Yankee manner; here giving a push, there taking one, just as if he were at home. Not till some few artillerymen were killed, did he go more determinedly to work; then he took the ramrod from the nearest, and commanded, or motioned commandingly, to another to help him to pull back the cannon. The man obeyed without changing a feature. The piece was pushed back, loaded, and again pushed forward, arranged, and fired off by the Captain. So decided was his manner, that nobody ventured to make a remark, and all obeyed him without his opening his mouth. Here truly I had opportunity of closely perceiving what confidence and presence of mind can accomplish. The good man acted as if the battery had been under his command for years, and no one seemed to have the least doubt of his authority. The men at the next gun put themselves under his command. There was a something irresistible in his cool courage and confidence, to which weaker spirits evidently bent. He appeared to me like one of the back settlers, who settle themselves, *sans façon*, on other people's land, and then make themselves at home, untroubled as to whether their doing so is agreeable or not.

"It was really the part played by my friend which by degrees encouraged, strengthened, and at last induced me to become equally active. In such a situation one must become active in a degree; the bare resolution causes one's courage to increase. At last I took heart to reach one of the cartridges out of the chest, certainly bending myself carefully, but by degrees raising my head more and more, until at last I held it as high as any one."

"Bravo!" they all exclaimed.

"So you see in the last patriot struggle, to a certain extent, I gained some laurels.

"We had worked like horses for about an hour," he continued, "when the fire began by degrees to get weaker. Most of the cannons had become useless; only about half a dozen, those being under our Captain's direction, were still playing, thanks to his unshakable phlegm, which, after every shot, let the piece cool, for which the others in their haste took little or no precaution. Moreover, I must observe, that the patriots, spite of their fifteen years hard contest with the Spaniards,

were still but very indifferent artillerymen; so that the artillery in general had not by any means played the part which, in the wars of more civilized nations, has since been allotted to that branch of the service.

"Nor was this remarkable, when it is remembered that the battles were mostly fought by the cavalry or infantry; and even in that of Ayacucho, which decided the fate of the whole Spanish government, scarcely half a dozen field-pieces were fired on either side. The nature of the country, the immense mountains, the streams, the impassableness even of the plains, together with the want of connecting routes, and the constantly forced marches which were necessary in order to surprise the enemy by an unforeseen blow, allowed but seldom of the use of these massive engines of destruction; in fact, much more seldom than in our revolutionary combats.

"It is well known, also, that the artillery service, to be effectual, requires a certain degree of mathematical knowledge, which the South Americans could not possibly acquire under the Spanish government, whose miserable policy it was to stupefy rather than to cultivate the minds of its subjects. But this, of course, does not in any way lessen the merit of the patriot; neither does it take from the revolutionary battles themselves any of their vast importance, for as our revolution was without doubt the most important event of the last century, and first brought the masses of the people—the middle class—to a knowledge of their power, and was the principal source from which the French and all other revolutions have flowed, and from which many will still flow, spite of all opposition; so must also the Spanish struggle for liberty, although merely a consequence of our own, nevertheless work some very important though minor reactions on the mother country, and Europe in general.

"The Spanish South American character, like its continent, is far less acceptable and attractive, and therefore there was but little of that sympathy in their revolutionary battles, which the whole civilized world, and even our mortal enemies, the British, felt for us; moreover the raising of their banner was glorified by none of those suns of humanity, who, like our Washingtons, Franklins, and Jeffersons, equally great as men and heroes, statesmen and generals, philosophers and citizens, extended their influence over the good and noble of all nations, and will continue to do so as long as there are good and noble upon the earth!

"But let us return to our Captain, who had just loaded, pointed, and was about to fire off once more, when ——, the

officer of yesterday, attended by several adjutants and staff officers came towards us. He had been several times in the battery, had stopped at each of the cannons, encouraged some, blamed others, laid a hand himself to the third, but by us he had always stood still, rubbing his hands with visible satisfaction. He did so this time, and as he thus stood rubbing his hands, watching and admiring every movement of the Captain, I saw well that he must be one of the generals of the patriot army.

"The Captain discharged again, and as the smoke cleared away, we saw the bastion opposite to us tremble, and then sink into the trenches. The fall was greeted by a joyful hurrah; twenty officers sprang forward at once; you should have seen the scene now! To seize the Captain round the neck, to embrace him passionately, to throw him into the arms of the next officer, this one to a third, and that one to a fourth—all this was the work of an instant. The imperturbable Captain, and even I myself, flew like a ball through their hands. They seemed to have become stark mad. The balls still shot right and left into the battery—one tore a poor devil of an orderly through the middle, but that did not sober them; their enthusiasm got wilder. There was something exotic, tropical, perfectly South American in this impromptu!

"Above us the whizzing balls, beneath us the blood-slippery ground, about us the dead and wounded, and sorrow and destruction of every kind, and we flying out of the arms of one black-bearded fellow into another's! I lost both sight and hearing, and only retained the recollection that we were in South America in a patriot camp. The affection of these patriots streamed over so profusely that they appeared really fearful to me. I fancied myself in some Moslem camp, in one of the thousand-and-one night scenes of which I had read during my voyage. When I had recovered my recollection they had all disappeared.

"'Captain, what was that? I don't understand,' said I to my friend.

"'Oh! we've knocked down the bastion,' observed the Captain.

"'Yes, but what did they want? I believe the people have been crazed by a sun-stroke. Where are they all gone?'

"'Probably to their posts!' rejoined the Captain, wiping the perspiration from his brow, and at the same time getting ready to examine the battery of a neighbor.

"On our side the fire had quite ceased; the enemy's also decreased, and was only heard at long intervals.

waited a few minutes until it had ceased altogether, and then began to march through the battery. It offered, as you may easily imagine, no very refreshing view; it required strong nerves to preserve our composure. We strode amongst blown-up munition chests, around which, instead of balls, were hands, feet, bodies, and crushed shells; the *mud walls* also were garnished with the most horrible arabesques. One might well turn sick! And yet, in the whole battery, not more than a hundred had fallen; but twelve and four-and-twenty pounders, charged with bombs, and mortars, make horrid work, and the battery was not arranged in the best manner. The patriots were more backward in the art of fortification than even in artillery, and the enemy's fire had, in consequence, done them serious damage. More than half of the cannons were become useless; some had burst, in others the carriages were shot away. On one side, as far as we could perceive, our fire had not done very much injury. The bastion was certainly in pieces, and offered a breach by which a strong regiment, properly supported by well-served artillery, could get into the fortress; but of that they seemed no longer to think, although something might certainly have been done with the cannon that were still fit for use. The greater part of the officers had already left the battery, evidently in the highest degree satisfied with the result; those who remained behind were only engaged in removing their dead and wounded, without troubling themselves any further about cannons, carriages, or battery. Even to me, who am anything but a man of war, this appeared a little strange! Such powerful exertions, such sacrifices of labor and life, and immediately upon it an indifference, which was anything but prudent or military. My good Captain also shook his head in a manner which betrayed some dissatisfaction with their indifference and indolence. But it is exactly so with these South Americans; in war, as in peace, they are hot-blooded, violent, capable of the most desperate exertions. In great extremity they fly over the Andes, endure hunger and thirst, cold and heat, overcome dangers, in comparison with which Napoleon's march in Italy was mere child's play—surprise the enemy, conquer and destroy him; but then, instead of following up their victory, they lay themselves quietly down to their siesta, and allow its fruits to be taken from them by the first best troop of stragglers. It was fortunate for them that their enemies, the Spaniards, were blessed with the same amiable weakness. Had their adversaries been Americans or Britons, the combat would very possibly have taken a different turn. We had

inspected the battery, and were just upon the point of quitting it to look at the others, when our orderly came running to us, and summoned us to appear at once at head-quarters. We went, and on our way there saw still more plainly the peculiarities of the patriot soldiers; for as I before observed, a great part of the besieging army encamped and bivouacked, some in the villas, some in the gardens, we had the finest opportunity on our walk of seeing them, in some degree, in *neglige*. And finer, more warlike looking troops, I assure you, I have never seen than these patriots. They were no longer the marauders that roamed about Lima; on the contrary, picked troops, well, and even richly uniformed, they presented groups, than which no painter could desire more beautiful or picturesque. The dark-bronzed Salvator Rosa countenances, with their black beards, their blacker glistening eyes! those lazy, and yet decided movements. No other troops, not even the soldiers of the French empire, had so chivalrous an appearance. To witness their bivouac is the most picturesque thing one can see! the most ragged patriot, who can scarcely cover his nakedness, throws himself, *en heros*, to the ground; and when he lays himself down has a way of draping his rags, not studied or artistic, but with such naturally inborn tact, that he becomes really picturesque. A pull, and the ragged mantle falls round him with a grace which a king's mantle would not give to another, and which those of any actors can attain. They are fond also of reclining, and lie down a much greater portion of their lives than they sit or stand. If they could work lying down, I believe they would work a little more; but as they must stand or sit to do that, they are of little or no use for it. We saw that, in the manner in which they did what was absolutely necessary. Scarcely one of them cleaned his weapons; but nevertheless, several were obliged to cook and wash; and they did so in a manner which made us stand and stare at them. While, for example, the hands cooked or washed, the other parts of the body, particularly the head, seemed far exalted above these servile affairs, and to give an unwilling and contemptuous assent to the movements of the hands. It was really droll to watch them, and reminded me of a British radical Lord Chamberlain, who, compelled to hold the wash-hand basin or towel for his sovereign, does it with a kind of scornful loyalty.

"We came at last before a noble villa, which, by the sentinels standing there, appeared to be the head-quarters of the General-in-chief of the besieging army, pushed our way through crowds of aides-de-camp, staff officers, and orderlies, and were

given over to a sort of major-domo, who let us into an apartment on the ground floor, where we found our valises, which were certainly very necessary; for, sooty, black, bloody, and torn, we resembled banditti more than peaceful, quiet citizens of the United States.

"The major-domo warned us to hasten our toilette, as dinner would be served as soon as the commander should return from the battery. We hurried accordingly, and were scarcely ready when he came again to bring us to his excellency.

"On entering the saloon, we found a table laid, and at least sixty officers, amongst whom were those we had already become acquainted with in the battery. Without waiting an instant for our reception by the General, they sprang towards us with a '*Bien venidos, Capitanes,*' embraced us again, and then threw us to the embraces of their comrades. With us that would have been a breach of etiquette, of which no boatman, much less a field officer, would have been guilty: here it not only did not offend, but seemed quite in order.

"These South Americans have a way of doing such things, which, not being planned, but resulting spontaneously from the vehemence of their feelings, has nothing rude in it; but, on the contrary, an amiable, chivalrous, *sans façon* appearance, agreeing very well with their fiery eyes, their olive countenances, and their black beards. In general, however, the South American is anything but vehement and petulant; on the contrary, rather formal and solemn. One sees, in all their movements, that they are the descendants of the proud Spaniards, and they are perfectly aware of it—not the Spaniards of the present day, debauched by bigoted priest's regents, but the knightly Spaniards of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, whose deeds they love to imitate, and with whose epoch they love to compare their own; like all people who, through spiritual or worldly despotism, or both, have sunk from an historical and lofty past into a sad and degraded present.

"But the point of time in which our acquaintance with them fell, was also well calculated to tune enthusiastically spirits so naturally susceptible of what is great and high.

"It was a point of time which appears to favored nations only once, to others never—the period of their bursting from a fearful body-and-mind-enslaving yoke! But this era had come, like a meteor, to the whole of Spanish America. Not four months before, the most daring had doubted, the bravest had despaired. As by a miracle, where defeat had seemed certain, a brilliant victory had been obtained, followed so quickly by

the defeat of the enemy at every point, that, literally, the whole Spanish South America kept victorious jubilee.

"What the capture of Lord Cornwallis was for us, the battle of Ayacucho was for South America. It awakened the whole country, from Panama to the River Amazon, to a new existence; and one must have witnessed it to be able to comprehend how public and private animosities were buried in the River Lethe, and how millions and millions embraced as brothers, and stretched ont their hands to each other over the Andes and Cordilleras, to assist in driving away the common enemy. Colombia hastened to the assistance of Peru, Buenos Ayres to that of the states of La Plata; everywhere the most noble intentions were indicated by the most splendid deeds.

"Verily, it is a glorious period for a philanthropist, when it is permitted to him to celebrate the new birth and resurrection of a whole people. At such a time, all that is low and common disappears—the noble and high-hearted feelings overpower all that are unworthy, and the most miserable slave becomes a hero.

"I confess to you, that on this day the patriots appeared to me in a light so brilliant, that the halo still dazzles my judgment, and inclines it in their favor. I thought I had never seen more noble men; for such, indeed, they were on that day. Many of them were from the first families of the land—branches of historic houses. All had fought in bloody battle and had gained laurels, which the better became them, as the consciousness of having suffered much caused them to wear them modestly.

"The South American character then showed itself in its best light; and from that day the South Americans have become dear to me; and sad as the present may appear, I despair not of a brilliant future for them.

"The table was such as one might expect at a general-in-chief's who commanded an army blockading a port. The richest Spanish and French wines, and the choicest delicacies, were there in profusion; and although we drank champagne out of tumblers, there was not the slightest sign of inebriety.

"In this respect we might well have learnt something from the patriots.

"The first toast that was given was, 'Bolivar!'

"The second, 'Sucre!'

"The third, 'The battle of Ayacucho!'

"The fourth, 'The union of Colombia and Peru!'

"The fifth, 'Hualero!'

"We now learned, for the first time, who was the officer of yesterday. The General stood up, raised his glass, and spoke with much emotion.

"'Senores amigos!' he concluded; 'that you have your brother-in-arms amongst you; that he can still devote his service, his blood, to his fatherland,—you have to thank my old friend and your new brother-in-arms, whom I now recommend to you as well worthy your friendship and affection.'

"He then pulled the Captain to him, and impetuously threw himself upon his neck. Tears came into the eyes of the usually imperturbable seaman; his lips quivered, and he was scarcely able to stammer out—

"'Amigo siempre!'

"The whole corps of officers embraced them both.

"The following day we remained in the camp; but on the next we rode back to Lima, where the Captain was obliged to take up his quarters at the residence of his friend. From his lady, who had followed her husband to Lima, as also from the General himself, I learned the origin of the strange friendship between one of the most celebrated commanders of the patriot army and my taciturn Captain.

"It explained the mysterious stain on his professional character.

"I wish I were able to give the words of the noble couple, with the same fire, the same noble, glowing, poetical language in which they were given to me.

HAVANA. 1816.

"Eighteen hundred and sixteen! Well will South America remember thee, in cheerful and in gloomy days, for thou taughtest us to pray to God, when thou filledst the cup of misery up to the very brim! And should such evil days ever again dawn, thou wilt also reappear before us as a gloomy, but nevertheless comforting *Pharos*, reviving the most faint-hearted and the most desponding! For the God who caused day to dawn upon South America after that long night, verily He will never again forsake it!

"But it was in the autumn, on the 19th of November, in this fearful year, several months after the unfortunate battle of Cachiri, which, with the preceding equally unfortunate ones of Puerta Araguita and Alto de Tanumba had spread such misery over half of the globe, that a young man, poorly dressed, left

his dwelling in the *Calzada*, of Guadaloupe, at the Havana, and stole, with hasty steps, towards the harbor. It was still dark, for the sun had not yet risen behind the Atlantic Ocean; yet, although the Calzada lay several streets distant from the harbor, and he also appeared a stranger, he slipped through the by-streets and alleys with that instinct with which a chased animal seeks to escape his enemies. When he at last came near to the harbor, a second man glided from behind a heap of coffee-bags and Guinea logwood, gazed at him fixedly for an instant, and then, seizing his hand, drew him towards the hiding-place he had just quitted. Here the two remained in anxious expectation, whispering in low tones to each other, and with their eyes striving to pierce the gloomy fog, in which town and harbor lay hidden together. At every sound which penetrated through the mist, they shrank together; and as the awakening day was gradually announced by more and more activity, their apprehensions seemed to be visibly increasing. After they had remained thus about a quarter of an hour, the strokes of an oar announced the approach of a boat, which soon after appeared through the mist, and shot towards the pier. Before, however, it stopped at the stone steps, one of the men pointed to the man sitting at the helm, then pressed the other by the hand, and disappeared behind the coffee-bags and wood.

"In the boat were three persons, evidently seamen, one of whom seemed to be an officer. As the boat stopped at the pier, he spoke a few words to the boatmen, and then ascended the steps. He cast one more look at the boat, which was again disappearing in the fog, and then turned towards the town.

"A few steps brought him close to the heap behind which the stranger stood, who now came hastily forward, and stepped towards him. The first movement of the seaman was naturally towards his weapons, for he was in Havana, and the day not yet broke; a second look, however, made him push his cutlass quietly into the scabbard again. The young man looked like anything but an assassin. His clothes were worn: his features, though handsome and even noble, were full of trouble. Grief and sickness had evidently dejected a mind which originally had been one of much dignity. With an anxious voice, he asked whether he were not the captain of the schooner from Philadelphia, which was to sail shortly.

"The seaman looked searchingly at the young man for an instant, and then replied in the affirmative.

"The young man's eyes glistened. With a voice trembling

between fear and hope, he asked again 'whether he could not have a passage for himself, a female, and two children?'

"The seaman scanned him again, and this time more sharply. There was a something about the young man, besides his clothes, that seemed inconsistent with his position. Modest, and even humble as his words sounded, there was a certain tone of command in them, which strangely contrasted with his dress and his anxiety. While his lips trembled, the fire in his eyes betrayed indomitable courage.

"The seaman shook his head.

"The young man gasped for breath—his speech seemed to fail him: he drew a well-filled purse out of his bosom.

"He would pay beforehand,—pay for everything beforehand.

"The captain started. The contrast between the full purse and the pitiable appearance was too great! He shook his head more decisively.

"The young man now gazed at him with an expression of gloomy desperation—his lips moved convulsively, his breathing entirely ceased.

"The captain was evidently struck.

"'Young man,' he asked in Spanish, 'what can you want in Philadelphia? you are no merchant?'

"'I wish to go to Philadelphia,' he gasped out. 'I will pay for my passage. Here is the money: here is my pass. You are a captain, what do you desire more?'

"The words were spoken so vehemently, the features of the young man had assumed such a painful expression of despair, that the captain still shook his head more and more. He gave him a long piercing glance, and was about to pass on.

"The young man grasped him, and held him back with a convulsive, trembling hand.

"'Captain! for God's sake, take me with you, and my poor wife and children!'

"'Wife and children!' suddenly exclaimed the captain, in a softer tone: 'have you wife and children?'

"The words 'wife and children' always touch the soul of an American on the tenderest side.

"'I have both wife and children!' groaned the young man, in desperation.

"'You have committed no crime?—you are not trying to escape the laws?' asked the captain, sharply.

"'So may God help me, as I have committed no crime!' replied the young man, raising his hand towards heaven.

"The captain reflected for an instant; then he said, 'in

that case I will take you: keep your money until you are on board. In an hour at farthest I am off.'

"The young man did not reply, but fetched breath like one who has received fresh hope, and has got relieved from a terrible anxiety. He cast a grateful look at the captain, and then to heaven, and hurried away.

"Captain Ready, master of the schooner 'The Speedy Tom,' had unloaded his cargo, dispatched his affairs, and would have quitted Havana before, if a stormy north-west wind had not prevented him. This, however, had ceased on this same morning, and he wished only to go to his hotel to discharge his bill, to fetch some things which he had left there, and then to set sail for Philadelphia. His schooner lay quite ready. It was a schooner built in Baltimore; by saying which, I believe I have said everything that can be said in praise of a vessel. It was indeed one of those vessels which the world with reason envies us, and which would be perfection if there were no such things as squalls; but these squalls somewhat qualify the virtues of the Baltimore schooners, for they turn then round quite as easily as any charming womanly virtue can be turned. But they are speedy, that must be confessed; they also offer you, in the smallest possible room, the greatest possible accommodation, including that, as I myself once experienced, of rolling conveniently from the deck into the sea. However, to return to our 'Speedy Tom.' From four to five persons could arrange themselves pretty comfortably in its nut-shell of a cabin, and, as it fortunately happened, the young captain had no other passengers: he did not, however, much congratulate himself upon his new acquisition. But the receiving him was, in any case, pretty well justified by his passport. It was true, that might be false; but that concerned the police, not him. If he were to inquire into the history of each of his passengers, he might as well nail up his cabin. Some such reasons as these may be supposed to have influenced the young seaman, although the secrecy and anxiety of the stranger did not please him; and he might bring him into collision with the harbor authorities, for which the owners of the vessel would not much thank him. Still the captain was young, and decided, and although strictly faithful to his duty as a captain, yet he was also a man. The voice of the pale stranger seemed to have touched a chord which vibrated strongly in his heart. What it was, however, he did not seem to trouble himself about. He therefore took his breakfast as usual, arranged what was still to be done, and then returned to his schooner.

"As he ascended the ladder, the stranger met him on the

deck, and, upon his entering the cabin, introduced him to a young lady, whose beauty, added to her nobility of look, tone, and manner, strangely contrasted with the half-ragged young man, her companion. She had with her two lovely children, and, like them, was dressed very plainly, but in clothes made of the finest materials. But here again appeared a contradiction. Upon one of the coffers lay a shabby cloak, which she must just have taken off, and the children had also just put aside similar coverings. Our captain shook his head rather ominously; but the grace of the lady, her flute-like voice, which came so softly and tremblingly from her bosom, and sounded so beseechingly through her pearly teeth and beautiful lips, soon chased away the cloud which had settled on the brow of the seaman.

"He politely invited them to make themselves at home in the cabin, and then ascended the stairs to the deck. A few minutes afterwards, the shouts of the sailors announced that the anchor was being drawn up; and the heavy swaying of the vessel that followed told that it was in motion.

"The sun had risen from the ocean. In the back-ground, through the vanishing mists, appeared the masses of houses of the Havana: in the fore-ground the numberless ships in the port, and then the gloomy castle of the Mólo, to whose menacing embrasures the schooner was now approaching.

"Meanwhile, with a deathlike paleness on their countenances, the married pair stood on the cabin stairs; with the one hand holding the cord of the stairs, and with the other embracing each other, they fixed their eyes upon the fort with breathless anxiety.

"As usual, after the north-wester, had followed a short calm, with light gusts of wind from the south-west, which had favored the exit of the schooner. It was now opposite the fort.

"No movement was to be perceived except that of the sentinels, who went up and down like automatons. Everything seemed as still as the grave.

"All at once, however, a small postern near the jetty was opened, and an officer issued forth, followed by six soldiers, whose arms glittered in the morning sun. Four men, who lay in a boat at the foot of the pier-steps, sprang up, the soldiers jumped in, a signal was immediately made to the schooner to stop, and the boat flew as upon wings towards it.

"'*Jesus, Maria, y Jose!*' exclaimed the lady.

"'*Madre de Dios!*' groaned her husband.

"Upon a signal from the captain, the great sail fell. Calm

and unmoved he looked at the hastily approaching boat, out of which, a minute later, the officer and soldiers jumped on board.

"The officer was young, but his mien was characteristically Spanish—grave and stern. In few words he desired the captain to produce his ship's papers, and to parade his crew and passengers. Before the captain went to fetch the first, he commanded his mate to call forward the others. On his return, he delivered the papers to the officer, without saying a word. The officer glanced his eye over them, inspected the sailors one after the other, and then looked expectingly in the direction whence the passengers must appear. They came, the young man with one of the children in his arms, the wife with the other.

"The officer started—

"'Do you know,' he thundered to the captain, 'that you have a state criminal on board? How could you presume to do such a thing?'

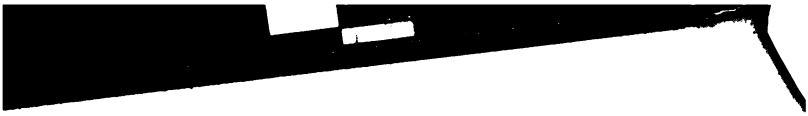
"'*Jesus, Maria, y Jose!*' groaned the wife again, and then sank insensible into her husband's arms.

"A deep stillness followed, which was only broken by the screams of the children. The soldiers and sailors, deeply affected, cast down their eyes. The officer had sprung forward to assist the young man, who, with the child in his arm, could with difficulty sustain his sinking wife and the other child. With much delicacy he took the children from him, and thus enabled him to continue his attention to his wife.

"'I am sorry, senor,' said he, 'but you must return with me.' The words were spoken in a sympathizing, but decided tone; the young man, however, did not hear them, but, like a man dreaming, knelt by his wife and chafed her temples. Meanwhile the captain took a piece of tobacco, cut off a quid, put it in his mouth, and as if mechanically unfolding the passport, held it towards the officer. The latter waved the unfeeling American back, as with an appearance of disgust. There was, in fact, something revolting in this apathy, in a young man of scarcely five-and-twenty. Certainly he was captain in the service of a mercantile house, to whom it was of the greatest importance to clear away any suspicion of his having connived with the fugitive; the schooner lay not five hundred feet from the fort—a single nod from the officer, and he would be obliged to go back, perhaps to undergo an investigation and a heavy punishment. But this leaden calmness, at such a moving scene, appeared to betray an unfeeling heart: the immovable features to disclose a nature dead to

"They came, the young man with one of the children in his arms, the wife with the other. The officer started. 'Do you know,' he thundered to the captain, 'that you have a state criminal on board?'"

UNIV. OF MICH.



every other feeling! Yet not so! We deceive ourselves. The common mind may display itself clearly in its outward mirror, the countenance; but, with the powerful mind, a rude husk may cover a noble kernel! A slight convulsive movement began to play upon the captain's countenance, which, however, no one perceived but his lieutenant, who came up to him, and in whose ear he whispered a few words. Then he again approached the officer and invited him to take some refreshment in the cabin, which the captains constantly offer to the visiting harbor officers. The Spaniard accepted it, and they went below.

"In the cabin, our captain seemed all at once to have become another man. With a *bonhommie* which no one would have expected from him, and which certainly no one can so well assume as a Yankee, when he wants, as we say, to throw sawder in the eyes of some good friend, he was all at once politeness personified. While the steward supplied the table with Boston crackers, almonds and olives, he uncorked a bottle of Madeira, and was at the same time so diligent in representing his innocence in the whole unpleasant affair that had occurred, that the officer, having tasted the Madeira, assured him at once that the pass was certainly false—made out for another; but he was to be at rest: the Madeira was excellent, the state prisoner a man of great importance, and that he congratulated himself upon having caught him. Most Spaniards love a glass of Madeira, especially with good olives. The officer began, therefore, to feel quite comfortable in the cabin. Meanwhile, however, he ordered the baggage of the prisoner to be brought out and put immediately into the boat.

"The captain, after politely apologizing for leaving him alone, hastened to give the necessary directions. As he ascended the cabin stairs, the unhappy prisoner staggered towards him. His complexion was turned blue, as that of a person hanged, his features were horribly distorted; one child clung to his right leg; his wife, more dead than alive, hung on his neck; the servant girl, a young negress, carried the second, still an infant, in her arms. Our captain had seen several similar scenes in his checkered life; but this had, nevertheless, something peculiarly affecting.

"The quiet nobility of the woman, the desponding distraction of the man, spoke a language which might well move the strongest nerves. As he now staggered forward, a lurid fire shot out of his eyes, the muscles of his face and his lips moved convulsively, his teeth chattered as if he were seized

with ague, and at the same time he grasped unconsciously after the handle of his sword.

"His wife seemed no longer to belong to the living, but even insensible as she appeared, she was unspeakably charming! The captain seized the hand of the unfortunate, and endeavored to comfort him.

"'If you had only discovered your situation to me a day earlier,' said he, 'I would have provided help, for tyranny is hated by me as by every American, under any circumstance; but here help is almost impossible, the order of the officer is positive; the cannons of the fort would be able to send us to the bottom in a few seconds. I pity you from my soul; but help ——'

"The unfortunate would not let him go on. He seized his hand, grasped it like a drowning man, groaned, attempted to speak, but was not able. At last he said, gaspingly and brokenly:

"'Listen, captain; I am a Colombian by birth, an officer in the patriot army. I was taken prisoner in the unfortunate battle of Cashiri, and conducted from thence to Havana with my companions in misery. My wife and children were allowed to follow me, in order that the Spaniards might have one of the first families in Colombia entirely in their power. For four months I languished in a most horrid dungeon; rats, reptiles, and vermin of every kind, were my only companions. I owe it to a strong constitution alone that I still live. Of seven hundred of my unfortunate companions, all but a few have fallen victims to Spanish cruelty. A fortnight back, they brought me, a perfect skeleton, out of my dungeon, and quartered me in the city to revive my strength, but only again to bury me alive. I heard that the order was already given to bring me back to my former cruel confinement. That I could not have survived a week longer in it, I am as sure as that there is a God in heaven. A true friend, spite of the great danger, took pity upon our condition, and provided us with a pass and money, and recommended me to you. The pass belonged to a Spaniard who died of yellow fever; with that, and by your assistance, I hoped for deliverance. Captain, my only hope for myself, my poor wife, my children, is in you. Life, or death? If you give me up, I am sure of the latter; for while I have power, rather than allow myself to be taken back, and subjected again to an imprisonment the horrors of which I cannot describe, I am firmly resolved to die. No; never again will I let myself be given back into the hands of the horrible Spaniards. But my poor wife! my poor children! my poor country!'

"The captain passed his hand across his brow, and then stepped hastily on the fore deck. He ordered the sailors to bring the luggage of the family on deck; he then glanced at the wind, and seemed to be speculating on the weather. After this, he whispered earnestly to his mate, and called to the steward to give the soldiers and boatmen some rum. He then descended the cabin stairs. As he passed the family, he said in a low voice, and without looking at them—'Trust in Him who helps when the need is at the greatest.' Scarcely had he murmured these words, when the Spanish officer sprang up the cabin stairs, and as soon as he perceived the prisoners, called to them to descend into the boat. The captain, however, stepped forward and besought him to allow his unfortunate passenger to take a farewell glass before he left the vessel. 'He (the officer) was a soldier, and he himself, as captain, also half a soldier; and he was convinced that the brave and magnanimous Spaniard—and every Spaniard was brave and magnanimous—would not compel him to turn an unfortunate brother soldier inhospitably from his deck!' The young officer was not a hard-hearted man; he nodded consentingly, went himself to the stairs, and, offering his hand to the Colombian, conducted him down into the cabin. The two seated themselves at the cabin table. The captain brought a fresh bottle of Madeira, which was so excellent, that at the first glass the Spaniard's eyes sparkled. The conversation, spite of the deathly apprehensions of the Colombian, became more and more animated. The captain spoke Spanish fluently, and gave proof of a joviality which no one would have anticipated in the dry and saturnine young man. Thus passed a quarter, perhaps half-an-hour.

"All at once the schooner gave a lurch, which made the glasses jingle.

"The Spaniard jumped up in a fury. 'Captain!' he cried, 'the schooner is sailing!'

"'Certainly,' rejoined the captain, coolly; 'you would not expect, senor, that we should remain idle in the most splendid breeze that ever blew a schooner?'

"Without replying, the officer sprang towards the cabin door, up the stairs, and threw a glance at the Molo. The fort lay two good miles behind them.

"The Spaniard became furious.

"'Soldiers!' he vociferated, 'seize the captain and prisoners; there is treachery at work. Steersman! put about.'

"And treachery was assuredly at work; for so quietly had sail been made, that neither the soldiers nor the boatmen, who

were peacefully drinking their rum, had perceived it. The presence of the officer first made them aware of it. The captain, however, remained quite composed.

"'Treachery!' he replied, gravely. 'Thank God, we are Americans, and have therefore nothing to betray; no trust to break; but as regards this prisoner, he remains here.'

"'Here!' sneered the Spaniard,—'we'll see about that, you treacherous ——"

"'Here!' rejoined the captain, calmly. 'Give yourself no unnecessary trouble, senor! Your soldiers' guns are, as you see, in our hands;—my six sailors are well provided with cutlasses and pistols. We eight can very well deal with you ten: at the first movement, we fire upon you.'

"The officer turned round, and looked thunderstruck. The muskets of his soldiers lay piled on the deck, and were guarded by two armed sailors.

"'You would dare ——' cried he. His rage would not let him go on.

"'Indeed I would, without more ado; but I hope you will not compel me to it, and in fact it is not at all necessary. You must remain my guest for a few hours longer, and then you can return in your boat. Against perhaps a month's arrest, you may set off the consciousness of having saved a noble enemy from despair and death.'

"All this was spoken quietly and gravely, but, at the same time, so decidedly, that it made the Spaniard writhe.

"'*Maestro! Maestro!*' said he, 'I hope you are only joking.'

"'We Americans are not much given to joking,' rejoined the captain, carelessly.

"'Do you know that you are committing a capital crime?' exclaimed the Spaniard again.

"'If I were a Spaniard—yes; as American—no; rejoined the captain, calmly, dipping his finger in a bucket of sea-water, which the steward had just drawn up the side of the vessel. 'We are on the sea, on the American sea; and you know well, that we Americans are masters here, and too proud to allow ourselves to be dictated to by any nation whatever. Be reasonable and humane,' he added, in a more friendly tone. 'This patriot officer has committed no crime; on the contrary, he has done his duty; he has done what our Washingtons, Putnams, Greens, and thousands of our revolutionary heroes did,—fought for his country and its liberty; and you—instead of treating him, as an unfortunate prisoner, humanely—have tortured him to a skeleton. Look at him, and say whether I

must not be harder than a stone, if I would again deliver him into your clutches? He shall not go back.'

"The officer ground his teeth, but evidently did not yet give up hope of getting out of the difficulty. It was true it was no use to think of resistance; the muskets of his men were in the power of the Americans, who stood before them with pistols in their hands, and cutlasses in their teeth. The soldiers themselves seemed to be anything but disposed for fighting, by the rum they had taken: the boatmen were negroes, and consequently, non-combatants; but many government or revenue cutters were to be seen at no great distance. Could he but succeed in giving a sign to one of them, the schooner would be certainly brought to. He therefore looked anxiously in the direction in which a sloop-of-war was just sailing towards the harbor.

The captain seemed to read his thoughts.

"'Senor, you must do us the honor of taking a light *dejeuner à la fourchette* with us. We also hope for the pleasure of your company at dinner. By supper-time, probably, you would like to be at home again.'

"With these words, he politely offered him his hand, which the Spaniard, putting a good face upon a bad matter, was forced to accept; for the American's countenance had assumed a seriousness which plainly showed that he was anything but disposed to be trifled with.

"The couple thus left to themselves, uttered an inarticulate scream of joy, and then sank into each other's arms. To speak, to thank, they were unable—their hearts were too full. They hung round each other's necks, sobbing, and embracing each other convulsively, as if they could never separate again; then they laughed deliriously, and murmured broken sentences of affection, as they gazed back upon the dreadful Havana—the horrid Molo!

"By degrees, the endless masses of the city, the confused chaos of sails, ropes, and masts, and the Molo itself, disappeared; a glittering streak began to unroll itself between them and the city, at first not wider than a silver ribbon, but quickly increasing in length and breadth. With inexpressible delight, the husband and wife watched its rapid growth, and, as the stripe became a broad ocean mirror, it seemed to them as if it were a sign from heaven, sent to favor their deliverance.

"Heaven did visibly favor it. Fainter and fainter became the outline of the city and harbor. Already the masts of the ships were no longer visible, but their pennons still fluttered

like sea-birds in the distant horizon. The schooner flew ten knots an hour before the fresh south-westerly breeze.

"Oh! the sensations of the fugitives! In their excitement, they heeded not the necessities of nature—neither hunger nor thirst. It was not until the voice of the Spaniard was heard again on the cabin stairs that they recovered their consciousness.

"The *dejeuner* appeared to have been relished very well, for the young officer was become sociable, and even talkative. Whilst yet on the stairs, he laughingly assured the captain that he had enjoyed the trip, and that he was glad to have made the acquaintance of a Yankee-American, although he should probably have to pay dear for it, by a few months' arrest in the fortress, or perhaps a still severer punishment. On the other hand, however, he hoped that if ever the fortune of war should place him in a similar situation to the Colombian, he should also meet with a Yankee to help him out of the mess. The captain replied to him frankly and openly. Those who saw him now would no longer have recognized him. The dark, unprepossessing features had assumed an expression of serene enjoyment: the consciousness of having enriched the world with a noble action, had evidently raised him in his own estimation. As he stepped upon the deck, arm-in-arm with the Spaniard, he appeared to the patriot and his wife nothing less than a hero or demi-god!

"The schooner was now full twenty miles from Havana, and the Molo was scarcely discernible. It was time to separate; for the captain had no longer any fear of being fetched back, and detaining the officer and his men longer might be perilous to their safety. He therefore hastened to get them into their boat. Before leaving the schooner, the officer once more embraced the captain, and a minute later the boat was flying towards the harbor.

"The schooner, on the other hand, hurried on the wings of the wind towards home, where it arrived after eleven days. The fugitives took up their quarters at the house of the Captain, whose young wife (he had been married seven years) received them as old friends.

"Estoval (so the Colombian was named in his passport) and his wife accepted the invitation of their deliverer and protector all the more willingly, as their appearance under their own name would be attended with some danger to themselves, and with unpleasantness to him. Philadelphia—a most honest but rather narrow-minded town, inhabited by peaceful quakers, scholars, and merchants, disinclined toward any revolt or revo-

lution—had, as may be imagined, never been very favorably disposed towards the patriots, for they had suffered considerable losses through the war; and, moreover, the Spanish Ambassador had a very strong party in an aristocratic clique in the town, which might have made the disclosure of their real names inconvenient, if not dangerous. The fugitives, therefore, considered it prudent to preserve their *incognito*, and the more so, as their pecuniary resources were limited, and economy was necessary, in order to make their return home probable. An opportunity of doing so occurred three months later, when a friend of the Captain's undertook to convey the family to Marguerite, at that time the headquarters of the patriots, and from whence, as is known, they began again under Bolivar those operations against the Spaniards which were attended with such fortunate results.

"It was only upon their voyage home that it occurred to them that they had never told their real name to their deliverer. In fact, the latter had never asked them; and as they had always called each other by their Christian names, it had never been mentioned.

"Meanwhile, the good seed the Captain had sown had brought him no good fruit. If the rescued man had been a pseudo-loyalist—whether Englishman, Frenchman, or Spaniard—the good Philadelphians would have broken out into ecstasies at his noble, daring, chivalrous deed; but to rescue a rebel, a patriot, from justice and well-merited punishment, and at the same time to expose ship, cargo, and—what was still more important, the respectability of the house—that could not be forgiven or overlooked. The firm was chiefly composed of quakers, and quaker-like did they resent it. It is true they did nothing avowedly; but they felt it the more as their correspondents at Havana had some unpleasantness through the affair. The Captain was therefore dismissed, with a very equivocal testimonial of character; and thus a shade was thrown over him, which might have remained there forever, if, as I before said, the chances of war had not again favored him. But he had to struggle long ere the bad impression against him was altogether removed.

"Meanwhile, years had passed away. Colombia had obtained its independence; Bolivar had made his celebrated forced march, which prevented the junction of the Spanish forces; Hualero had gone out from Caracas with a second army to Peru; but while he shipped at Panama, and sailed round Cape Horn on his way to Lima, Suere had attacked the Spaniards at Ayacucho, defeated and taken them prisoners,

thus securing the independence of Peru, and with it that of Spanish America. Thus there was no longer any enemy existing, except the one shut up in the fortress of Callao. This fortress, as you know, had been blockaded and taken four years before by Martin and Cochrane, but through treachery had again fallen into the hands of the Spaniards; and General Hualero, just arrived with his army in the harbor before Lima, was ordered to besiege it.

"They had just landed, when the Captain arrived with provisions, and, what was equally indispensable to the Spaniards, cigars. Thus fate again brought the protected and protector together in a very antipodean position—the poor fugitive as commander-in-chief of a considerable army; the Yankee as a humble captain, whose ship and cargo had become useless. But neither the one nor the other acted contrary to his character. The patriot, in the pride of command, did not forget his benefactor; the captain in misfortune did not forget—the man. He still stood opposite the celebrated commander, and not a feature or a gesture disclosed that he was not in his natural sphere.

"To me it was one of the most delightful things to contemplate two so differently tempered, and yet in the main congenial, characters. They enjoyed each other's company for three whole weeks, at the end of which time they separated with confirmed esteem for each other.

"That the dilemma in which we were took now a very brilliant turn, perhaps I scarcely need to tell you. We had not been three days at Lima before the Captain received back ship and cargo, with the exception of the Spanish property. This was, of course, seized and confiscated by the patriots; but the commander-in-chief purchased it and presented it to the captain, while at the same time he arranged a kind of auction in which the cigars were disposed of at high prices.

"The Captain cleared three thousand dollars, which he brought home with him in gold. The brig itself, with the rest of the cargo, was purchased by the government for their fleet. At the end of three weeks we quitted Lima in a very different mood from that in which we entered it. Not that my good Captain had become a jot more noisy or jovial; even the still charming wife of the General had not been able to win a smile from him. But now we respected his peculiarities. We knew these gloomy clouds were only the veil which obscured the calm, pure day. We had found the precious kernel within the rough shell!"

The president had finished. There was a long pause.

"And this Captain Ready," at last Colonel Oakley broke out, "this Captain Ready is——"

"A Yankee!" rejoined the president, composedly.

"Duncan! you are almost as bad as Kishogue before the Irish judge. It is Captain Murky, is it not?" said General Burnslow.

"Perhaps so, Burnslow!" replied Duncan.

"Then, gentlemen!" exclaimed the General, with emphasis, "I propose to vote our brave Captain, as a testimonial of our respect and approbation——"

"Oh!" interrupted the president, mockingly.

"Don't interrupt me!" exclaimed the General, hastily—"as a testimony of our respect and approbation, and of our estimation of his chivalrous seaman-like behavior—a public dinner."

"With four-and-twenty toasts, and as many dozen bottles; is it not so?" inquired the bank president, dryly. "In the name of my friend I protest against it. Verily, he would not thank you twice, if you came to him with your Madeira and turtle soup, and your approbation and estimation as postscript to it. Your seasoning would only spoil his dinner. He knows already how to esteem himself and his good deed; for such deeds confer their own reward; but toasted, they lose all relish and become unpalatable."

"You are all at once become wonderfully fond of quiet enjoyment!" jeered the General.

"But he is right, General Burnslow; perfectly right," said the Supreme Judge. "I don't think that a public dinner would be *a propos* here. At least if fate had entwined such a splendid blossom in my barren wreath of life, nothing would annoy me more than such a theatrical demonstration."

"Well, then you Yankees are above measure sensitive!" replied the General.

"As you please, General," replied the Supreme Judge, half in joke, half in earnest. "Yankeedom is, it may be, a dry soil, but it produces as fragrant blossoms and as splendid fruits as any other; and without wishing to disparage the chivalrous deed of our dear Murky, I venture to assert that there are still hundreds of Yankees, who, in his place, would not hesitate a moment to act as he did."

"No doubt!" was cried by many voices.

"With all respect for Yankee chivalry," laughed others, "be so good as to leave a little bit for us Southrons!"

"Oh, certainly!" observed the president, laughingly; "and not only so, but we Yankees—do we not, judge?—acknowledge,

with deep humility, your superiority in this point; and that so entirely, that I am morally convinced a Southron, in the situation of our friend Murky, and before the Molo at Havana, would not only have challenged the Spaniard with his musquetaires, but also the Molo, with its three hundred cannons, if not the Havana itself, to mortal combat."

"Go to the devil!" cried the Southrons, laughingly.

The president also laughed heartily.

"You are, and ever will be, hot-blooded, hot-headed Southrons!" continued he, in his caustic, dry manner; "and whenever four-and-twenty of you come together, you as regularly bring with you at least six earthquakes, twelve tempests, four-and-twenty lightnings, and six-and-thirty thunder-claps."

"Go to the devil!" they all said again. "But good night! we'll go, or else we shall have a dozen more fracas on the road."

"Good night!" they all exclaimed.

"Good night!" replied the president; "and don't forget this day week you are my visitors."

VERY STRANGE.

"There they go, the hot-brains!" cried the president after them; "fiery as volcanoes, inflammable as Cadiz senoritas at eighteen, great-hearted as knights of the Round Table, and proud as Lucifer; but, nevertheless, glorious fellows. Could John Bull, from the whole of his old England, produce me two such youths as Oakley and Bently? Let us only every quarter of a century have a war for a year or two, like that of '12, for them to cool their courage on John Bull, and they would be the first gentlemen in the world; but now their pride exhibits itself a little too irregularly upon every opportunity: the long peace does them no good. Ah, this Oakley! I'm regularly in love with him. I wish Alexandrine were so too; or with Bently. I don't know myself which of the two I like best. The little finger of either Oakley or Bently would be dearer to me than the whole M——y. A smooth, cringing, whale-bony little fellow, that M——y! and dances about her like a burdock."

"He's a dead man, if he dares to do so!" interrupted a hasty voice.

"What the devil! have we begun again already? Is there to be no peace to-day? never anything but death and murder,

and balls and pistols! Who, in the name of common-sense —— Ned, is it you? For heaven's sake, what's the matter again? Who has done anything to you, that he shall at once be a dead man?"

"Who ever dares to——" rejoined Ned, passionately.

"Who ever dares to?" repeated the uncle, perplexedly, "dares what?"

"To lift his eyes to her."

"To her?—to which her?" asked the uncle, slyly.

"I beseech you, uncle, not to speak in this tone of a lady—at least, of one lady. It really distracts my ears to hear it."

"Distracts your ears?" interrupted the uncle. "Will you be so good, Ned, as to make your language somewhat less pythonic, less oracular? Whom do you really mean, with your one lady?"

"Whom do I mean?" cried Ned, hastily; whom do I mean?" sighed he, rapturously; "whom but the divine one, Alexandrine!"

"Alexandrine!" exclaimed the uncle; "Alexandrine! What of her? What do you know of her? You have never seen her! you don't know her!"

"I not know her!" exclaimed Ned, indignantly. I not know her!—the excellent! the incomparable! in whom light and life first——"

"And so forth!" interrupted the uncle, jestingly. "I would leave off types and figures, if I were you, and speak in plain English or American; for it is late, or rather early, and time to go to sleep. You know her then! Ah! it was for her, then, the sighs were, which brought us within a hair's breadth of a quarrel with each other. And how came you to know her, if I may be so bold as to ask?"

"I had the honor to know Miss Alexandrine in Paris," rejoined the nephew, respectfully.

"In Paris!" exclaimed the uncle, shaking his head. "In Paris! You have been in Paris, then? Why, I thought you had been all the time roving about in Texas, and on that account have written to you in Texas, and so has your father. Have you not received our letters?"

"No; I have been the last six months absent from home; for three months I was Chargé d'Affaires for our government at Paris."

"Absent from home; three months Chargé d'Affaires in Paris?" said the uncle, ironically; "and was the charge of your precious—your —— I don't know in fact what to call it."

"Call it what you will, uncle!" interrupted the nephew,

earnestly, almost severely—"call it what you will; only say nothing which it does not become its plenipotentiary to hear. Mock at me as much as you please, but do not mock at a government and at men whose minds you do not know, and are not in a position to estimate. Leave that to your vaunted hot-brains, as you call them; although I, with your permission, should call them, with the exception of Oakley, Bently, and a few others, empty—or sheep-heads. Leave it to them, to shrug their shoulders, to deride deeds and men who are too elevated for them—with their skulls too full of cotton and slaves to be capable of appreciating. Leave it to us, to vindicate ourselves and our actions before the world."

The young man, in spite of the trouble he gave himself to appear composed, had become not a little excited.

Not so, however, the uncle, who replied, very calmly.

"Oh! certainly; Heaven preserve me from approaching too near to your Texan honor! All respect for your great minds, your Texan heroes! But for the present we will leave them alone, and come to that which concerns ourselves more nearly. You have not answered my question."

"I must beg you to excuse my doing so," replied the nephew, "for it is indelicate!"

"That it is, truly; but that is not my fault. Certainly, I see no great delicacy in having entered into love relations with the daughter, without the knowledge of the father."

"There, again, we take different views, uncle," replied the nephew, with great irony. "I see nothing indelicate in an inclination—or, if you don't object to the word—to love; but let us drop the subject, uncle; I see that we entertain very opposite ideas. We Texans are neither money-men nor uncles—we are only men."

"I'm glad to hear that," retorted the uncle; "I do not doubt that you are not at all so narrow-hearted as we are in this country. You have already shown it. But, unfortunately, my dear Texan, you are now in our country, where, still more unfortunately, there are such artificial mortals as money-men and uncles, who are not at all inclined to let our daughters and dollars be capered away with so carelessly, but are so artificial as to wish to have a word or two to say to it."

"Mr. Duncan!" exclaimed the nephew, angrily.

"Let us, if it please you, be less military and less categorical in our conversation," said the uncle, for you know that I do not fight, and therefore your brave tone is of no use. Moreover, it is late—nearly four o'clock: even the moon is going to bed, look!" He pointed, with these words, to the

moon, which was fast inclining to the western woods of Louisiana. "I have," he continued, somewhat more seriously, "I have some ground for asking—some right and interest—do you understand? for I stand in a relation with the father of your chosen one, which I would not have disturbed for ten sons and twenty nephews. You must know, my brave General, that it is with me not delicacy, not curiosity alone—but duty. Will you then be so obliging as to inform me when and where you first made the acquaintance of Miss Alexandrine!"

"In Paris, in the saloon of our, or rather your ambassador, General C—ss, just eight weeks and three days ago."

"Very punctual reckoning, I must say," said the uncle. "And did you see each other often?"

"Twice: the first time when we were introduced to each other by the Minister, and then—then—at her farewell visit."

"Not oftener? then you must really have used time and opportunity like a general—like a very Cæsar. '*Veni, vidi, vici:*' you see I have not forgotten my Latin yet. But, with you soldiers, love at first sight is very customary. I hope, however, for Alexandrine's sake, that the sweet feeling was not awakened on her side. Pray, did you, in this double meeting, already enter upon the delicate theme? That would have been rather fast, eh?"

"The heartless mockery of your questions merits no answer," interrupted the General, with suppressed rage; "but I will answer you; because, to speak out plainly, I respect myself too much to retort upon the brother of my dear mother his offensive and unfeeling scoffs. And in truth, Mr. Duncan, I don't know what authorizes you to speak to me in this tone? I think our conversation would be best discontinued at once."

And so saying, he stepped back haughtily. The uncle, however, held him.

"I will tell you, General," rejoined he, more sharply, "what authorizes me to speak to you in this tone. I consider myself authorized to do so, not because I am the brother-in-law of your father, but because I am the friend, the partner—yes, almost the brother—of the man whose daughter you have been daring enough to follow, I might say pursue, into her father's house; because I would not, for any consideration, allow this man—the most noble, faithful, and sensitive friend that I possess upon earth—to be wronged, either by my father or by my son; because your mere appearance here, under the circumstances, would be an indelicacy; and because it would be in the highest degree indelicate to favor your attachment to his only daughter, for whom, possibly, he has very different

views. I must call it indelicate, General, to allow yourself to enter a house, from which real delicacy should have kept you away. I call it indelicate thus to blunder out one's love; to proclaim it by exclamations, sighs, and quarrels: and it grieves me, moreover, to find a nephew installed in a house where he knows nobody; for you were not even aware, when you came here, that I was in Natchez, or that I stood in a friendly relation with the father of this young lady."

The General's breast heaved visibly during this reproof of the uncle.

"Tell me," continued the uncle, "did you really not know that I had established myself at Natchez?'

"I had heard that you resided somewhere in the south-west —but where I did not know," stammered the nephew.

"And, nevertheless, you followed her?"

"I would have followed her to hell!" said the young man, passionately.

"Very flattering for her, perhaps, but not so much for us," said the uncle. "Then she has permitted you to hope? Otherwise, your following her would be, indeed, pursuing."

"Hope!" murmured the young man; 'hope! Ah, uncle, you have never loved: let us be silent."

"Yes, Ned, I have loved," replied the uncle, with a softened voice. "I have indeed loved; and it is just because I have loved that your behavior appears so indelicate to me. A great deal could be said about that, as your father could tell you. True, you know nothing about it: you have been, for the last ten years, in the University and on your adventures; but I long and tenderly loved my Judith, and was almost obliged to serve for her as Jacob for his Rachel. Her family, and especially your father, would absolutely hear nothing of the *mésalliance*, as they termed it. We were, at last, obliged to go to Pennsylvania and get married, and then my poor Judith did not dare show herself in her parents' house for full six years. Only when I returned from Callao, where the propitious star first rose upon Murky and myself, only then did they regard us in a more friendly way. Certainly, we then became the best of friends, and are so still; we wish also to unite ourselves still closer; and on that account wrote to you to Texas, thinking you would be tired of roving and revolutions, and be looking about for a peaceful hearth. We thought you and Eleanor—you know Eleanor?—your little wife, as you used to call her. I ought not to say it, perhaps, of my own daughter, but she is a dear girl. Then you have not received our letters, with her portrait?"

"Portrait! I don't understand you," exclaimed the nephew, vacantly.

"Well, well, I hope we shall understand each other yet," observed the uncle, in a more conciliatory tone. "You were always a rover; but I hope Eleanor will soon put your head to rights!"

"Indeed, uncle, I do not understand you!" rejoined the nephew, earnestly; "but from what I do understand, I must undeceive you, unpleasant as it is to me. No, uncle; on no account would I deceive you, even for an instant. My heartfelt thanks are yours, for your good intentions."

"But if you have only seen Alexandrine twice—if she gave you no hope?' exclaimed the uncle, impatiently—"what do you really mean?—or has she given you encouragement?"

"He has not loved!" murmured Ned to himself. "What does he call hope—encouragement? The expressive look, the beaming, heavenly look, which communicates its radiance to the object, and penetrates him with unspeakable delight—does he call that hope? Perhaps it is: perhaps it is not! It is strange; but, until now, it shone towards me! but now it is, all at once, as though the whole were a delusion! A delusion?" he asked himself. No! it is not a delusion—I have felt it; but I ought not to have revealed it! Eight weeks have I carried within, these blossoms, these spring showers, which fructify my love; but I ought never to have spoken of it!"

As the nephew thus absently murmured to himself, the uncle listened anxiously, so as not to lose a word.

"Hope!" murmured Ned again, his gaze fixed upon the moon, which now rested upon the top of the western woods of Louisiana; "hope!—perhaps none—but experience! they shall not rob me of that: I will revel in it all the days of my life—I will! I will! Ah! these feelings! did they not drive me six thousand miles, over land and sea, after her? Did I feel, did I hear, or see anything else but her! How changed is everything since I did see her! France, Paris, Texas itself, is become hateful to me! If Texas or the throne of France had been the reward of my longer stay, I could not have remained: I must have followed her to Havre!"

"Ned! Ned!" exclaimed the uncle, anxiously. "What's the meaning of all this? You talk like a distracted man. To whom are you talking? What did you say about the throne of France?"

Ned only replied, more wildly, "What did I say? What did I say? Who are you? Oh! Uncle Dan, I can't talk with you; you have never loved!"

"And I tell you that I have," interrupted the uncle, warmly; "but reasonably, and not like a lunatic!"

"Oh! no doubt, very reasonably," laughed Ned, bitterly. "For God's sake, spare me, with your reasonable love!"

"Well, I will spare you; but what did you say about Havre? Is there anything new at Havre? Is cotton risen?"

"Cotton risen!" exclaimed Ned. "Oh! Alexandrine! and it is these cotton souls who shall decide our fate?"

"You will make me angry yet, Ned!" growled the uncle. "Leave the cotton souls alone—you know nothing about them—and tell me about Havre?"

"About Havre? Was I not obliged to go to Havre?" replied Ned.

"And why were you obliged to go to Havre?"

"Why?" repeated Ned, impatiently. "Did not the hope possess me that she would embark in a New York packet. But," he added, scornfully, "she went in a New Orleans sailing vessel, in which they refused me passage."

"Of course!" observed the uncle again; "the 'Neptune' belongs to her father and to me, and the captain was directed by us to take no passenger but her and the Senorita Theresa, and their retinue."

"And does M——y also belong to her retinue?' asked the nephew, bitterly. "Oh! if I could only have strangled this M——y!"

"Thank you," replied the uncle, ironically. "His father has been in friendly connection with us for ten years; we were commercially connected before he settled in Paris. But proceed."

"Proceed!" stammered the nephew. "I then hurried to the 'Poland,' from whose captain, the brave Antony, I extorted a place in his own cabin. The whole ship was full. But we sailed away on the same day. I would have stayed behind, if I had been obliged to remain on deck. Ah! the heavens themselves favored our voyage. On the twentieth day, we were at New York."

"Very good voyage that; but go on," observed the uncle.

"The day after my arrival in New York, the Orleans packet sailed; I boarded it: eighteen days afterwards I trod the streets of New Orleans."

"And there?" asked the uncle.

"As I set foot on land," exclaimed Ned, with animation, "I felt all at once come over me a strange feeling—a solemn, pious shudder."

"That's easily understood," observed the uncle. "New Orleans is such a pious place, that the pious shudder there is easily understood."

"I felt her presence," continued Ned, disregarding the irony. "It seemed as though her sweet breath blew towards me; and, in truth, as I looked around me like one intoxicated, she came towards me, the fairest of the fair!"

"A little less poetical, if you please, Ned," observed the uncle again.

"She came towards the river, in the direction where the steam-packets lay. She passed by me at a distance of at least five hundred steps; but I should have recognized her at five thousand."

"It would require good eyes for that: I doubt whether Indian eyes could suffice for that."

"The eye of love is sharp!" exclaimed Ned, hastily. "You have never loved, uncle! Enough, it was she; she went with several gentlemen and ladies towards one of the steamers. The negroes, who hurried before and behind, with boxes and trunks, left no room to doubt she was going away. And now I was drawn with such an irresistible force after her: I forgot everything, servants, luggage, ship, and all—I was obliged to go after her! I tore down the street towards the place where she had disappeared, and over the planks which connected the steam-packets. But," he exclaimed, in a disconsolate tone, "there were more than forty there—a very fleet of steamers. Which one contained the precious treasure? From several of them the bell sounded for departure. I sprang upon the first, tumbled down the cabin stairs, saw the door of the ladies' saloon open—oh, grief! she was not there! Again I ran out, and sprang from the steamer to the next."

"You might very easily have made a false spring of it," observed the uncle, in a displeased tone. "I read only yesterday how a gentleman in such a leap on the Mississippi sprung into eternity."

"As I rushed into the cabin of this packet the bell sounded for the last time; but the door of the ladies' cabin was closed: that permitted me to hope that it contained the precious treasure. While I impatiently ran to ask the stewardess, the steamer began to move; it swung round; the door opened;—ah! my heaven was not there!"

"No, certainly; you'll not find that on board our Mississippi steamers!" observed the uncle, dryly.

"It became a hell to me—a real hell!" continued Ned; "but one thing consoled me—the steam-packet that bore her

went like mine up the stream. If mine only did not remain behind—if I did not lose her! I cannot describe the terror that now seized me. I dreaded to lose my senses. At last I bet a hundred dollars with the captain that he would be behind the six steamers that set off with us. He took out two; with other four he consented."

"Tell me," interrupted the uncle, "what's the name of this precious captain? I will soon stop his game!"

"But he kept up well, very well, the brave fellow. Only two of the six passed us, but we kept them in sight; the next day they entered the harbor at Natchez not half an hour before us."

"As we entered, she appeared also, like a star in the pure heaven—she who is and will remain my all. She immediately left the steamer, and drove towards Lower Natchez, which, horrible place as it is, appeared to me at that moment like a heaven. Oh! what would I not have given to have been there?"

"Ned! Ned!" put in the uncle, "spite of your generalship, you are a great fool!"

Ned continued, without noticing the compliment—

"But a long, frightful quarter of an hour passed before I was permitted to step on shore. At last I did so. She was still visible, but already upon the height of the bluffs.

"I ran—I flew. Before I could reach the winding of the acclivity she had disappeared. All that I could see was a carriage, which rolled round the corner through the town."

"Go on, go on, Ned!" yawned the uncle. "It is time to go to bed—four o'clock."

"Ah! uncle, you have never loved!" sighed Ned.

"Leave me alone with your never loved," said the uncle. "Crazed, like you, I never was. One gets beside oneself with impatience. But go on; how came you here?"

"How came I here? I don't know myself exactly how I came here!" rejoined the nephew. "But as I saw the carriage roll away, I sprang to the nearest public house and called for the landlord."

"Paterson?—he was with me," interrupted the uncle; "he brought me the strange news, and shook his head. And well he might. He took you for a madman, an adventurer, or even a sporting gentleman taking to his heels."

"Sporting gentleman! What is that?"

"A gambler by profession, and a robber or murderer from choice or opportunity. A few years ago we had a whole nest of these gentry in Walnut Hill, but we hanged a half dozen,

and so made a clearance. But go on, go on. What did you want with Paterson?"

"'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!'"

"Don't swear, young man!" interrupted the uncle, severely.

"A horse, I wanted," repeated the nephew, "but he looked at me, and shook his head. I pulled out my pocket-book; held a few hundred dollar notes before his nose. He looked at me more doubtfully—asked my name. I told it him."

"He was, as I said, with me, for we knew each other in Baltimore. He astonished me not a little when he related the affair, and that the madman, or whatever he was, gave himself out as Colonel Morse, of Texas. That was, in fact, the reason why I came down here. I thought truly that there must be something afoot. He described you as so unreasonable, menacing——"

"Who would not be unreasonable," interrupted the nephew, hastily, "when his heaven is at stake? I could have strangled the publican, as he thus stood before me shaking his head, grinning and looking about on every side. I asked if he had not seen a carriage? 'Yes,' said he, 'it drew just this minute down the South Street to St. Catherine.'

"At last the horse was saddled. I sprang upon it, and galloped down the South Street. Half a mile before me, I saw the carriage. I galloped after her as for life and death. It drove furiously. I had to gallop a couple of miles before I could reach it. When I reached it at last, I found myself surrounded by several hundred ladies and gentlemen on horseback and in carriages. I was in the middle of your race-course."

"The St. Catherine is the first race-course on the Mississippi; our races the first in the South. Didn't you know that?"

"I saw the carriage; but I saw also that the carriage did not contain her. The ladies who had got out of it were strange to me."

"And how came you here in Captain Murky's cabin?"

"I don't know myself exactly; I only know that, in my haste and confusion, I asked after Captain Murky, and learnt that his plantation lay in the neighborhood, scarcely three miles from the race-course; that several gentlemen had given themselves a rendezvous there, and invited themselves to dinner. I was assured that I should be equally welcome; indeed, they pressed me, though unknown, to come with them. And so I came, half resisting, half longing to come."

"Well, well," said the uncle, much more mildly, "it does

not look so bad now as I had feared. 'Tis true there's more than madness in it—real love; but love, from the time of Cupid to the present, has always been blind—consequently you are privileged. This we will willingly allow you; only, on the other hand, you must not forget propriety."

"Propriety!"

"Propriety, Ned! I will not say that which you owe to yourself as a Texan General; for, as you may easily believe, that weighs very little with us; it would be different if you were an American or an English one—but what you owe to yourself as a gentleman. Neither must we forget, Ned, that your paroxysm of love was violent, very violent, and that such violent paroxysms generally pass away the quickest."

"Never, never!" sighed Ned.

"We shall see, Ned," rejoined the uncle. "We will now go to sleep. You can sleep here; although, under the circumstances, I should have preferred that you had remained in the hotel."

"I feel the indelicacy of my remaining here," rejoined Ned; "and therefore——"

"There is, doubtless, something indelicate in it," observed the uncle again; "but as it happened in this manner, it may pass. Only you must be off betimes for Natchez; nobody dare find you here; it would appear like a preconcerted game."

"I understand," murmured Ned.

"You can go to sleep here for a couple of hours, and then, as I said, you must be off to Natchez. I will send Paterson a few words. To-day I shall have very little time, but to-morrow we will talk further on the subject. All will come right yet. You'll find, when you have been to sleep, things will appear very different to you."

Ned shook his head.

"I don't know, uncle; I came here with such a strange, beating, joyful heart, so full of hope; but now——"

"Well, and now?" asked the uncle.

"But now I feel so disconsolate, so cast down," murmured Ned. "Only one thing I wished to hear from her lips, and then——"

"And then?"

"Then happiness or woe—heaven or hell!"

"Softly, softly, man!" admonished the uncle; "we don't live here in Texas, where love affairs are got up overnight and become marriages in the morning. We can't make such short work of such affairs, for other people have a word or two to

put in here; do you understand? Here it is a matter of from three to four hundred thousand dollars."

"What do you mean, uncle?"

"What do I mean? Why, I mean she will have at least three hundred thousand dollars. She is his only child."

"But Governor Cass told me she was the daughter of one of the captains of our merchantmen," replied Ned, sorrowfully.

"Well, and so she is. He was a captain, and has still a share in some ships; but has also been a planter for more than these ten years."

The nephew sighed.

"He was poor, like me; but now, God be thanked, he stands, like me, in his own shoes."

Ned sighed again.

"He can give," continued the uncle, "three hundred thousand dollars with her, without stripping himself. She is, in every respect, one of the most brilliant prizes—will cause many hearts to beat, draw many magnetically—perhaps break some. She attracts already: M——y, from Paris, and B—— s, from New Orleans, have followed her here. Oakley and Bently, also, will not fail to place themselves in the ranks; both are young, rich, and of the first families. What hope have you against such competitors?"

"The hope," rejoined the nephew, with dignity, "that Miss Alexandrine, at least, will not measure the poor Texan general by the paltry rule of three hundred slaves, and five hundred cotton balls."

The last words were spoken very bitterly.

"Be reasonable, Ned!" observed the uncle, "and don't take offence where none was meant. I'm your uncle, and consider it a duty to open your eyes; if you will forcibly close them, do so, for all I care; you live in a free country."

Ned gazed at the moon, now sinking behind the Louisiana woods.

"She is Captain Murky's only child, his joy, his comfort. He has spared no expense to give her the most brilliant education, to fit her for the highest circles of society. Can you now, with anything like reasonable common sense, expect that he will give her up to you and your Texan freebooters?"

"Uncle!" exclaimed Ned.

"Only take things as they are," admonished the uncle; "don't deceive yourself; don't see only with your own, but also with others' eyes; put yourself in the father's place.

What would you say, as father, if any one came with such pretensions? To send her to Texas, would be verily throwing pearls before swine. He will certainly not consent to that; but here you have no wealth, for your father still lives, and has five children. You would not allow yourself to be supported by your wife; you have too much self-respect for that, I hope?"

"I have gained so much in Texas, that I can live independently, and even handsomely," rejoined the General.

"Yes; but will she follow you there—she who is so fitted for the brilliant circles of Washington, New York, or Paris—she who could, at any time, make choice of a Baron M——y, one of the richest men in Louisiana?"

The General groaned.

"Don't take it ill of me, Ned," rejoined the uncle, more seriously; but I find a something really indelicate in your love, and still more in the impetuosity to which you have resigned yourself. Because you are contented in Texas, do you wish that a tender creature, brought up amidst all the luxury and comforts of life, whom you have only seen twice, should at once follow you into the wilderness?"

"Uncle!" groaned Ned; "for God's sake, uncle, forbear; you break my heart!"

"I don't desire that; I only want to open your eyes, and bring you to a consciousness of what you owe yourself and the object of your love."

"Uncle!" said Ned, with a hollow voice, "you are right; I saw nothing from this point of view: now I perceive that you are right."

And thus saying, he convulsively grasped the pillars of the gallery with both hands.

"Well, I am glad that you are coming to your senses, and can perceive what is due to yourself and to her. Be consoled, however; love has never broken any heart except in romances. There are others just as pretty, and rich girls, too. Ought not to say it, but Eleanor is a fine girl; and we—your father and I—have made up our minds to make a pair of you. You were destined for each other ten years ago; she was, in fact, always your little wife: and I know she likes you, and would willingly follow you to Texas, if you will absolutely return thither."

"The nephew convulsively pressed the pillars of the gallery, but made no reply.

"But if, as we hope, you are tired of fighting and revolutionizing everlastingly, and intend to become settled, she will re-

ceive a couple of hundred thousand dollars, so that, with your practice as a lawyer, you can live suitably to your rank. Here, for example, a good lawyer can earn a great deal of money, and might become a planter in from five to ten years. We have none but young lawyers, on that account; even our supreme judges are all young men, and as soon as they have scraped together fifty or sixty thousand dollars, they turn planters. Doctors and preachers the same."

Still the young man made no answer.

"We'll talk that over further to-morrow or the next day," continued the uncle. "Go now to bed for four or five hours, and then off to Natchez. Murky must not find you here, nor Alexandrine either; that would look very queer indeed. But I'll tell him that you have been here."

"Alexandrine and the Senorita Theresa will shortly remove here," he continued; "and when they are here, come you to me—to-morrow. Next week I expect Eleanor back."

"To-morrow!" replied Ned, suddenly raising himself; "I shall be in New Orleans next week, on my way to France."

"You will?" exclaimed the uncle, in alarm.

"Yes, uncle!" said Ned, in a hollow, but decided voice. "You have opened my eyes; I see farther steps here would be indelicate, for she cannot follow me to Texas; and to quit Texas would be, in me, unprincipled. My resolution is taken. My heart will bleed; it bleeds already; it will, possibly, bleed to death; but you are right. Thoughtless, indelicate, I dare not, will not be, nor even appear. Oh! it was," he sighed, "a precious, precious dream; but —— Ah, uncle! you can't feel, for you have never loved; still, I thank you for opening my eyes. Thanks," he continued, in a broken voice. "I thank you heartily, also, for your kind intentions as regards Eleanor—the good, dear Eleanor! She will be happy, I doubt not. My warmest thanks, uncle; but I cannot accept your offer. Love will not let itself be turned over like dice. Ah! uncle, my head swims so. Is it the night's revelling——?"

As he thus spoke, he fell, insensible, on the banister of the gallery.

"Ned, Ned!" exclaimed the uncle, anxiously. "Ned! for heaven's sake, Ned, collect yourself—be a man! All will be well yet. Come, I will get you to bed myself. Go to sleep for a couple of hours, and when you have slept it out, believe me——"

"Not an instant longer, here!" interrupted Ned; "not an instant. I am already better. Farewell, uncle! Pardon me

if I have hurt you. Will you do me the favor of having my horse saddled?"

"Ned! you would not?" exclaimed the uncle; "it would be madness."

"God knows what it is," groaned Ned; "but I tell you I am afraid I shall become mad: God preserve me from it! Let me, however, have my horse saddled: if you will not, I will go on foot. Farewell, uncle!"

"Ned!" exclaimed the uncle, almost passionately, "stay! stay!"

But Ned forcibly tore himself away, exclaiming—"It must be done!"

"Must it?" asked a third voice, and at the same time a man stepped forward, and fixed his eye sharply upon the General, who, quite beside himself, stared at him again.

"I am Captain Murky," said the man; "will you also refuse my request? I beg you to remain."

"Captain Murky!" exclaimed the nephew, deeply moved.

"Murky!" exclaimed the uncle—"Murky, is it you? For heaven's sake what does this mean? How came you here?"

"Ah, Duncan, it is well that the idea came into my head of at once making arrangements for their reception."

"But that could all have been done to-morrow. Murky, Murky! have you in view only——"

"To-morrow it would have been too late; half-an-hour later, it would have been too late. Duncan, Duncan! Are you then as hard as your dollars?"

The reproach seemed to fall heavily upon the heart of the uncle; he sprang with emotion towards Murky.

"Hard, did you say, Murky?—hard? Was I so, Ned? Well, then, I will be all the more tender. Do you hear, Ned? I will be more tender, for Murky wishes it; but to stay, Ned, it would be madness!"

Ned stood combating with himself. "Madness," murmured he, "madness!"

"The madness which lasts for two months," rejoined the Captain, mildly, "gives good hopes for a whole life. Stay, General; your madness is a noble one."

The General gave no answer, but he pressed the Captain's hand convulsively.

A MORNING IN PARADISE.

A glorious morning! fancy could not picture one more beautiful. The light blue canopy of heaven announcing the young spring; the rays of the pale gold sun caressingly penetrating the fresh air; the atmosphere moving as though trembling under the effusion of the heavenly rays. And then the deep shades of the trees, and contrasted with them, like streams of light, the thousand flowers and blossoms—the fragrant orange groves and lemon bushes; in the background, the kingly ever-green magnolia, and the delicate pride of China;* further to the right, the isolated pinnacles and domes of aristocratic Natchez; and lower down, the broken walls and parapets of Fort Rosalie. All around, flowers, and blossoms, and perfume! A real paradise, laid out and planted by one of the most delicate-minded natures. The garden seemed as though drawn through rainbow rays—the wonderful pretty cottage as if imbedded in a garland of flowers. Flowers and blossoms trailed along the balcony—the walls, up the stairs in the salon, even to the chambers.

From these was heard the voice of the uncle, now no longer caustic, "I cannot find them anywhere, they must be gone to Natchez."

A deep sigh responded from the gallery.

"Oh! they will be sure not to be lost. Come in, and take a glass of Rhine wine and soda-water."

"Thank you, uncle! I prefer looking about your Paradise."

"Then I will be your guide."

They went through young woods of budding China trees—bowers of cape jessamine and laurea mundi—hedges of Scotch roses—and the northern flower-pot plant, and the delicate blossoming tea-trees, and clusters of lilacs, and papaws and magnolias. A lovely little grove of orange and lemon trees completed the enchanting labyrinth.

"A real Paradise, uncle!" said the nephew.

"Pretty enough," rejoined the uncle; "Catherine has shown taste. But you should have seen it two years ago!"

"Was it only laid out two years ago?"

"It was laid out before, but in bad taste; moreover, it was much neglected." Here a greyhound came springing forward

* A tree which, planted in the Mississippi States on account of its shade and beauty, increases in such an extraordinary degree, that a single root covered through the winter with earth, shoots up in the summer to a tree of from four to five feet in height.

out of the grove of orange and lemon trees, upon which the uncle exclaimed, "Here they are!"

And now the young man's breast suddenly heaved, and reddening, and turning pale, and trembling, he began to feel giddy. Everything about him seemed to turn round, and he could not see or hear anything. Two persons had stepped out from the bushes, an elderly man and a young lady. The man might be fifty years, or older, for his hair was very gray; his features were still more strongly marked. These features struck one painfully. Gloomy dark eyes, turned upwards and to each other, as if in racking pain; deep wrinkles across the nostril and contracted lips, gave him such a distracted appearance that one turned away with a feeling of pain from his martyr-like countenance. A more striking and yet more lovely contrast cannot be imagined than between him and his companion. As if she had just come out of the most beautiful flower-cup, everything about her beamed and shone with the highest love-charm—the regular features of beauty, the eyes of deep clear blue, the figure of classical proportion. It was delightful to look into her face, for at the first glance one saw a beautiful mind. It is true she appeared to be rather reserved, and, in fact, Alexandrine was considered cold. Few young ladies had received a greater share of homage during her short appearance in the salons of the Parisian *beau monde*, but it had all passed without leaving any traces. Nevertheless, coldness did not speak out of those deep blue eyes, shaded by long silky lashes, but rather an inward, deep, poetic sensibility. She was one of those rare apparitions which unite a firm, and even energetic will, with the most tender and kindly disposition; a calm, clear reason, with that delicate, submissive, feminine nature, which attracts and enchains so irresistibly. A look, a smile, and her whole being brightened up into the most rosy sunshine; and one could have fallen down before her in adoration.

She was evidently surprised; in the first moment, she drew back and shrunk almost together, then turned pale, and stared at the General like one fallen from the sky. By degrees she recovered herself, a soft blush succeeded the hues of timidity, and evinced the most lovely surprise. She did not, however, speak, nor did he. He had also turned pale, his breast heaved convulsively, his lips became compressed, her paleness seemed to have cut him to the soul.

The uncle at last broke the rather awkward pause.

"Allow me, Miss Murky," he said, respectfully, "to introduce to you my nephew, General Morse."

She now raised her eyes.

"I have the pleasure to have ——" and then she stopped, gracefully.

"Miss Murky was ——" stammered the General.

And now he also ventured to raise his eyes to her, but again his voice failed him, and instead of speaking, he pulled at his riding-whip.

And so they stood, confused, with their eyes cast on the ground, alternately reddening and turning pale, until the Captain and uncle stepping aside, left them together.

Then first the sealed lips appeared to open themselves.

"I had not hoped—expected"—she corrected herself—"to see you here, on the Mississippi, General Morse."

"Will you pardon my audacity, dearest Miss Murky, that I dared to come?" stammered he.

"Mr. Duncan is your uncle, then?" rejoined she, evasively. "Is it not a lovely little place? You see it for the first time?"

"It *is* a paradise," said he, softly.

"In the land of blossoms and flowers, as Chateaubriand so beautifully says."

"Yes, it is the land of blossoms and flowers now," stammered he.

"I have seen many and beautiful gardens in France," continued she, after a short pause, "but not one so entirely in accordance with the nature of the country. It seems called up as if by magic."

"And yet they say our Southrons have no talent for garden-culture," remarked he, somewhat more boldly.

"But here you have a proof to the contrary. Would you not like to see it more nearly?"

"But, Alexandrine!" called the father. "General Morse is come up here from the cabin, and has therefore ridden five miles; perhaps he is tired, and would prefer taking some refreshment."

"Oh, as regards that, Captain Murky," rejoined the General, quickly and laughingly, "we are accustomed in Texas to make greater tours before we dare think of refreshment."

And as he thus spoke, he raised himself more confidently. The Captain's remonstrance had come very *apropos* for him.

"The splendid flower parterres and wreaths," she continued, "and these little orange groves, are much more delightful and natural than the scientific alleys and parterres at even Versailles."

"Here they appear as springing from the hand of nature,"

interrupted he; "in Versailles, it is art—art, painfully elaborated, appears everywhere there. But such art has something unpleasant in its effect. To me, the ranks of orange patriarchs, seem like grenadiers or body-guards of vegetation; but here—how charming these luxuriant laurea mundi! And our flower-pot plants—in the north and in France they pine in delf pots; here they shoot up more than ten feet in height."

"And the cape jessamine," interrupted she again, "how magnificent—and the althea!"

"And the dark green arbor vitæ!"

"And," exclaimed she, gliding forward, and gracefully bending down, "these amaryllis, and the purple magnolia!"

"And the Arabian jessamine!" added he, at her side; "and here the verbenum and the sublime aloe!"

"And the three-leaved yarra!"

And after this botanical treat, they looked at each other confidingly.

"Here is the singular guava-tree, of which they say there is only one in the State that bears fruit!" she continued again.

"Oh, do touch it then," begged he, "and then this one will bear fruit also."

"Do you think so?" asked she, laughingly; "I don't; my hand is no fairy hand."

"Oh, yes, it is that; I feel its magic," sighed he.

"Ah! I see, then, General Morse can also flatter. Did you learn that accomplishment in Texas or in Paris?"

"Come, children," cried the uncle.

"Come, Alexandrine," said the father; "put on your bonnet, at least."

"My bonnet, papa?" smiled Alexandrine, with inimitable grace throwing a shawl over her head.

The General looked at her delightedly. "You look like our old Josepha!" observed the papa.

"And I say nothing," whispered the General, "or else I shall be called flatterer again."

"And for that you shall have a Scotch rose," said she, with a pleasing smile. 'In that our country has at least a preference to *la belle France*, for we have roses at the end of February."

"Must they not blossom in Paradise, in the neighborhood of an angel?"

"I take it back again!" threatened she.

The General caught at it, and hid it in his bosom.

And now by this time they were already drawn a great deal nearer to each other. Already, as they wandered through flower beds, and orange groves, lilac and pride of China trees,

their looks had something consciously serene and blissful; but his less than hers.

He still went on as if dreaming, not trusting his own eyes; because for two months he had longed for this hour; for two months hope and fear had alternately filled him with blissful anticipations and dark despair; for if his pursuit terminated unfortunately, his life was then without hope—without charm—a blank grey leaf, upon which nothing could be inscribed. And her first look, her paleness, had penetrated his soul, and made his blood freeze and curdle in his veins. But then again, the blush, the smile;—and as her eyes rested so full of feeling upon him, reading in his what had brought him six thousand miles here! that look, oh! it had given again hopes—yes, truly blissful hopes! He swam in bliss, and did not know whether he was awake or dreaming; in Texas, France, or on the Mississippi.

The presence of the caustic uncle and the dark father alone restrained him, or he would have fallen down on his knee before her, and worshipped her.

The two now came towards them, to invite him into the cottage to luncheon.

"But I don't want any luncheon," murmured he, half saucily.

"Oh, go, go, General!" said she, laughing; "it will do you good. Besides, papa is fond of luncheon."

"But I would rather stay!"

"Then you must stay alone, for I also will go."

Now he sprang joyfully forward.

BLISSFUL HOURS.

"We have business in the town, dear Ned," said the uncle, when the luncheon was taken away, "and may possibly not be back before three o'clock; but I hope the time will not be very tedious to you."

The nephew murmured something between his teeth: but Alexandrine had come in, and at sight of her, the sarcastic uncle was forgotten. She had approached her father, who was standing thoughtfully in the recess of the window, and seized and kissed his hand. As he softly stroked the hair spread over her brow, his gloomy features became lighter; and as they thus lightened up, the family resemblance showed very visibly, spite of the difference of the countenances. Gloomy, almost misanthropic as were his features, clear, sunny, and overflowing with tenderness as were hers, they had yet some-

thing in common. It was the depth of feeling which showed so visibly in both. But in him, this depth of feeling—turned and pressed upon himself in the conflict with the world—seemed to have made a ruin; while in her, again, the friendly contact of the same world had operated like the showers of the April cloud, brightened up by the sun's rays, and caused her to shine out in pure rainbow colors. He seemed to have just said something pleasant to her, for she smiled with naïve roguishness, and lisped—

"'If he will let himself be entertained, you know, father, and is not too tedious," she added, somewhat louder.

Here the General seemed to wake out of his dreams. He looked at her with beaming eyes.

"Where are you, Ned—in Texas or in France?" asked the uncle again, jokingly.

"Probably in both," replied, instead of Ned, the laughing Alexandrine. "He is hardly in Paradise, at any rate—has scarcely deigned a glance at it."

"That possibly arises because he has a more pleasant Paradise before his eyes, Miss Alexandrine."

"Now it's time for you to go, president! When such personified ledgers as you, dear money-man, become tender, there's always some danger. Come, General, we will show you the interior of Paradise."

And gracefully beckoning to him, she glided forward, and he, as if electrified, darted after her.

There was in truth not much to show; for besides the drawing-room and dining-room, the cottage contained scarcely a dozen rooms and cabinets,—but these were really charming.

Like all our moneyed men, whose commercial speculations extend over the four or even five divisions of the globe, our bank president had taken care to make some of the blossoms and flowers of this world's commerce visible in his Paradise. There were Chinese games, and East Indian carpets, Dresden and Sevres lamps, English chairs and sofas, Turkish ottomans, and Austrian music cabinets. The salon, from whose ceiling hung a Sevres lamp, was very rich in expensive English chairs and sofas, mosaic tables, and skillfully arranged recesses. The dining-room, again, was simply but classically furnished; containing, besides the Viennese music cabinet, only a middle and side table, but these last were loaded with a costly silver table-service. In the dining-room, a gallery surrounded with Venetian blinds served for a conservatory, in which were tastefully arranged rare plants and flowers. The whole ended in a cabinet, which might have disposed even a money-man to

philosophy. It was formed by a round tower-like projection from the house—simply but very prettily furnished, with an ottoman, a mosaic table, a "sleepy hollow," and a library. The view was ravishing; for the eye commanded the plain for miles round. Northward was Natchez, embedded in flowers and blossoms; westward, the green, broken walls and parapets of the Fort Rosalie; further down, the Mississippi river glittered through the still somewhat leafless trees. A half-finished drawing of the fort lay upon the mosaic table.

"Is not this a charming little place?" asked she, raising one of the curtains.

"Splendid!" rejoined he.

"Certainly lovely! Only look how charming Natchez appears from here—and still more beautiful, the romantic fort of Rosalie. It was a very fortunate idea of Catherine, to join this cabinet to her conservatory. She must have a very refined taste! How I long to see her; she ought to be very pretty!"

The General's look seemed rambling in the distance.

"She is expected with her mother in a few days, and as your uncle insists that we shall keep his house in the meantime, we must even consent," added she, smiling, "although I do long to see my dear cabin."

"It is a paradise."

"No, that it is not," laughed she; "quite the contrary; but I should not like it so well if it were different. My sweetest childish pleasures are so intimately interwoven with everything there, that on no account would I have it different."

His eye was again cast on her in speechless delight.

"I have given myself a very pleasing task here," said she again, "to draw the Fort Rosalie, for my friend, Gabrielle de Mont Brissac; it is, however, somewhat difficult."

"But genially conceived," exclaimed he, taking up the leaf. "The point of view, as well as the fore and background, is unique. A splendid drawing, but a very melancholy subject!"

"Very," rejoined she; "but I like melancholy."

"You! and are nevertheless always cheerful?"

"Always cheerful."

"And yet you love melancholy?"

"Yes, when it is represented by a Chateaubriand. You know Fort Rosalie is the scene of his 'Natchez.' There is much that is poetical in this romance; but the scene is more so, and the simple history more so still. Do you know it?"

"Dr. Powell has found it out, as well as can be ascertained from such scanty sources. It is the most tragical fate that ever befell a people."

"Oh, then, do relate it! I will add it as a text."

"Don't do that," begged he, softly; "the French appear to anything but advantage in it; the concussion of civilization with nature appears in it most dreadfully."

"Then certainly I dare not, for Gabrielle burns for the honor and the fame of her nation, as I for mine. Are you a good American?" asked she, with animation.

"Quite American!" rejoined he, warmly.

"But," said she, inquiringly, "I hear you wish to separate from us—from the Union?"

"What nature, and blood, and education have united, can these separate themselves?"

"You say truly. Ah, there is only one Union!"

"No, only one Union."

At these words they looked at each other with consciousness; they had broken down another partition wall. Their looks had now something in them of familiar confidence; they regarded each other as if they had been intimate for years.

"Now," said she, in a pleasant, busy tone, "I must devote a little quarter of an hour to my sweet Gabrielle; and you, General, will meanwhile read, or study, or classify the flowers out there, will you not?"

Her words sounded sweetly and confidingly in his ears.

"I would rather read," responded he.

"Why, rather?"

"Because then I can be near you."

"Flattery again, already."

"Flattery?" he asked, in a mild reproachful tone. "Do you call that flattery which drew me here, over six thousand miles. "Ah!" sighed he, "rather call it madness; for my hope, is it not madness?"

She paused an instant.

"Now, then," said she, evadingly, "we will be busy. My sweet Gabrielle expects some kind of a surprise; and, you know, when one waits too long for a surprise, it is no longer one. Meanwhile, do you read Sir Walter Scott or Bulwer. His 'Alice' interested me much during my voyage.

"I also have read it," interrupted he. "How does it please you?"

"Some of the characters are very delicately conceived, but others again appear to me to be affected; and English affectation is still worse than French. Besides, he makes too much parade of learned words."

"Only his 'Pelham' is entirely good; all his other novels are only half so," interrupted he again; "he parades his learn-

"She turned her head gracefully, and then they began to chat; she of her childhood, of her dear father, in speaking of whom the tears came into her eyes."

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ing, as you say, a great deal too much, forgetting that one always presupposes this learning in a gentleman. He seems to me loaded and packed close with mere wisdom, and even oppressed by it. How entirely different is Sir Walter Scott, who, without any doubt, was equally as learned, if not more so; but who understood how to control his learning! Which of his novels do you admire most?"

"'The Bride of Lammermoor.'"

"Yes, that is his masterpiece; therein he has disclosed a poetical depth which is not exhibited more strongly even in Shakspeare. Each of his characters in this novel is a masterpiece. What a fearful conversation that of the hags at the funeral!"

"Fearful!" exclaimed she.

He now took up the novel, while she established herself in the sleepy-hollow, and seized the drawing-pencil. He read for a few minutes, but then his look roved across to her again; hers also wandered from the fort across to the ottoman. At length he threw the romance on the ottoman, stepped on his toes behind her seat, and looked over her shoulder at the drawing.

There was now no more drawing to be thought of. She turned her head gracefully, and then they began to chat; she of her childhood, of her dear father, in speaking of whom the tears came into her eyes. Then again she became calm; spoke of Theresa, of her friends in the abbey. And then he must relate about his childhood and his war adventures. And while he related, she listened and listened; and her look turned now anxiously, again tenderly, then hopingly, and again confidingly, yes, proudly, on him. A woman likes to listen to a powerful man; her tender yielding nature likes to wind round his strength, as the trembling vine trails round the sturdy oak. She still listened. The hours passed like minutes to them. The Captain—the uncle—had returned, and entered. The General went on narrating, for they had signed to him to go on. At last the Captain interrupted him.

"This Bob of yours is a fearful character, and it is dreadful when we consider that civilization can produce such men; but yet again, it is beneficial to see the leading channels which Providence opens to our people. Really, it comforts me again, when I see that even such a hideous fragment of our community, when led, purified, and reformed by a good Providence, can be made productive of blessing to mankind."

"And I see, dear Murky," interrupted the uncle, "that our

guests may come every minute, and that we have not yet made our toilette for dinner. We will, therefore, now leave Bob at rest. What do you think?"

The Captain nodded silently, and all separated to make their toilette.

THE DINNER.

The dinner party consisted, besides the four friends, of only the bank director and the possessor of a neighboring plantation—who had formerly been captain of a *corvette*, but had several years since resigned his commission into the hands of the States, and become a planter—and his wife.

The choice of the guests was accordingly a very happy one; and it proved that, spite of his love of irony, Uncle Dan must have loved warmly, for he could scarcely have chosen more agreeably for Ned. The bank director thought of nothing but Madeira and Lafitte; the Captain was much too frank and free to have any room for second thoughts; and the General could, therefore, unmolestedly enjoy his happiness, if his uncle would only leave him in peace. But since Captain Murky himself had so decidedly taken part with him, the nephew was evidently more endeared to his uncle's heart; though he could not help now and then giving him a home-thrust. The youth, as he called his nephew, behaved too queerly for a general; the remains of the storm which had raged in him for the last two months overflowed the borders too vehemently, and could not possibly please a reasonable girl, such as Alexandrine. But perhaps this otherwise sharp-seeing uncle was mistaken in this; for a delicate-minded woman knows very well how to distinguish natural and artificial passion, and, again, the tender excitement of an otherwise calm and manly mind. There was, in fact, a great difference between the wild violence of a foolish mad-cap and the interesting perversity of our young General, who so pleasantly forgot himself and others in the happiness of sitting by her side, that he took knife and fork to help himself to soup, and would probably have attempted it if Alexandrine had not pushed his spoon to him. To confess the truth, she was rather perplexed at his absence of mind, especially when her father raised his glass to take Madeira with him, and he, in return, grasped the mustard-pot; but this perplexity had, nevertheless, something pleasant in it. As her earnest look rested upon him, apparently to warn him to make no more exposures, the conscious-

ness of having thereby herself made a revelation, made the look confused, and caused her blushingly to cast her eyes upon her plate. He evidently did not at first know what it all meant, but by degrees he began to see more clearly, and suddenly his whole manner became changed. He would have liked to have fallen down on his knees before her.

The corvette-captain, meanwhile, gave an account of a stag-hunt which he had attended the day before, and at which he, a hardened sailor and sportsman, had met with an adventure which he scarcely thought possible. Stationed behind a tree, his weapon on his arm ready to fire, he had waited for the deer a long time. At last, however, announced by the barking of the dogs, it broke through the thicket; but suddenly he saw, instead of one, two deer, the last springing towards him with a prodigious leap, which so surprised him that he trembled in every limb, and was not able to fire. He here turned to the General, and asked him whether there was much game in Texas.

"A great deal," was the short reply.

Whether he was a lover of the chase?

"Not much," rejoined the General, still more shortly.

"That's a pity," rejoined the seaman. "We have here pretty good sport, especially in the northern part of the State; and I should consider it a pleasure ——"

"If you should go," whispered Alexandrine, good humoredly. "I beseech you to leave papa and your uncle at home. It would be advisable, in the absence of mind of some people."

"I feel intoxicated!" murmured he to her, as if awakening out of a sleep.

"Your uncle is looking at you," said she, warningly.

The menace of the uncle appeared to sober him; at least he tried to collect himself, and to get some taste for the conversation; which under other circumstances would not have been very easy, for it was rather trivial. The bank-director was expatiating on the theme of a new found oyster-pasty, with which the widely-celebrated goose-liver pasty was not worthy of comparison.

"Oysters! goose-livers! pasty!" murmured the General to Alexandrine. "What an interesting meeting!"

"But I am such a completely common-place mind," rejoined she, gayly, "that I do not find this meeting uninteresting, if it makes others happy."

She said the words not in a reproving, but rather in a polite and unassuming tone; and in the same tone she entered into conversation, listened to the tedious account of the ingredients

for such an oyster pasty with visible interest, and exhibited such a delicate sympathy for the weakness of the old gourmand, that by degrees the conversation received a charm.

There was a peculiar magic which she knew how to impart to everything; the most prosaic conversation, as soon as she made a remark, received something of the freshness and clearness of her own nature.

She seemed, in fact, as if born to illustrate; and there was something attractively brilliant in the manner in which she illustrated everything. And then, when her regards turned upon her father, and penetrated lovingly into his soul, the riches of her nature appeared clearly and distinctly. She must certainly have loved him above all things, this father; he must have been her all; for her mother had died when she was only eight years old, and she was thus thrown entirely upon him. She had lived with him for four years before she went to France. In this respect her youth had been fortunate. Her father's image, his high-minded *seriousness*, his burning zeal for all that was noble, had sunk deep into her youthful mind, and the light tastes of the daughters of France had not prejudicially affected the noble American maiden. She was really a wonderful girl;—and as she now rose from the table, with the wife of the Captain, to go into the drawing-room, a certain blankness was visible on all the faces, and particularly showed itself in our young General. He stood up, staggered here and there, and would probably have jumped out of the window, if his uncle had not at last moved from the door. He felt impelled into the open air, for the excitement of his feelings was too great. He felt intoxicated; the blood rushed feverishly through his veins. Some sounds at last suddenly awakened him from his fantasies. He listened. Only she could produce such sounds. He sprang towards the house, and in a few seconds was at her side. She sang, with the accompaniment of the piano-forte, the song "Tell me not of hoarded gold."

"Wonderfully beautiful!" he exclaimed.

"General Morse! Is it you?" exclaimed she, in amazement.

"It is I."

"I thought you were roving about in the labyrinths!"

"Your voice called me!"

"Do you like music?"

"Above all things."

"Do you sing?"

"I growl."

She opened Rossini's *Otello*, and he accompanied her, thank-

ing in his heart the imprisoned Mexican who had given him instruction in singing and on the Spanish guitar. His whole soul was absorbed in the song. Alexandrine was confused; the Captain's wife raised herself, and looked in embarrassment out of the window.

She now begged him to sing alone. He seized the guitar, and sung:—.

"Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,
Lonely and lost to light for evermore,
Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,
Then trembles into silence as before.

There in its centre a sepulchral lamp,
Burns the slow flame—eternal—but unseen;
Which not the darkness of despair can damp,
Though vain its ray—as it had never been.

Remember me—Oh! pass not thou my grave
Without one thought whose relics there recline;
The only pang my bosom dare not brave,
Must be to find forgetfulness in thine.

My fondest, faintest, latest accents hear,
Grief for the dead, not virtue can reprove;
Then give me all I ever asked—a tear!
The first—last—sole reward of so much love!"

She rose, with her face turned aside. A tear trickled from her beautiful eyes.

THE EVENING.

At last the guests were gone, and he was alone with Alexandrine. Alone with Alexandrine! what an unspeakable blessedness lay in the bare thought! The highest aim of his most ardent desire, for which his heart had for months panted —for an hour, no, not an hour, for a minute, in order to throw himself at her feet, and acknowledge an unspeakable love—this was at last obtained.

Father and uncle were both gone, to conduct the friends to the garden gate, perhaps even farther—they two were quite alone—the moment was auspicious! The room, still and luxuriant, as if arranged for love; the dim, magical illumination, which disclosed her classic form. Never had she seemed to him so unspeakably charming. What an inexpressible grace in each movement! what music in her voice, as she bade farewell to her guests! what dignity, and yet, again, what art-

lessness and simplicity! It had more than once urged him to throw himself at her feet, spite of the Captain and the scoffing uncle, and scarcely had he been able to control himself.

And now—his heart beat, his brain burned, his blood boiled feverishly in his veins, but his tongue clave to his mouth, his limbs seemed to refuse their service. He tried to speak, to throw himself down on his knees before her, but he was not able to do so, invisible cords seemed to hold him back. All his movements were awkward and constrained; a sense of oppression had come over him such as he had never experienced either in the confusion of a battle or in the whirl of a Parisian salon. He was scarcely able to raise his eyes to her.

She had appeared not to notice his strange confusion. Now, however, she listened. Through the partly opened windows came the murmurs of the waves of the Mississippi; on the fountain before the villa splashed the falling jets.

She stepped to one of the windows, looked delightedly out, and then turned to him.

"Have you such splendid evenings in Texas also?"

"What could be compared with such an evening?" exclaimed he. And, as if intoxicated, he hurried to her side, then staggered back again, threw himself upon an ottoman, stood up again, and again approached her.

"Miss Alexandrine!" he exclaimed at last.

"General Morse!" replied she.

"I am—I am——"

"What are you?"

"Oh, I feel—I would that——"

"Only look. Papa is coming; he is kissing his hand. Papa! we are coming, papa."

"Put on your bonnet, then, Alexandrine!" exclaimed he, from the garden, "it is cool."

The bonnet she did not put on, but instead of it she seized a shawl from the ottoman, which she bound round her head with such a naive grace, that he cried out in ecstacy:

"Oh, Alexandrine! you will turn me mad!"

She, however, did not listen, but seized the shawl, and begged him to come, so as not to keep her papa waiting.

A lovely evening. Still deep in the west glittered the purple red of the setting sun, which, higher up, melted away into light crimson, leaving dark green and light blue clouds swimming about like dolphins, in the endless air-sea of the Creator.

"A charming evening!" said Alexandrine to her papa.

"But yet cool, my child!" observed the papa, shaking his head. "I feel really cool."

"One quarter of an hour," entreated she.

"Well, a quarter of an hour, but not longer, for the night air is dangerous. I will wait in the house for you."

"Papa!" exclaimed she, "if you go, we go also."

The words seemed to cut the General to the heart.

"Do you wish to keep me here by force?" asked the father, mildly.

"Papa!" exclaimed she, reproachfully, throwing both arms round his neck.

He kissed her tenderly upon the forehead and cheek, while the poor General stood anxiously at her side; he felt once more as if all his beautiful rays of hope had died away; he felt forsaken, superfluous! But now the father turned to him, and in the same instant the daughter confidingly took his arm, and this silent language did him much good.

"Father," whispered Alexandrine, "how are you so kind, so mild, father?"

"We can be kind every hour of our life; or, at least, ought to be so," rejoined the father; "but mild we cannot, dare not, always be, dear child! To a mild mood belongs the evening hour. This evening hour, General," said he, turning at the same time to him, "has always, from my childhood, exercised an extraordinary influence upon me. When I have been hard the whole day, or have been obliged to be, the evening has always constrained me to become tender. Already, as a sailor boy, tossed about by storm and waves, when I used of an evening, in the *bower scuttle*, to watch the setting sun, better feelings came over me; my mother, our gray-headed preacher, then appeared in my fancies."

"It was also the same with me," replied the General, thoughtfully; "it is the hour in which our guardian angels approach us. The sinful motives of the world rest, a higher voice sounds within us, and penetrates us in the rustling of the air, and the murmuring of the waves."

"Hark!" exclaimed Alexandrine.

"It is the roaring of the Mississippi waters," said her father. "The fog is rising, and warns us that it is time to go within."

They went arm in arm. In the salon they seated themselves upon two sofas drawn together.

The captain was very kind, his language was mild and fatherly. His speech had a peculiar softness, the tone of his bass voice a something femininely melodious. Rarely had he spoken so much as on this evening. The General evidently

acquired a confidence which he had not before possessed. Perhaps this was assisted by the circumstance that the half darkness of the room suffered the painful features of the father of the loved one to appear less distinctly. Until now, at least as often as the young man had looked into his face, the words had clung to his mouth. Now, he spoke cheerfully, openly, went confidingly into his private concerns, the Captain listening with interest. The last barrier, which still at all separated the two, was visibly breaking down; they began to prize each other. Alexandrine listened, happy as a child. The respect which the two loved ones paid each other, evidently filled her heart with delight.

One hour after another had thus passed away. In the adjoining dining-room was served a light supper. The servants announced that the horses were saddled, but that the bank president had not yet returned. The Captain began to be somewhat uneasy at the long absence of his friends.

"It is time I should go," said he, rising from the sofa, "but yet we do not dare leave you alone, Alexandrine."

The General's heart beat faster at these words. Would fortune so greatly smile upon him, as to accord him a night under a roof with his adored one? He trembled at the delightful thought.

"Oh! yes; you can leave me alone though, father! If you call that alone, to be in a cottage in which there are fifteen servants with us. I have only to call in Betsey or Margaret."

"As you like, my dear child!" rejoined the father, unconcernedly, "only I must go now. But yet, if our friend the General could, in the meantime, remain with you. I could easily find my way back to the Cabin by myself."

"On no account! on no account! You must not dare to go there alone; must he, General? You won't let papa go back alone!" There was something impetuous in her voice, and at the same time she looked at the General anxiously.

"You will not let papa go alone?" asked she again.

"On no account!" exclaimed he, in a painful tone. "On no account! you will permit, Captain Murky," added he, turning pale, "that I accompany you back to your plantation?" Now again, he was rewarded by a heartfelt, feeling look. But he cast down his eyes.

"We will," said the Captain, wait another quarter of an hour; perhaps Duncan will come. But to-morrow, don't forget, Alexandrine, you must be down at the Cabin betimes if you wish to have your rooms arranged as you please, and not as other people like."

"But you will come, though, to fetch me, papa?"

"I cannot, Alexandrine. But General Morse, perhaps, will be so kind?"

"General Morse?" asked Alexandrine, surprised, and faintly blushing.

But General Morse, still more surprised, seized the Captain's hand, and pressed it to his lips.

"Well, if a General will so far condescend as to show this honor to the daughter of a poor sea-captain," said she, roguishly, "we must certainly submit, only we will be so bold as to beg beforehand that his valor will also be a little amusing; where were you to-day, sir?"

"In Paradise!" said the uncle, entering.

"Oh, my dearest gold, or rather, money-man," laughed she, "do you know that I must read you a little lecture for staying out so long."

"If you will read me a very nice one," laughed the gold-man, "I promise you something for it." He held up a letter. "A letter from Theresa?"

"So it is! Senorita Hualero writes me that she shall not return for a week. She must be extraordinarily pleased with our Louisiana dons."

"Well, good night, papa! and you also, brave General!"

He seized at her hand to kiss it; but she had already flung both round her father's neck.

THE JOURNEY AND THE CABIN.

The clocks had struck half-past eight as the General stepped on the gallery of the cottage. The uncle was not at home, but Miss Murky was. He let himself be announced, was admitted, and entered. As he opened the one saloon door, she glided towards him through the other, gay as a young May-day, blooming as a just unfolded rose. "You are early!" said she, holding out her hand to welcome him with kind friendliness.

He seized it, and pressed it delightedly to his lips.

"It is very kind of you to hasten to console a solitary maid. I am quite forsaken; your uncle, also, is already gone."

He stood as if lost in her look. So majestic and yet again so innocent, she was at the same time queen and child.

"Why don't you speak?" asked she, with a voice which sounded like silver bells. "You are pale; had you a bad night?"

"A very happy one!"

"How so?"

"I passed it in your neighborhood."

"You were not in the Cabin?" exclaimed she, surprised.

"I not only accompanied Captain Murky to the Cabin, but also went to my bed-room, and tried to go to sleep. But who would have been able to sleep after such a day! So I threw myself on my horse in order to watch my Paradise."

"You have obliged your uncle, at any rate; but, nevertheless, as we no longer live in the dangerous times, when ugly giants carry off poor girls, you ought to have gone to sleep. Papa will be frightened if he cannot find you. He thinks a great deal of you."

"Of which I am proud! The esteem of Captain Murky is dearer to me than that of any other man whatever."

"Oh, he is the best, most tender father!"

"The most happy!"

"It shall be my single endeavor, as it is my most sacred duty, to render him so," rejoined she, with deep feeling. "But," continued she, after a short pause, in a somewhat more cheerful tone, "we must not let him wait too long for us. Your disappearance will certainly make him uneasy, for the night air here is very unhealthy. You have, however, breakfasted? No! Bless me, how inconsiderate! You must take something first."

"No, no, we will go!" protested he.

It was of no use; she hastened to the bell, and rung it.

"Make haste, Betsey," called she, to the entering servant, "and bring hot water for tea! or do you prefer coffee?"

"Which you please."

"We have already breakfasted. Your uncle was obliged to go to Natchez early, and I did not wish to be found unprepared. You see I am not. Betsey, are you there?" called she, busily, to the entering maid. "Now then, come, the tea will be sure to do you good. You ought not to have raked about in the night. Promise not to do so again on any account."

"I promise it."

"Well, for that you shall have a cup of tea, or rather two," promised she, drolly. "You must take two from me."

"From your hand I take everything. Even evil. Even poison."

"Oh, you are very flexible; but you must not be too much so."

"Are you so?"

"Are you so? Not always," said she, waggishly bending her head; but now you must be so, and drink out your cup, whilst I go, for an instant, to make my toilette. I shall be back in an instant. But don't forget to drink your tea," cried she, nodding from the door, "will you?"

"I must say no."

She disappeared, and he, staring after her, forgot both tea and promise.

"Have you drank it all?" asked she, at her entrance, smiling, and threatening with her finger.

"The cup which Miss Murky poured out is still half full," babbled the maid, probably somewhat piqued at his silence.

"Oh, the eternal distraction!" scolded she. "Now then, drink, and for a punishment you ought properly be made to take a third."

"Who would not be pleased with this punishment," laughed he, emptying the cup, and then reaching it to her.

"Quietly," she admonished again, in a matron-like manner, as he endeavored to seize her hand at the same time with the cup. "Quietly, or else we shall upset it, and that would be a bad omen."

"Are you superstitious?"

"How can you ask?" rejoined she, laughingly. "Brought up in the abbey, and not be superstitious! We were all of us so. We prophesied and were prophesied to. Theresa and Gabrielle did so, and so I was obliged also to give way, although my Protestant feeling rebelled a little against it."

She was again so wilful! Betsey and Margaret, who were still arranging bonnet and cloak, and collar and curls, had trouble to keep her still. He hung upon her with delighted looks.

"Now then, we will go, for papa will be expecting us, and we must not let him wait. But you must drink up your tea first."

"Must I?"

"Do so; tea always cheers, and you need cheering, for in some degree you appear to me as if——"

"As if?"

"You were not quite in your right senses!" said she, jokingly.

But the irony was accompanied by such a tender look, that he sprang up, and would in all probability have fallen on her neck, if he had not recollected himself in time.

"You will drive me out of my senses, yet!" exclaimed he, as if beside himself.

"So," said she, with a comic seriousness; "so. Is my presence then so dangerous? Then I ought to refrain from coming nearer to you in the carriage. And in truth I might do so, if papa had not sent you as my protector on this journey. He is very fond of you, is papa."

"And his daughter?"

"Will see how far you justify his confidence. But take care, my valiant General! your uncle's horses seem to me to be also disposed a little wildly."

And so in truth they were; but it promised also to increase the charm of the ride. Such a journey is in general calculated to bring lovers into favorable relations. The seizing the reins, in itself, soon brings a man to a consciousness of what, as a gentleman, he owes to his lady,—whilst she, on the other hand, feeling her want of protection, clings closer to him. And our six-and-twenty year old General possessed the rare tact of bestowing his protection upon her in the most delicate possible manner. He knew not only how to drive well—as every gentleman should do—but he understood, also, how to do so with feeling—if we may make use of the expression—with that captivating caprice which, following the impulse of a susceptible temperament, lets the reins loose where everyday objects offend the eye, and holds them in where interesting points appear.

The neighborhood of Natchez is rich in alternations of scenery. Now appearing grand, and even sublime through a fragment of the lofty primeval woods, or in the mirror of the majestic father of streams. Again, charmingly ideal in a delicious villa, which seems to play at hide-and-seek amongst the China-trees and magnolias, and the orange and lemon groves; then, again, it suddenly becomes prosaic in a cotton plantation, whose cotton bushes, with their ugly fences like *chevaux-de-frise*, meet the eye for miles together. They alternately flew through rows of cotton fields, lingered again in the shade of a fragment of the forest, admired here the strange coloring of a flower or a leaf, there the top of a cotton-tree a hundred and forty feet high, then their looks were bent on the glittering face of the Mississippi; again, their fancy lingered amongst the pictures of the noble Natchez, as they passed through their former seat on the Catherine river. Before one villa they stopped, because it reminded her of that of her friend Gabrielle; before another, because it reminded him of his estate in Texas, which he had purchased from a noble Spaniard. While he described to her the magnificence of the clusters of trees, and the mild air of Texas, she talked of the beauties of Switzerland and the South of France,—in every word, every

remark, was disclosed in harmony the noble and manly, the delicate and feminine mind. Conversing in this manner, they approached a long alley of China-trees, which they would have passed by—so entirely had they forgotten everything in their happiness—if the servant, who accompanied them on horseback, had not halted before it.

Then first, as they entered it, did they recollect themselves. At first, he trotted quickly through the alley, then more slowly, for she had become silent. A tear glistened in her beautiful eye, as the paternal house appeared in sight. It is true, she had already seen it several times since her return, and that during the absence of her father's guest, who had been to New Orleans on important business, and to see after his servants and luggage,—the tears, therefore, could not proceed from surprise. Perhaps they originated in sweet, or it might be in sorrowful, reminiscences, for now they flowed more copiously. The looks with which she regarded her paternal home were those of one quitting it. But she regained courage, and shaking her beautiful head, said, with arch melancholy,

"Am I not a singular being, to allow myself to be brought to tears at the sight of an old house, which, moreover, I have seen very recently? But," she added, softly and tenderly, "it is a dear, dear place!"

"A dear, dear place!" he re-echoed, feelingly.

"I should quit it with pain."

"Should you?" asked he, anxiously.

"Certainly. It is very dear to me.

"It is a paradise!"

That it was not, however; it rather resembled the Old Testament ark, or a Swedish or Dutch seventy-four, for, like that, it was built of planks and boards; it had also the corresponding length—viz., a hundred and sixty by sixty. It also seemed to be beak-pointed and round-fronted; but it required some gift of divination to discover the form, or rather want of form of it. The little tower with the bell looked very strange, and prolix galleries ran all round the house, covered over with Venetian blinds, which were overrun with creeping plants, which again caused the whole to resemble some enormous vegetable production rather than an ark, a seventy-four, or a gentleman's house. But yet, spite its *bizarrerie*, it must have been pleasant enough to dwell in, presupposing that it would be a little put to rights, for in some parts it looked rather in confusion. Saddles and bridles, hunting-bags and fowling-pieces, spurs and mantles and capotes, wash-basins and jugs, cans, and hammocks, were seen altogether. In one of the lat-

ter a trio of cats were rocking themselves, while immediately under stood a *ci-devant* champagne basket, in which a half-dozen young dogs whimpered. A pair of noble race-horses stretched their slim necks over the banisters of the gallery towards an arm-chair, in which a powerful Thibet cat had delivered herself up to philosophic meditations; while a few steps further on, hounds and pointers, badger-dogs, and Newfoundland dogs, were being pulled about by a troop of black urchins, who came running after each other over a bank, upon which a few dozen more were extended like frogs on all fours, probably to dry in the sun after having endured their cleansing process. This process was being carried on in a very original manner before one of the larger huts, which probably served as a hospital. Before the hut stood two aged negresses, one of whom, armed with a brush, fetched one after another of the little blackamoors out of the window, and dipped him, squalling like a sucking-pig, in the bathing-tub which stood at her side; and after she had well rubbed him with a brush, gave him over to the second, who did him a similar kindly service with a cloth; after which she spread him upon the bank in the sun to get quite dry; which being accomplished, he was finally put into a woollen coat. Further back lay the out-farms; and adjoining these was the negro village, buried in a forest of China-trees, and lying so calmly that it only betrayed itself by the blue pillars of smoke which circled up through the blossoming trees, while from the cotton fields which lay behind was heard a cheerful song, which reminded one of the cheerful chorus of sailors when they merrily weigh anchor. The whole presented a peculiar picture, in designing which a sailor's discipline, and perhaps humor also, had guided the pencil. But against the harder strokes there were such soft tender features running through the picture—there was such a patriarchal air spread over the whole, that on no account would one have missed a single stroke.

"Yes, it is a paradise!" exclaimed the General, in quiet rapture, who had now arrived with his charming mistress before the grass-plot. "It is more so than that of Uncle Duncan; it has something patriarchal, so Old Testament like, in it."

"It is natural," rejoined Miss Murky, calmly, "and so speaks to the feelings. It is wonderful," continued she, more affected, "what an open, clear eye papa has for the natural—the true! Everything unnatural, untrue, is offensive to him."

"That is always the case with really noble men. This feel-

ing distinguishes them from the heartless, who cling to form and art."

"Papa cannot do that; and it is therefore he stands so much alone."

"Do you call it standing alone, Miss Murky, to be loved as he is?"

"He is loved, respected, and even honored by many, and yet he stands alone," rejoined she, thoughtfully.

"Do you know, Miss Murky," interrupted he, delicately giving the conversation another direction, "what I am now wishing for?"

"What?"

"That one of our French abolitionist friends were here, to see this beautiful patriarchal picture."

"Why?"

"They would revert from their anti-slavish, I could say anti-social ideas. How often have I not been reproached have slavery, and with our alleged revolting treatment of our slaves?"

"I have never heard such a reproach," rejoined she, calmly; "but if I had, it would scarcely have moved me. It so happens that slavery exists amongst us, and if it were an evil, I would rather seek to mitigate, to relieve it, than to fight against it."

He looked at her expectingly.

"We women do not like combating about political rights; our part is that of reconcilement."

"You are right!" rejoined he.

The carriage now stopped. The General sprang out, and helped her to descend. At the same instant, the Venetian blinds of the southern gallery opened, and Captain Murky stepped out. As the two lovers hastened towards him, and seized the offered hand, his look turned penetratingly upon her. The traces of tears had not quite disappeared.

"Alexandrine!" said he, in an affectionate, anxious tone.

"Father!" replied she, with some surprise.

The father looked at her again for an instant, and then at the General. The inward harmony which was apparent between them seemed again to tranquillize him.

"My dear Alexandrine! do you feel quite well—happy?"

"Quite well and happy!" rejoined she—and again a tear glistened in her eye.

"And you, General?"

The General seized the Captain's hand, and pressed it to his lips.

"I ought properly, my dear General," said the Captain,

after a short pause, "to scold you for your yesterday's, or rather to-day's desertion."

"I have already done so, papa!"

And she smiled pleasantly at her father, and then at the General, while the tears still glistened.

"You have done right, Alexandrine, and spared me the trouble. You know I am not fond of it. But be advised not to do it a second time; our night air must not be trifled with."

"I will not do it again."

He nodded in a friendly manner, and arm in arm they went towards the gallery, all the blinds of which had meanwhile being drawn up.

This certainly presented a different appearance from the western and northern galleries. It is true, that all even here was not yet in order; the flower-pots, ottomans, chairs, etc., were not yet in their right place, but could easily be put so.

"I wished to leave the arrangement of this gallery entirely to you, as well as that of the drawing-room," began the Captain again. "Friend Duncan has already sent you the commencement of a little conservatory," continued he, pointing to several rows of rare plants and flowers, in ornamental pots. "Are you not pleased?"

But she had already greeted these lovely children of Flora, and was hastening from flower to flower.

"He is a dear, dear man!" exclaimed she.

"An excellent idea," said the General.

"Then my first undertaking," exclaimed she again, "shall be to arrange these plants and flowers."

"May I help?" asked the General, hastily.

"We will arrange them together," replied she.

"But first of all, you must see the drawing-room. There are people there awaiting your commands."

"Mine!" exclaimed she, in astonishment.

"Whose else? Are you not the lady of the house—the mistress to whom we must all submit?"

"How can you say so, papa!"

"Quite in earnest, Alexandrine! I say it quite in earnest," assured the papa. "But now, dear child, look across for an instant; also, in your sleeping-room, there are still several things to be arranged; and as I said, in the drawing-room people are waiting for you."

"Will you not come along, papa, to assist me with your counsel?"

"General Morse will be so good," rejoined the father, in a friendly manner. "In the mean time, I will go into

THE CABIN.

the apothecary's shop, and prepare a medicine for Josepha.* She is ill."

"What, is poor Josepha ill? How long has she been ill?"

"Since the day before yesterday," rejoined the father; "but she is better—I have just been with her. I would not say anything about it to you yesterday, but she was then very bad. I should be very sorry to lose her."

"May I go with you to visit her?"

"If you wish it."

"And I also?" asked the General.

"If you like."

And now, while the Captain went into the apothecary's shop, the two hastened to the drawing-room. But, first of all, she cast a look into her sleeping chamber, into which he was not admitted, although it adjoined the gallery. Instead of it, she showed him into the drawing-room, which originally must have looked very cabin-like, for the walls were inlaid with Louisiana cherry-wood, the floor with other kinds of native wood, which gave it a somewhat heavy northern appearance; but a pair of folding-doors, recently cut in the balcony wall, and leading into the gallery, promised to obviate this difficulty very pleasantly. They had been contrived by her, and she was exceedingly curious to see how the doors would look. But whilst she was casting a peep into her cabinet, Phelim and a whole troop of black and white servants had heard of her presence, and came running in to see the dear missus. Phelim danced up to her with a round leap; the others seized—as he had already taken possession of both her hands—her by her dress, to kiss that at least.

There was rejoicing which one could plainly see came from the heart. She did not reject any of their attentions, boisterous as they were, but received them all with a charming kindness, and yet again there was a something so lady-like in her kindness, that black and white by degrees recollected themselves; even the red-nosed Phelim swore to the General, by Jasus and St. Patrick, that she was a first-rate lady, and that there was not such another, no, not even in Ireland or anywhere else, and whoever did not believe it ought to be d—d. And now she turned again to look after the workmen, here to give orders, there to express satisfaction.

* In general, plantations have not only apothecary's shops upon them, but the great ones have also their own doctors. Of the less important ones, it is customary for several to unite, in order to maintain medical men expressly for themselves and their slaves. The same is also the case with preachers. Upon every larger plantation there is a chapel, in which divine service is held. When no minister is there, the master of the house, if he is a member of the Episcopal church, performs divine service himself. On the plantations in the vicinity of the town, the negroes on Sundays receive passports to enable them to attend divine service. It frequently occurs that preachers are brought ten and twenty miles to perform the funeral service for a departed negro.

She had just stopped with her conductor, before the window cornice, when the Captain entered.

"Papa!" exclaimed she, livelily, "only just listen; you know I wanted these arabesques gilded, and look, as soon as the General throws a glance upon them he finds that they must be gilded; is not that agreeable?"

"Very agreeable," rejoined the Captain, good-humoredly. "But now we will go to Josepha, if you are willing?"

"Certainly!" said both.

"By Jasus! a moment's patience, hinnies," screamed Phelim; "Phœbe and Psyche have got a child's washing. I'll only see first of all if they are finished."

"Do so!" replied they.

He sprang away, but came back immediately with the news that it was finished, and the road open to them.

The negro village—the background as it were, but which gave the foreground its peculiarly patriarchal character—was another charming feature in this southern picture. It consisted of two rows of huts, each with a China tree before the door, in whose double colors* each lay as if imbedded. The greater part of them had little galleries, after the fashion of the master's house, on which here and there sat the patriarchs of the black colony smoking their 'bacca, while the old women, babbling to them and to each other, cleaned vegetables or performed some other light work. But as the three, followed by Phelim and a troop of children, arrived at the entrance of the village, all the uncles and aunties† rose, threw away pipes and vegetables, and broke away to greet dear massa and missus.

It was really affecting to see with what affectionate eagerness old people of eighty and ninety hobbled forward, and with what kindness and tenderness she received all, patted this one, made a present to another, consoled a third, and promised to remove a fourth. The Captain seemed quite forgotten; no one took any notice of him. They let him go without obstacle to Josepha's hut, in which he had been a considerable time before Alexandrine missed him. She then, with her shadow, the General, hastened after him.

As she entered the doorway, the invalid screamed for joy, and wished, once more, to lock in her arms her dear missus;

* The "pride of China" has two sorts of leaves, light and dark ones. The leaves, which grow on to the branches in the shape of small parasols, grow one after the other throughout the whole summer; thus giving a peculiar freshness to a tree which, without it, would yet be very beautiful.

† The blacks of both sexes under forty years of age are called boys and girls throughout the United States; the old ones are addressed as aunties and uncles; a mode of speaking which is always given and received in the most kindly tone.

the dear missus whom, as a child, she had nursed and carried in her arms.

In the north, one has no conception of the love and tenderness with which our blacks cling to their masters and mistresses, and these again to their dependents. It is, indeed, the most affectionate band that, at the present day, unites masters and dependents, for it is interwoven in their nature from childhood. Here alone still exists somewhat of that Old Testament relation, which, having unfortunately disappeared elsewhere in our times, now only appears here and in the holy book.

The young General felt so moved, that tears came into his eyes, and he stepped back to conceal at once himself and his tears. Behind the hut a "pride of China" protectingly raised itself, spreading its rich branches over the roof. He threw himself upon the bench which was placed under the tree, in order to give undisturbed vent to his tears of joy over the events of the last two days, and his consequent unspeakable happiness. He could control himself no longer; he must ease his heart, oppressed as it was with joy and sadness. He held both hands before his face in order that he might give full vent to his emotion.

A delicate hand drew them away. In her most beautiful charms she stood before him, and looked at him tenderly, but did not speak; but her bosom heaved violently.

Involuntarily he glided from the bench upon his knees. He took her hand and embraced it, but he was not able to utter a word.

"Alexandrine," he sobbed at last; "Alexandrine; angel that you are! I can no longer conceal it; I must speak, or it will strangle me. Since the first time I saw you in Paris, the gates of paradise have been opened to me."

She spoke not.

"I love you; I loved you at the first glance, now I adore you. I cannot live without you. I know I am not worthy of you; but, so help me God! I cannot exist without you."

She seated herself on the bench by his side. She did not speak, but her bosom heaved more violently.

"You don't speak; you are silent; you repulse me," he sobbed. "Has my daring confession offended you?"

He seized her hands and pressed them to his lips. As he thus pressed them, he felt the light pressure reciprocated.

"Alexandrine!" exclaimed he, suddenly, with beaming eyes.

She was still silent; but now came a tear, a second, a third; the angel head drooped upon her breast.

He embraced her, and ventured to imprint a kiss upon her coral lips.

She had closed her eyes, but he felt the returning pressure of the lips.

Now he sprang up.

"Alexandrine!" he implored; "Alexandrine!"

"Edward!" she rejoined.

"Will you—will you," besought he, "be mine?"

She whispered, "I will."

For a time they sat speechless, in the sense of their bliss, and gazed at each other with looks of delirious joy. Then they rose in order to seek the father.

THE PARADISE OF LOVE.

And as they now hastily passed round the hut to the door, and then stood doubtfully before it, and, with beating hearts, raised the latch, and then let it go again, and looked bashfully to the ground, and then again raised their hands and laid it on the handle, her bosom throbbed, and all his limbs trembled violently. They resembled two children who, having been scared away from a forbidden dainty, and afterwards possessed themselves of it, are running towards punishment. But now, giving way to the impulse which had moved them, they once more put finger to the latch, pressed it, opened the door, and looked into the room. But no father, no Captain Murky, was there; the old Josepha slumbered peacefully.

As though relieved, they drew breath, and looked at each other, their hands entwined themselves involuntarily.

"Edward!" said she; "only look, how you glow now, and how pale you were before."

"And it was exactly the same with you, dear Alexandrine."

"Do you know?" said Alexandrine, "I was afraid to speak to papa at this moment."

"And so was I," rejoined he.

"But why?" asked she, naively; "papa is so kind, he loves us both so much."

"Do you think so, Alexandrine?"

"Oh, certainly."

"I don't know how to collect myself, I feel as if in a dream. At times it still appears to me as if my happiness were not possible—as though the whole were only a dream."

"And I feel exactly the same. Only see, I tremble in every limb!"

"And so do I."

"What is it?" asked she, naively.

"Love, sweet one."

"It must certainly be love," said she, softly, and bashfully turning her eyes to the ground, "for I never felt so before."

"Ah! but you did not love as I did. From the first time I saw you the world was no world for me any longer; you were my world. Sense, reason, heart, all was there. I left Paris blind; I saw nothing, I heard nothing, I thought of nothing but you."

"And so did I. I thought of nothing but ——"

"You!"

"You!"

"But yet I loved more!" exclaimed he, tenderly.

"No, I loved more!" replied she.

And now they disputed which loved more; and first he and then she would have it, he or she had loved most. And then he showed her how he had loved most, and she again listened delightedly.

"My Edward!" lisped she, with her sweet bell-like voice, bashfully casting her eyes towards hin

"My Alexandrine!"

"I feel so happy, I cannot express my happiness."

"Neither can I. I feel as if my heart would burst. It threatens to break!"

"Just so it is with me!" said she again. "Ah, do you remember how you stood near the nobleman studded with stars, in General Cass's salon? It was the Marquis Mont Brissac, Gabrielle's father. He was struck with you. He asked me, afterwards, who the distinguished-looking young man was. And, do you know, I liked him right well for it."

"Yes, but do you know I was very envious of him!" rejoined he. "He would not let you out of his sight."

"Naturally; he was my cavalier, for Marigny could not come."

"Yes, but he followed you so anxiously on every step."

"Did he?" laughed she. "I did not perceive it. I only saw the Countess, who would not let you out of her sight."

"Would she not? I did not notice it. But Marigny! the young Marigny! Oh, I was furious about him."

"Were you?" laughed she again. "The good Marigny! He is so fearful, he dreads his own shadow. Every wave that washed on board made him turn pale. He is a great deal too fearful. Do you know, I like courage in a man."

"And I, tenderness in a woman. But who can compare

with you in tenderness, beauty, and goodness of soul? But, do you know, I am very fond of these old French noblemen."

"And I," interrupted she. "But it is strange that they are such strict royalists."

"And we strict republicans; but extremes always meet each other best."

And, without knowing it, they sat down again on the homely wooden bench behind the hut under the China-tree. Red birds and mocking birds kept jubilee in the blossoms above; but they did not hear them—did not see them. They had eyes, ears, only for each other.

"Alexandrine!" he began again, "I love you so immeasurably! so inexpressibly!"

"Ah, you cannot love more than I do!" rejoined she, tenderly.

"Yes, indeed! Indeed!"

"Yes, no! yes, no!" affirmed and negatived each again. And thus they disputed which loved most, and said to each other ten times, twenty times, fifty times. Each time they heard it with increased delight. At last, they got so playful they kissed such other's hands and finger-points. He praised the beauty of her hands—she would consider his more beautiful. He compared her eyes with the deep blue sea—she his with the delicate tint of an Indian summer.

They sprang up to seek the papa, but, in very play, again forgot him. They had gone through the negro village—they did not know it, passed by the Quarter, as the master's house was called, but did not know that either—stepped into the garden, that they did not see—and, to confess the truth, it was more a wilderness than a garden, for Phelim, under whose inspection it was, in some of the most beautiful parterres had planted his beloved potatoes. Yet, however, there were some pretty parts; a little grove of orange and lemon trees, a grotto with turf seats and other benches. Upon one of these they sat down, in order to say again and again how endlessly they loved each other—in order to pick flowers and present them to each other; and as he from his bosom, and out of the green tissue-paper in which he kept it, pulled the rose which she had given him the day before, she caught at it, and begged him to throw the faded thing away; but he assured her, that as long as he lived it should not separate from his heart, but, set in gold, should have its place next to it. And then she stepped again to one of the flower-beds, and picked him a nosegay, and then he picked one for her, and then they seated themselves again, and she crowned him and he her.

And while they thus crowned each other, he must tell her again about his life, and allow himself to be examined upon it —for love is suspicious—and therein passed an hour—a second —a third. Then the mid-day bell sounded, but they did not hear it; their father stood at their side, but they did not see him.

All at once she fell into a deep reverie.

"Do you know, Edward!" exclaimed she, suddenly, "I cannot possibly go back to Paradise to-day. I don't know how it is, but to-day I could not meet the eye of your joking uncle. You must go there alone, dear Edward—I cannot; I must collect myself; my happiness is too great!"

"Too great!" exclaimed he, with enthusiasm; "but why must I," his voice trembled, "why must I leave you?"

"Oh, you must do it, dear Edward," begged she, crowning him with her most beautiful flowers, "do, do so. I will—I must speak with papa, must open my thoughts to him; I must cry my tears of joy on his bosom."

"Yes, but we wished to do it together; we wanted to do it already."

"Yes, but do you know, I was—I felt so—so—— It was a good thing, however, that he was not in Josepha's hut; but now we must go to him at once."

"We will, at once!" exclaimed he, more slowly, but as he thus spoke he embraced her again with both arms, and held her to the spot.

"We must go, Edward! Papa is so good."

"God bless him!" said Edward, with emotion."

"God bless him!" rejoined she.

"God bless him!" exclaimed both, folding their hands.

"God bless you also, my children!" said the father, with a tear in his eye; "God bless you, and protect you? Love each other, and remain faithful to each other!"

"Father!" exclaimed both at once, throwing themselves on their knees before him.

"My children!" exclaimed the father, laying his hands on their heads; "God bless you and love you, as he loves all his children."

The children sobbed, the father raised them and pressed them to his bosom.

Neither this, nor the following day did they return to Paradise; the Cabin was become a Paradise to them!